

The  
Private Journal Of  
Aaron Burr:  
During His Residence  
Of Four Years  
In Europe, With  
Selections From His  
Correspondence



Aaron Burr  
Matthew L. Davis







THE  
PRIVATE JOURNAL  
OF  
AARON BURR,

DURING HIS RESIDENCE OF FOUR YEARS

IN EUROPE;

WITH  
SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY  
MATTHEW L. DAVIS,  
AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF AARON BURR," &C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,  
FRANKLIN SQUARE

1858.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by

MATTHEW L. DAVIS

in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

### **Printing Statement:**

Due to the very old age and scarcity of this book, many of the pages may be hard to read due to the blurring of the original text, possible missing pages, missing text, dark backgrounds and other issues beyond our control.

Because this is such an important and rare work, we believe it is best to reproduce this book regardless of its original condition.

Thank you for your understanding.



## PRIVATE JOURNAL, &c.

---

*Paris, May 4, 1810.* Arrived at Montmorency at three, in a voiture, with Miss Helen M. Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. le Harpe. After dinner, promenade the village. Ascended the mountain. M<sup>lle</sup>. Williams much fatigued.

*Montmorency, 6.* Cold, northerly wind for three days past. This is the neighbourhood in which Rousseau lived and died. The trees where was given the baiser fatal; the house of Eloise; the walks they frequented. Every spot hereabout is consecrated by his memory.

7. In the vallè de Montmorency. At nine set off for town. Cold, chilly, raining. Mons. Froissant in voiture with M<sup>lle</sup>. Williams. I, from choice, having something to say to Mr. S., in chaise with him. Arrived at half past ten. Off to P.'s; the diablesse has gone to the country too. Pure vengeance. Four times have I walked there (half a league) to-day, and at nine this evening she had not arrived. In the A. M. went to make my peace with Mrs. Robertson. She is too good to harbour malice, and received me very kindly. Stayed two hours, reading over papers of business and talking of matrimony, on which head we have grave quarrels, for I am dead against it. What! says she, with temper and astonishment, would you advise me to, &c. "Madam, soyez independence." Took soup there, and parted friends. On my return, called on Captain Lawson. He was all in the bustle of packing up and going off in half an hour. At eight, however, this evening, he called to say that he should not go till six in the morning of to-morrow, and I am now actuellement writing to my Juno and Minerva. Called also on Swediaur.

8. At ten to Roi d'Westphalie, pursuant to appointment of Count Furstenstein. Waited an hour, but not received. To Chabaud's, where I sat half an hour. At four to Madame P.'s. Met Jos. with a note for me. To the opera at seven. An American had called, but would not leave his name.

*Paris, July 7.* At ten called on Madame P. Stayed half an hour. To the Hotel des Invalides to pay my respects to the Duke de Montebello, who lies there in state. Lamps innumerable; hung with black. But what I was most desirous of seeing was the process of getting a soul out of purgatory. There was only one priest at work.

Thence to the Panorama of le Battalle de Wagram; very beautiful, but not equal to that of Gib. which I saw in London. Thence to a sort of restaurateur, where dined. Here we parted for an hour, Vanderlyn to see Florentine, and I to see M<sup>lle</sup>. Prevost.

8. At ten to the club, to read newspapers and hear the news, which I find is of some consequence to me, if, indeed, anything be of any consequence. To Borgo's. Out. To le Conseil de Guerre to see the trial of Victor Hughes. Remained two hours. Home at four. Dressed, and out to dine with Swediaur. The first time since the fracture of the limb. On the way called at Paschaud's. Met Chabaud there, who, to my very great regret, will leave town on Monday. At Swediaur's met again le Duc Directe (or some name near that). He says he will make me to be heard.

Home at half past eight. Madame P. promised to meet me here. She had been here, but gone.

10. To Fonzi's at nine. He gave me a ticket for the Athenée, this being the anniversary. Came home to dress, and found a note from Madame P., with another ticket, and inviting me to accompany her. So ran to Fonzi and apologized. Thence away to Madame Paschaud. She thought it too late, and the weather too hot. So we parted.

Hiatus valde de flendus!

*July 19.* Called at Duke d'Alberg's. He had returned, but reported not at home. Left word that I would call at eleven to-morrow.

20. Called on the duke at eleven. The porter said again that he was out; that he had reported my name and message, but had received no answer. I did not much like the look of this. Considered myself as denied, and thus the last hope of communication cut off.

On Monday, the 9th, called on Mr. Roux to ask whether he would give me rendezvous to peruse with me a memoir which I had been writing. He asked me to breakfast on Wednesday. Went, and we passed several hours together. He made some civil remarks, and proposed that I should write to the minister to ask audience, which I declined.

21. Called on Duke d'Alberg at ten, and was received as usual. He apologized for my several disappointments. Had heard nothing. Looked at my memorial. Off to Argaud to get it copied.

22. All day at work with Argaud, getting my thing nicely copied. Called on Madame P. and Roux. Out. On Madame Robertson. Vanderlyn gone to the country. Dined chez nous for the first time in a month; for, perceiving that madame meant to make no charge, I would not be a charge.

23. Up at five. At eight to Argaud's. The thing was done. Sent messenger with a note to the duke to advise him, and that I would call at ten. Called. We went over the memoir. He approved. Wrote a letter to Maret, and I took the packet and left it. Voilà fini. S. M. will probably read it this day.

To Madame Paschaud's, where met a young Genevois. In the evening walked with Madame P. to Luxembourg.

26. The saint, my neighbour, waked me punctually at six, as I had requested. To the bath, which, at the cheapest rate, costs forty sous. Having some very long courses in view, took cabriolet. To M. le Montey, near the Invalides. There wrote note to the ministre de la police gen-

eral, asking audience. Mr. le Montey took charge of the note.

To the Ministre d'Exterieur to see Roux ; not there. To M. Roux's. Out. To Pelasgie prison, where I saw Mr. S., Mr. L., of New-York, and Mr. B. L. has been there three years. My cabriolet man sat me down at the Pont Neuf. Paid him five livres for three hours he had been in my employ, and he was content. The morning was warm and it is now raining. Mem. to tell you of the Pantheon—Notre Dame—L'Abbaye St. Martin, where is the dépôt des Artes et des Inventiones Mechanic.

27. Rose at seven. Am trying to get rid of the use of sugar and coffee gradually. Went out at half past nine to Roux, whom found ; but no news. Cold civility. To Duke d'Alberg. He has left town for three weeks.

Forgot. On Thursday called on Mons. le Montey, the prefect, to ask him to introduce me to the new minister of police. He had offered to introduce me to the former (Fauchet), but got it through another channel. He declined, but offered to present a note if I would write one, asking audience, which is the mode. Wrote note, and left it with Le Montey to present. Shall never hear more of it.

Home to repose. At one to the reading-room. To Madame Pas. Met her going out. Gave me a letter from Chabaud, in reply to one I wrote him a week ago. He has gone home. (Nismes.) Ten days ago wrote also to Luning. To Dr. S., who asked me to dine, but was engaged with V. D. L. To Mrs. Robertson's, who also asked me to dine.

Now, madame, shall tell you a secret. Despairing of any success in my project, a few days ago asked passport to go to the United States, which was refused. Asked one to go to Rouen, to see Mr. Langworthy, which was granted, to go and return for one year. This was more than I asked or wanted. Was told that I could not have a passport to go out of the empire. Me voilà prisonier d'état at presque sans sous.

My different walks to-day amount to fourteen miles, and all for nothing. This evening received a note from Swan, enclosing will for my advice.

28. This being the saint's day (one of them, for there is a saint for every name) of my friend Madame Paschaud, went to dine with her. There were both families. The young Genevois, and two vacant places—guests bidden, but came not. We arranged a party for Versailles, which, however, I thought mere talk. Home at nine.

29. Another proposition to go to Versailles. Went to Madame P.'s. Made a bad apology. Abandoned her party, and went with Vanderlyn to St. Germain's. Walked to the village, formerly a strong town, as defence against the Normans, one league below St. Germain's. Remained all night.

30. We stayed to dine, and then took *pot de chambre* back. This vile name is given to a one-horse chair, with two rows of seats, holding four or six inside and one or two outside. We were *nine* in that in which I returned. You pay about forty sous for that distance (six leagues), but there is no fixed price for anything in Paris. You are not always safe in offering half the asked price. Those on board paid different prices, from twenty up to fifty sous.

The forest and the terras are the objects of curiosity at St. Germain's. On alighting at the Tuileries, posted over to *ma belle ami*, about one mile. God, how cold—chilling. Not having said that I should be out all night, there was much inquiry and alarm. Finally it was discovered that I had been assassinated, and the maid had got all the particulars. La Sanite was at work to get my soul out of purgatory, which she feared would be a long and hard job. But what devil can have got into Madame P.'s head? Called at Fonzi's on my way from P.'s. His warmth and kindness recovered me a little from the shock of P.'s coldness.

31. I have been trying, for some time past, to get rid, *gradually*, of the enormous quantity of sugar which I use

(five francs, equal to one silver dollar per pound); but, finding I made no progress, have given it up altogether, and this morning took tea, sans sucre. Doing unpleasant things *gradually* is very great folly; a protracted torment.

TO MADAME LELANDE.

Paris, May 2, 1810.

And so, my dear friend, you think it possible that I may have forgotten you, and that it may be necessary to refresh my memory by dates and facts. I beg, madam, that you will do yourself the justice to believe that the impressions you make are not so transient.

On my arrival in London about two years ago, my first inquiry was for you, not having then heard of your change of name and residence. They knew nothing of you at Half-moon-street; but I heard that your mother was in London, and, after much inquiry, found her. She gave me your history and your address, and, on my arrival on the Continent, if I could have hoped that you were still at Rouen, I should have written to you, not to recall myself to your recollection, for I knew too well the constancy of female friendships, but to apprise you of my existence and my movements, and to concert the means of seeing you. The first direct information I could acquire of you was from under your own hand, in your very kind letter by Mr. Oucken, for which I owe you a thousand thanks. I thank you, also, for the introduction of Mr. Oucken. He is a very amiable young man, and has contributed to my amusement here. But now to the subjects of your letter.

Rouen is not in my way to any place that I propose to visit; but it is in my way to you, and I shall certainly see you there in a few days, if something, not now foreseen, should not prevent. There will be time, however, to receive your acknowledgment of this, and notice of the health of yourself and family.

In the mean time, kiss your little girl for me, and offer my

respectful compliments to Mr. Lelande. I promise myself great pleasure in knowing him personally. Poor Theodosia, I liked to have forgotten her. Five or six years ago she married Mr. Alston, of South Carolina, a young man of fortune, and greatly distinguished by his eloquence and talents. She has one child; a healthy, rugged boy. Of Dr. Brown's family we will talk when we meet. He, his wife, and fifty children were all well when I left America.

A. BURR.

TO MADAME LELANDE.

Paris, May 9, 1810.

Since writing my letter to you of the 2d inst., I have been to the Prefecture de Police to demand passport. The prefect has informed me that he must submit the application to the minister, and that the earliest hour that any decision can be had will be Friday, three P. M. Of my visit, therefore, nothing further can now be resolved.

A. BURR.

TO MADAME ———.

Paris, May 9, 1810.

It was very kind to answer me so soon. I think to leave this in the diligence on Friday morning, and to have the honour of kissing your hand the same day or evening; but, not having yet secured a seat nor obtained a passport, it is possible there may be further delay. "A little room looking into the garden," and under the same roof with you—nothing could be more alluring. Nevertheless, my dear friend, you must pardon me if I should prefer a bed at an inn, for which I will give you twenty good reasons when we meet. Anything but sleep with you. In the mean time, and at all times,

A. BURR.

TO MADAME —.

Paris, May 17, 1810.

Since writing to you I made an attempt, through a friend, to get a revocation of that very unexpected refusal; but, having heard nothing further on the subject, presume that it is irrevocable. If no explanation should be received within the current week, I shall demand a passport to leave the country. It is afflicting, my dear friend, to be so near you and to be denied the satisfaction of seeing you. Little did I imagine that my movements were of any notice; very little am I flattered with the sort of importance which this incident announces.

I brought with me, all this long way, your two pictures and that of L.; the latter I leave with Madame Pelough, Rue du Croissant, No. 7., sealed up, addressed to you, and subject to your order. The others you must allow me to keep for the present. If your child should grow up and survive you, it may demand one; the finished one. It will be found in the hands of Theodosia. Her address is Theodosia B. Alston, Georgetown, South Carolina.

Don't look so grave, my dear madam; one need not die offhand because one makes a will. But now tell me, did I think of you when I left America? God bless and prosper thee.

A. BURR.

MR. LE MONTEY TO MR. STONE.

Paris, May 19, 1810.

What I had foreseen, my dear Stone, has come to pass. I have spoken to the minister concerning Col. Burr, and, as he does not understand English, he has not noticed his letter, but he has authorized me to present it to him. If agreeable to Col. Burr, and he will call on me next Thursday at noon, we will go together to his excellency's. Farewell. Present my respects to Miss Williams.

LE MONTEY.

I have not named an earlier day for Mr. Burr, because I shall not return from the country before Wednesday.

## TO LE DUC D'OTRANTE.

Paris, May 30, 1810.

Mr. Burr has the honour to transmit herewith the sheet lately submitted, together with three supplementary notes. A fourth, on the Canadas and Nova Scotia, will be offered, if desired.

He asks the favour of an audience of his excellency le Duc d'Otrante, for the purpose of making a few verbal explanations, and of reviewing the translation.

Lest the handwriting should not be legible to the translator, Mr. Burr offers to assist him in the reading, and will, for this purpose, meet him at any hour and place he may name. Mr. Burr will wait, to receive a message from him, at Paschaud's bookstore, Rue des Petites Augustins, No. 3.

He takes the liberty of presenting assurances of his profound consideration and respect.

A. BURR.

## TO MADAME ———.

Paris, June 20, 1810.

Your dear little note is received at eight o'clock this evening. Being engaged for Friday and Saturday, it must be to-morrow. To-morrow, therefore, I will receive your orders at five. You cannot flatter or oblige me more than by rendering me useful to you; being at all times and in all places

A. BURR.

## FROM ERICH BOLLMAN.

Philadelphia, June 24, 1810.

Your letter of the fourteenth of April is received; the only one that has reached me in a long time. I regret that you have not better news to communicate. As for myself, I have experienced every kind of annoyance and trouble. It is scarcely possible to be worse. I am sacrificing my life, but there is no means of escape from this state of misery

I scarcely know what to say on the subject of political news. The imbecility of Congress is at its height. But the people are beginning to be accustomed to this imbecility *within*, and *that* contempt *without* which is the natural consequence.

No man of real talents shows himself. The democratic party is divided. The editor of the *Aurora*, the organ of Mr. Jefferson, attacks Mr. Gallatin and John Randolph as conspiring against the public good, and as dangerously ambitious.

The same paper continues its defence of Wilkinson, who has taken a young wife, and is now at Washington, despised by almost everybody, yet none dare to do anything with him.

Congress is unwilling to renew the charter of the Bank of the United States, which expires in the month of March next. Their continued refusal at the next session may be productive of serious consequences.

I shall be pleased to see you. The *Aurora* says you are employed by the emperor. The man with whom I flattered myself, at Baltimore, I should one day make your peace—Does he remember me? You will be expected here in the spring. The *Advocate* announces your arrival, but that your hopes have been frustrated.

ERICH BOLLMAN.

TO MONS. LUNING.

Paris, July 14, 1810.

Your very kind letter, with the little box, overtook me at Hanover. It was impossible to have imagined anything more acceptable than that delicious Caravan tea. It refreshed me at many a weary hour, and I never tasted it without remembering the good-will which accompanied it. The last of it was drank in Paris, and I have in vain hunted the city over for anything like it.

Your friend Menzzer devoted himself to my amusement, and rendered my stay at Hanover very pleasant. The gov-

ernor, too, Salicetti, was extremely civil to me. At Brunswick and Göttingen I was greatly entertained by the learned men with which those cities abound.

I passed through Cassel, Eisenach, Gotha, Weimar, and thence to Frankfort, where I was detained three weeks waiting for a passport. Throughout Germany I was received with hospitality and kindness. What I never suspected, and what I am very proud to learn, is, that I am a German; at least, that my ancestors were. I have relations of the name of Burr in Wurtemberg, in Frankfort, and Rheinfelden, who have all written to me and claimed the affinity. I hope to discover, by-and-by, that you and I are cousins too.

Now I would tell you, if I knew myself, where I am going, and when. But, when I shall receive your answer to this, I will tell you all I do know, and I promise you that I will answer you punctually on the very day your letter may be received. Address your letter to Mons. J. J. Paschaud, libraire, No. 3 Rue des Petites Augustins, à Paris, with or without an envelope, and in the inside only to me. If he should open it, I engage he will not read a sentence of it; and if he should, there would be no harm done.

Tell me all you know of Diederic. I think of him every day, and sometimes all the day long. If you have seen Mr. Wickelhausen, of Bremen, pray inform me if he is the gentleman whom I knew in America. Give me the address of your agent in this city, if you have one here, and, if not, of any person who will take charge of a small parcel to you.

Preserve me in the recollection of your lovely family, and accept assurances of my affectionate and respectful regards.

A. BURR.

FROM CHABAUD.

Geneva, July 22, 1810.

I earnestly wish that it depended solely on me to procure you the passport you seek. I am willing to write such a letter

as you wish ; but a vague letter would be of no service. Must I enter into details with the minister ? Must I speak to him of the refusal to which you have been subjected ? This is what has induced me to defer sending the letter. In addition to which, I am but partially acquainted with him. Two words in a personal interview are better than ten letters in an affair of this nature. And then you will not be made acquainted with the motives on which the refusal was based ; whether it is in consequence of an adoption of a general rule, or a particular measure. I have determined to await the receipt of another letter, which I hope will be by return of mail, at Nismes, where I shall be in the course of a few days.

I shall always congratulate myself on having made your acquaintance, and shall be happy and gratified when you place me in a situation that will enable me to prove to you my high consideration and sincere attachment.

CHABAUD.

COPY.

*Chabaud de la Tour, Knight of the Empire, Member of the Legislative Body, to His Excellency my Lord Duke of Rovigo, Minister of the General Police, &c.*

La Tour, near Nismes, August 19, 1810.

On leaving Paris I learned from Colonel Burr that he had been refused a passport for the United States, and that the refusal rendered his position a most embarrassing one. I shall not inquire into the motives which have led to this refusal ; but I owe it to truth to declare to your excellency that, having frequently met with Col. Burr, conversed with him, and been made acquainted with the object of his journey to France, I have always noticed his aversion to the English, and his earnest desire to give to his majesty and to France proofs of his zeal and devotion.

He has had audience with several of your colleagues, and I should be grateful, my lord, if you would deign to grant

him one, which I feel certain would ensure to him the interest and kind offices of your excellency. CHABAUD.

CHABAUD TO COL. BURR.

La Tour, near Nismes, August 19, 1810.

Enclosed is the letter you request for his excellency the minister of police. I sincerely hope that it may prove useful to you. I think that the refusal of a passport to your country, to which you have been subjected, is but a momentary one, and the result of the adoption of some *general* measure.

Should you not return to America, and conclude to visit the different parts of our country, I should be pleased to see you, and renew the assurances of my esteem and high consideration. CHABAUD.

TO MONS. LUNING.

Paris, August 1, 1810.

I herewith transmit you a copy of my letter, under date of the 14th July, which was put into the postoffice on that day. Not having heard from you, I am apprehensive that it has not had the good fortune to have come to your hands. This will go under cover to your friend at Bremen. I have only to repeat the inquiries, particularly respecting Diederic and Wickelhausen. I wish also to know whether he (Wickelhausen) has any recollection of me. A. BURR.

TO MADAME —.

Paris, July 30, 1810.

It is impossible, my dear friend, that I can ever be seriously angry with you, because I know the invariable and inexhaustible goodness of your heart; but it is true that I was very much hurt by the unmerited impeachment of my candour. As I had not put myself in the list of competition with your suiters, though always your very great admirer and friend, I thought myself exempt from the suspicion of

insincerity, and I therefore felt your reproach with perhaps too much poignancy.

The questions I had inserted in your letter are those you had often asked me, and which I had not sufficient confidence in my recollection of English law to answer with decision, and, therefore, I thought you could not do better than to consult the gentleman who was conversant in your affairs, and in whose judgment you appeared to rely. I can never be guilty of the indelicacy of obtruding advice where it is not sought, still less of attempting to control your conduct.

But, as we are on our confessions, I must acknowledge that I had not got many steps from your house before I reflected that you had told me that your mind was agitated; that, under such circumstances, we have a claim on the indulgence of our friends; that the sally at me, *au fond*, meant nothing; that I ought to have parried it with good-humour, and that I had been too abrupt, and I should actually have returned to have made peace if you had been alone. The thing has hung like a weight upon my spirits all day.

A. BURR.

#### JOURNAL.

*Paris, August 2, 1810.* To Swediaur's, where met Madame Paschaud, being the first time I have seen her since my miraculous reception on Monday. We were very civil, but no more. She went off with her friend, and I to Crede's; thence to Vanderlyn's to dine. He was with his *model*, who is spoiled for that business, being enceinte. After dinner to Rue Doré, to find Howseal, a German interpreter, whom found, and left with him for translation my letter from cousin J. G. Burr. Thence home.

9. On Friday, the third, wrote several letters. Among others to Mr. — (I'll think of his name presently), of Hamburg. On the fourth passed the day at the Pelasgie prison, aiding Mr. S. to make his will. On Sunday, the fifth,

to Versailles, with Fonzi, Vanderlyn, and Hernandez. Rode five leagues. Hired a coach for fourteen livres to take us there and back. This and dinner made our expenses six francs ten sous each. The gardens at Versailles are in a style of magnificence surpassing anything I have seen. Returned the same evening.

Went, forgot what evening, to see Mr. Pierre's theatre *Mechanique*, and was much amused. He exhibits, like a scene in a theatre, a town, castle, or remarkable place, painted in the manner of panorama; but you see carriages of all sorts, horses, men, women, children, dogs, cattle, all in motion like real life. Boats rowing and sailing. Sportsmen shoot ducks, and their dogs jump out of the boat, swim to the killed duck, and bring him on board. How Gampy would laugh and stare.

Another evening to the cosmorama, which is pictures (seen through camera obscura) of various antiquities—Balbec, the Coliseum of Rome, and one other, were pretty well executed. The rest execrable.

On Monday, the sixth, called on Mr. Stone at his manufactory. He asked me to dine that day, which declined; for Wednesday, to which, after some remonstrance, agreed. Met there Miss Williams and *le bon Marron*, president de consistoire,\* who was extremely civil. He engaged me to go with him the next day to hear a trial which excites much interest. Cards. Lost thirty sous. Home at eleven. Found note from Vanderlyn, who had been waiting for me an hour and gone off.

This day with Mr. Marron to the court. Heard two lawyers. Was well pleased, much gratified, but cannot detail. At the court met General Walterstoff. Note from Mrs. Robertson to dine, which I declined. Another note in the evening to dine on Saturday or Monday. Engaged for Monday.

But the most important event of this month is the hegira

\* President of the Protestant Clergy of Paris.

of Madame Paschaud, who has actually gone to join her husband at Geneva. On Friday last, the seventh, received message to dine with her that day, as she should leave town next morning. Dined there, but was grave, silent, appetiteless, and without affectation. Some engagé, forgot what, called me away early; but at ten returned. She was out. Went at six next morning. She had gone to the bath. Followed and waited till she came out. Walked a few minutes in the garden, and had explanations, which were on both sides declared satisfactory, and we made friends; but we are not such friends as we were. Two minutes ago went with her to the diligence-office and saw her off. Adieu, ma belle ami!

11. At ten to Marron's, and got the address of Valkenaer, to whom had letter from Stricke, but supposed him (Valkenaer) to be at Amsterdam. V. is a brave, frank, intelligent man. Sat an hour, and we were apparently equally well amused. To Stone's manufactory to get Humboldt's work, of which he promised me the loan. Out. To Mons. le Montey's to see what had been done about my note to the duke, minister of police. It had been delivered, but no answer. To Mons. Roux. He advises me to write to the Duke de Cadore about the refusal of passport, which I shall do. Letter from Swan enclosing his will for further amendment. Dampier's *Voyage or Travels*. Pray read it. I like much his manner.

12. Dined at Fonzi's, where was a garçon who imitated dogs, cats, &c., and played very prettily on a little flute (flagelet) about six inches long. He says the beautiful women of France are on the Rhone, from Lyons down; particularly at Valence, &c. Home at nine.

15. To Valkenaer's to breakfast. Met there a very interesting Hollandois, just arrived from Amsterdam. His name did not learn. Also Hollandois, formerly a foreign minister. The latter came to meet me and to talk; but I was obliged to disappoint them, having made an engagement. The breakfast was Holland; that is, American, tea, bread, but-

ter, slices of ham. Off at eleven, and to St. Pelasgie, about three and a half miles. Was engaged an hour in correcting Swan's will. Went to meet M'Lane, who is out of prison, and expressed a great desire to see me. He did not come.

Took a stroll through the Tuileries to see what was doing, this being the emperor's jour de fête of saint's day. The morning was ushered in by cannon. Many people in the gardens. Few fashionables. Home at six. At seven came in Vanderlyn, and we went again to the Tuileries to see the illumination. Rather faint. The musicians in the orchestra played several pieces. The emperor appeared, as was said, in the balcony, but, that not being lighted, we could not distinguish him; but there were vive l'empereur.

16. At twelve to le bureau du secretariat de la police general, to meet there Mons. la Montey, who was to introduce me to Mr. Saugnier, le secretaire. Met him, and was introduced, and urged my demand for passport to go to the United States. He advised me to write to the minister, and offered to hand him the letter, which I will do, but have little hopes.

This morning received a letter from Mr. Edward Griswold, in reply to one I wrote about ten days ago about money, which I had good reason to believe he would lend me, and which I begin to want. He cannot! This matter is rather grave. Winter approaches. No prospect of having leave to quit the empire, and still less of any means of living in it. So must economize most rigidly my few remaining louis. Met M'Lane to-day.

Am reading Robins's Travels in Florida, Louisiana, the Mississippi, &c. We have had about a fortnight of raw, chilly, uncomfortable weather; raining almost daily. I should be glad of a good fire, but see no prospect. I shall finish Robins to-morrow, three vols. octavo.

18. Dine at Fonzi's. A large party. Home at nine. La Jeanette sat an hour telling her misfortunes. La m'lle.

prays for me, so that my soul is in a good way. She is a devotee. Goes daily to mass, and fills up the interval with cards. Forgot to say that I had yesterday a letter from Luning, père, and to-day another from our cousin, John G. Burr, giving me the history of his family, which will give me some trouble to translate, and then to reply in German. You did not know before I told you, and I have not told you yet, that you are a Dutchman.

But, alas! in my affairs no advance; no passport; no money.

Erotika Biblion, par Mirabeau, one volume Paris, 1801; a very whimsical book, which I borrowed of Madame F., and read last week.

20. Called on the Duke d'Alberg. He returned yesterday, but had walked out. To Madame Robertson's, where stayed an hour. She engaged me to dine to-morrow. Called at the bureau, where found Roux. No answer from the minister about passport. Changed five guineas, at twenty-six francs eight sous.

24. Wrote this morning to Duke Bassano, again demanding passport. To Roux to press the same demand on Duke de Cadore. R. is always civil. He had "*received no answer*" from the duke (this is the diplomatic style of negation); but promised to state my further reasons and demand. Thence to Saugnier, le secretaire de la police general. Out. Left, enclosed to him, my letter, which is in English, to Bassano.

26. Got breakfast at seven, and went at eight to the rendezvous agreed on by Hernandez and V., about half a league. They had just gone off to St. Germain's, whither I was to have gone with them if they would have stayed till twelve. Nevertheless, was glad they were gone, for the jaunt would have cost me eight livres. Home, and, after changing and refreshing for an hour, for it is very warm, to the Duke d'Alberg. Very lucky I went, for he had been seeking me, and had lost my address. Offered to take me to the Duke

Rovigo, to whom I have been trying these eight weeks to get access. The duke wrote a letter, demanding audience for us, which letter I took and left at Rovigo's. I suspect that his majesty begins to think of me and my projects. From D'Alberg's to Madame Robertson's, where an hour. Took a second breakfast of ham, fruit, wine. Thence to Saugnier's. He refused to see me, but sent word by the servant that he had no answer to my letter. Home at two.

The Duke d'Alberg having requested another copy of my memoir, went out at five to get Argaud to make me another copy. He had moved about four or five miles off. So came home. Then to Argaud's; gave him my memorial, with some additional notes, which I have made to-day, and he promised to bring me a copy on Tuesday morning. Came home through the Jardin des Plantes and the Boulevards. So that I have walked near twenty miles to-day, and am not the least fatigued. I grudged Gamp a coach on account of yesterday's extravagance. La Jeanette brought me wine, bread, and melon to refresh. Now I have to write a long letter of business.

30. Sent my memorial to M. Pelough, and he had gone out. Dressed for the intended visit to Rovigo. There being a defect in the work\* of Fonzi, and being without my memorial, resolved to postpone the visit till to-morrow. On my way home called at the Lion, and then on S., who had a letter for me. It is from Bollman. The only one from the United States since October last.

31. At twelve dressed, and to the Duke Rovigo's, armed with his note to D'Alberg. The huissier told me that there were a great number of personages waiting for audience. That it would be very late before I could be received, and recommended me to come to-morrow at one.

\* New artificial teeth. Fonzi was his dentist.

TO J. G. BURR.

Paris, August 1, 1810.

Your letter of the 31st December reached me at this place some weeks ago. I regret that I can give you no information respecting the gentleman of our name about whom you inquire; but it has afforded me very great pleasure to learn that the family of Burr still exists in Germany. My ancestors were German. They removed more than a century ago to America, where I was born, and where the family and name are now numerous, and generally prosperous; but, being settled among the English, we have totally lost the German language. My daughter, who is my only child, is, I believe, the only person of the name in America who speaks and understands it.

If I had received your letter before leaving Hanover, I should have passed through Heilborn to have made personal acquaintance with yourself and family; and if I should again travel through Germany, I shall most certainly make you a visit. In the mean time, if you should favour me with another letter, you would greatly oblige me by giving me the names of your daughters, and any particulars you may possess respecting the family of Burr in Germany.

I thank you for the many obliging expressions contained in your letter. It will give me pleasure while here, or when in America, to hear from you, or to be in any way useful to you or your friends.

A. BURR.

TO MONS. J. MENZZER.

Paris, August 2, 1810.

Your little note, my dear sir, made me a very long journey, but at length overtook me in this city. It gave me very great pleasure to hear from you, and I am extremely flattered by the recollection of Mrs. Menzzer and Mrs. Karseboom. Tell Mrs. K. that I have seen nothing in Paris to alter my opinion of her charms.

Do me the favour to forward the enclosed to our friend Luning. I have written to him by the mail, but, having no answer, fear the letter has not reached him. I shall remain here some weeks, perhaps months; but I hope to see you again before leaving the Continent; whether or not, be assured that I am, &c.,

A. BURR.

TO EDWARD GRISWOLD.

Paris, August 3, 1810.

I came here on the 16th of February with intention to stay about a month, and brought with me money sufficient to defray my expenses and to take me to the United States, whither it was my intention immediately to return; but a passport to leave the empire has been denied me, and hitherto I have been unable to obtain it, though I have reason to hope that this refusal will not be permanent. My stock of money is so nearly exhausted, that, if passport should be allowed me to-day, I could not profit of it. Under these circumstances I venture to ask your aid.

If consistent with your convenience to advance me any sum, from six hundred to one thousand dollars, I would repay it on my arrival in the United States. But as that is a contingency of some uncertainty, I would give you an order on —, by whom it would most certainly be paid, with interest. To be more precise, one hundred and fifty guineas would answer my purposes until I could either get a passport or provide other resources.

All this vexation arises from the machinations of our worthy minister, General Armstrong, who has been, and still is, indefatigable in his exertions to my prejudice; goaded on by personal hatred, by political rancour, and by the natural malevolence of his temper.

If you should see proper to afford me this aid, it may be done either by an order on your banker here, or a permission to draw on you. Of the mode you can best determine; but, in whatever way, I could wish that my name do not appear.

I would propose that of John Vanderlyn, on whose integrity and discretion perfect reliance may be placed ; or it may be done through any friend of yours whom you may name. In any event, I request an acknowledgment of this, to relieve me from suspense.

I offer apologies for the freedom. It does not proceed from any imagined claims. I pretend none ; but from a belief that you are above the influence of the villanies which are practised against me.

A. BURR

TO THE COUNT DE VOLNEY.

Paris, August 5, 1810.

At the moment of writing you I perceived the difficulty stated in your letter, and I should not have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject if you yourself had not been pleased to suggest the measure. It would be very easy for me to advise what I could wish to be written ; but I find it by no means easy to distinguish what you may deem consistent with delicacy and with policy on your part ; and this difficulty is greatly increased by my ignorance of the degree of familiarity and mutual confidence which subsists between you and the minister. However, as the case is urgent, and I am destitute of other resource, I will, in obedience to your invitation, venture to offer some hints on the subject. You may enlarge, abridge, or wholly reject, and I shall not be the less sensible of your friendship and goodwill.

You may recollect that the refusal of a passport was announced to me on the very day you left Paris ; and though I had not the pleasure to see you after the fact was personally announced to me, yet, at the moment before, I communicated to you my apprehensions. Something like the enclosed might, therefore, perhaps be written. It is with the utmost hesitation and diffidence that I offer it to your consideration, but with the assurance that you will consider it with indulgence.

I learn that the American minister, who has for many years been my personal and political enemy, has been indefatigable in his exertions to prejudice the French government against me; and though he is held in the utmost contempt, as well by that government as by every American, yet he may have succeeded so far as to inspire distrust. I could wish that the French minister of police should be informed of Mr. Armstrong's motions; but, in case a passport should still be refused, and I should be condemned to pass the winter in France, I should prefer the South, and would propose to go southward so soon as I can get the means; but, as the motive to all my movements must be made known, I would be glad, if you should see no objection, of an invitation to make you a visit. Be assured that I shall not be oppressive to your hospitalities; but the invitation being *shown* would undoubtedly procure me the permission to remove to a climate and a country which, on every account, I should prefer to Paris. It is obvious that the invitation must not appear to have been solicited by me.

A. BURR.

TO DUKE DE BASSANO.

Paris, August 23, 1810.

Having come to Paris for the sole purpose of offering certain projects to the consideration of his majesty; having immediately on my arrival communicated my ideas to his excellency, Mons. le Duc de Cadore, and having received no information which authorizes me to believe that his majesty is disposed to adopt the views which I have submitted, I have the honour to ask a passport to return to the United States, where as well my private affairs as the desire of joining my family require my presence. It is several weeks since I had first the honour of expressing this wish to your excellency. To that demand I received for answer that a passport could not then be granted to me to leave the empire.

Hoping that the reasons which produced that refusal may now have ceased, I have the honour to repeat the request. If, however, his majesty should intend to avail himself of my services at a future day, I would cheerfully submit to any further delay, however personally inconvenient it might be.

A. BURR.

JOURNAL.

*Paris, Sept. 1, 1810.* Rose at five, having slept enough, though it was twelve when I went to bed. At one to Duke Rovigo's. I was the first, and placed in the antechamber. The huissier told me that the audience would not begin till two. "Why, then, sir, did you bid me come at one?" "That you might be ready at two." There came in to the number of forty-seven; a majority women. Two English women sat next to me. At half past two the doors were thrown open, and a huissier cried out, "Mesdames et messieurs, entrez." I was quite surprised, expecting we were to be called in one by one, as I had seen practised by Fauchet and Champigny. We all went in. The duke, in full dress, was at the farther end of the room, and we stood, forming a sort of horseshoe, of which the two ends approached him. He began on his right, and so on, hearing and answering, generally, in about one minute. Some of the women kept him three or four minutes, and some talking on after he had given his answer, till he turned his back and addressed the next. His first question was, "Qui etes vous?" One very ill-looking fellow he asked, "Etes vous le Colonel Burr?" By which I learned that he had that person in his mind. I shifted my place so as to be last; but some three or four others, with the like design, got after me.

At length my turn came. I announced myself, and told him I had been refused a passport, at which I was the more surprised, as he probably knew the nature of the business which had brought me to France. "I have heard it mentioned, but I do not know the details."

"I am delighted, sir, to have an opportunity to make you acquainted with them. I have not had an opportunity of being heard by a soldier, and no other is capable of judging of my enterprise. The military genius of your excellency will appreciate my views. I should be sorry, indeed, to leave France without having been listened to and understood."

He asked me to walk aside that he might hear it. I told him that I had it in writing.

"Ah! give it to me. I will read it with eagerness."

So I drew it from my side pocket and gave it to him, and was going to renew the question of passport.

"Ah! we will talk of that after I shall have read your memorial. I will write and give you a private audience in a few days." And then he suddenly turned off to another.

So that, after all my pains to get an audience, it has amounted to just nothing. It was unlucky, however, that, through ignorance, I should have stumbled on his public day. On any other he gives private audience to all who are permitted to come in. I like much his appearance and manner. A handsome man, about forty-two, very prompt and decided, but sufficiently courteous. He has the appearance of intelligence and good breeding; all which is better than I had been taught to expect.

Got off at four. To Paschaud's, where had agreed to meet Vanderlyn. Found a note for me to dine with him. Home; changed my dress, and then to Vanderlyn's, distant one league, where had a *model*, not exquisite. After dinner walked by Pont Neuf to Palais Royal, where parted, and I came home, having agreed that he should call on me at eleven to-morrow, to arrange about going together to St. Germain's, where is a fête.

Crede came to town on Thursday; called on me twice, but, missing me, left a note saying that he would be at home all the evening. Called and saw him in the evening. Walked together to the Luxembourg gardens, where I

waited till he went to make a negotiation for me. He was successful; and reached, after walking an hour, home at ten. His zeal is great and unabated.

2. At nine to D'Alling's. Gone to the bath. To Valke-naer's, where took a second breakfast and stayed an hour. Walked by the Tuileries to get a passage to St. Germain's, Vanderlyn having resolved not to go. Found a carriage with four, I made the fifth. He wanted but one of his complement. After sitting in the carriage thirty-five minutes, two of the passengers got out of patience, *sacre'd* and *diable'd*, and went to seek some other passage. Then came up three who wished to go to Versailles. The coachman asked if any of us within would go to Versailles; two said no, the third yes. So we two no's were turned out, and he changed his destination to Versailles. After waiting half an hour longer, without being able to get a passage, gave up the jaunt and came home. Just now, three P. M., L. brought me a bowl of soup. Every day some such attention and good office; and now, at five, I am going to stroll an hour.

*Evening.* Felicitate me on my safe return. I did, indeed, spend six livres, viz., five livres ten sous for a pound of sugar, and ten sous for fruit. Note, this is the only sugar bought in a month, and it will last me a month, for I use none at breakfast.

Have been reading "Tableau de l'Amour Conjugal, par Vernet, two volumes, Paris, 1810." Seeing it announced in several stores, I wondered what could be said on such a subject to fill two volumes. Looking at the table of contents, found the heads of chapters inviting, and bought it. A most stupid book. I met in every chapter disappointment, and nothing else.

3. At nine walked out. On my return bought Boccace, nouvelles librement traduits par Mirabeau (who makes everything amusing), eight volumes. Also, Boccace's something French and Italian, one volume; Rochefaucauld's Maxims, one volume; for the whole paid twelve livres. To D'Al-

berg's, always frank and kind. He engaged me to meet him to-night at half past eight at Duke Rovigo's, than which, you know, nothing could be more agreeable to me.

Thence to Mrs. Robertson's and took soup. I stayed an hour. She urged me to dine, which I declined on account of my evening engagement. Went with her in her carriage to see M<sup>lle</sup>. Evans; and thence I called on Swediaur, where half an hour, and then home. To Beret's coiffure to engage him to call this evening; but saw only his wife, *qui est fort gentill*. Home. Made my toilet without Beret.

V. came in, and we walked by way of Pal. Roy. A thunder-shower, that is, much lightning, a little thunder, and about ten drops of rain. At the duke's was a great assemblage; perhaps one hundred gentlemen, and twenty or thirty ladies. Met there the Duke d'Alberg, who presented me in form to Duke Rovigo. Stayed an hour to see the show, with which I was amused, because it furnished something to amuse you. The duke told me he had read my memorial, and said some civil things. Off at half past nine and home. Mem.—Took coffee before going out this evening, contrary to all habit, and much afraid of consequences; to guard against which, have drank half a bottle of wine.

4. The coffee did keep me awake till about three, nevertheless rose at six. At nine walked to the Baron d'Alberg's. Home at two. Read an hour in Boccace, which found dull, the French being antique and difficult to understand. Finding myself drowsy, in my chair, of an hour. To Fonzi's at half past five to dine. Came in after dinner Mons. Isidore, and wife, and three children. He had been a year in England as *émigré*. A very pleasant, well-informed man. Urged me much to come and pass a day with him at Pasey, where he resides. This is the first Frenchman who has offered me the slightest hospitality since the seventh month I have been in France. Home at nine.

5. Lay till nine to sleep off a headache. Took a bowl of tea, but ate nothing. At ten to Rovigo's. Gone to St.

Cloud. To Dr. Swediaur's half an hour, then walked along the quai's an hour, looking at the books which are there exposed. They are second-hand books and odd volumes, but so amazingly cheap that it is tempting to buy, but bought none. Saw an edition of Boccace for six livres ten sous, which is two livres less than I paid for mine, and which I thought so very cheap, one livre a volume, there being eight volumes. What cheaper could be desired! To-morrow shall go again to Rovigo's, when it is hoped I may have something to tell you.

6. At nine to a bookstore in Honori, where bought for you and Gamp. to the amount of sixteen livres ten sous—just three dollars. I mean to buy you about fifty plays of those written since 1788. You will see from them much of the change of manners. On my way home changed three guineas. Home and dressed for the Duke Rovigo's. Went there at one. Was told by the huissier that he was in council of state, which might last till four; but desired me to come at three. Paschaud's bookstore being just by, went there to pass the two hours. At three returned to the duke's, and, after staying an hour in the antechamber, was told that the council might still sit a great while, and that I had better come to-morrow at one. Home. Then to Fonzi's at seven—a visit. He is not only a dentist, but a man of education, of talents, and considerable acquirements. I meet there, too, a very amiable Spaniard, Prêtre. Has passed many years at Constantinople, attached, I believe, to the Spanish embassy. He has so great a love for personal independence and ease, that he has refused a brilliant place at court, and prefers to learn Fonzi's art. Stayed till nine, then home, and have read an essay on lotteries, par Bardini. A title full of pretension, but the pamphlet has very little either of fact or reasoning. Read also one of your plays. *La Famille Americaine*, par Citoyen Bouilly. Very pretty.

Yesterday, no, it was Tuesday, the weather changed, and it is now so cold that I should be glad of a fire. But to that

I have great objections ; for what would become of the fifty plays, and of something, I won't tell what, which I meditate to buy for Gampillo, that will make his little heart beat ?

7. Rose at half past six. How divinely I sleep. "Divinely ?" do the gods sleep ? At nine to Valkenaer's, where an hour, and took a second breakfast, tea, bread, butter, and smoked beef. Home and dressed for Duke Rovigo's, where at half past twelve. The huissier told me that S. excellency did not *receive* to-day. Several others came in. I was seated with my back to the door of entrance. But the story is too long to write. I will tell it you. The conclusion is, that, after waiting three hours, I got sight of his excellency by force, and demanded my passport. He briefly told me that his majesty had consented, and that I must apply to the minister of exterior relations, and then turned his back and made his escape.

The assurance that his majesty has consented is something, though, I am sorry to say, not much. Words cost nothing here, and there is often an immensity of time and space between the promise of a courtier and the performance.

At four to Vanderlyn's to dine. At half past six we walked together half an hour, and then I went home. Found a note from Mrs. Robertson, requesting me to dine to-morrow, as being, "probably, the last time." Replied yes.

On my way from the minister's, went round by Stone's manufactory, and he not being there, to Rue Bondi. Out. Left a note which I had written in case of not finding him. The note was rather dry, and may, probably, terminate our acquaintance.

8. At ten to Duke d'Alberg's, to whom related my interview of yesterday. He advises me to go to his evening party on Monday, and there again press the subject, and he will meet me there. At half past four to Mrs. Robertson's to dine. Met there Miss Evans and Madame Menutzi. Stayed till nine, and then home. Wrote a note to Crede,

who, I fear, is not pleased that I did not pass Sunday last with him as I had engaged. See the *Journal de l'Empire* of this day. The contrast between France and England.

9. At eight came in Mr. Howseal, whom I detained at breakfast, and had a great breakfast below, coffee, sugar, bread, butter, eggs, fruit. He stayed nearly two hours, and amused me with his adventures. He has only thirteen children, but expects five or six more.

Home. Read two hours in "*Les abus dans les Cere- monies et dans les Mœurs d'éveloppés, par Mr. L.*" There is wit in the preface and dedication, and some learning in the body of the work, but the subject has lost its interest except as mere matter of curiosity. At two to Fonzi's; there two hours, and got fitted so as to be at ease. For two days past have had much plague and pain with my jaws.

Dined with the family to-day, and have not stirred out since dinner. Had a note from Mrs. Robertson this evening, asking me to draw a power of attorney, and to dine with her to-morrow. Replied, assenting to both. No reply from Stone. What the devil did he mean by offering me, nearly six weeks ago, the loan of Humboldt's Works, and neither to send it nor answer my note? This is English.

10. At ten to D'Alberg's. He had heard nothing concerning me, but persisted that I should go this evening to Duke Rovigo's. Home, and drew and copied a power of attorney for Mrs. Robertson. Then to Music to meet Vanderlyn and to examine the pictures exposed for public inspection. Every two years there is an exhibition and competition for prizes. Every ten years a great exhibition. As I buy the list and explanation of all such things, will give you my remarks when we shall read that over together. At four, home to dress for dinner and for the evening.

As I was obliged to wear chapeau bras for the evening, and could not come home from Mrs. Robertson's, was necessitated to take a hack. At dinner, Nancy Evans, madame, and myself. Mrs. Robertson will certainly marry that young

Adamson very soon. Neither she nor Mr. Evans can get passport. You see I am not the single victim. Left Mrs. Robertson's at half past seven, and to Duke R.'s. There was an immense crowd; perhaps one hundred carriages at the door. Was presented to la Duchess Rovigo, who is a belle Creole. Met there Duke d'Alberg et ux, and was again much amused with the spectacle.

The gentlemen all stand. Now and then one advances and says some commonplace thing to one of the ladies. Then retires to the male side. They seem to me to ennui themselves quite as much as in England or America on like occasions. I was almost the only person who was laced. Home at half past nine. Observe how reasonable and sage I have been for ten days. I never spend a livre that I do not calculate what pretty thing it might have bought for you and Gampillo. Hence my economy.

11. Rose at five. Scarcely light enough to see. There must be something in the air or stars, for the family, who are never stirring till nine, were up at seven. Took my breakfast at seven. At half past nine to V.'s, where took a second breakfast. Last evening I had a note from him, saying that he had something to tell me. It was about the Spanish cap., but how to get at him I have not yet discovered. To Abel's, where paid my account, fifty-nine livres. Took dinner with Swan at the Pelasgie, where met my friend M'Crea, whom I did not recollect, he is so pale and thin. He married two years ago a young wife. Stayed but a few minutes. He had heard nothing from V. Engaged to call on him again this week to hear something "important" he had to communicate.

12. At eight a special messenger from Crede, begging me to call immediately, that he had something very important to communicate. What the devil can it be? Good or bad? Or, perhaps, something which I shall consider of no importance at all. Posted off about a league, and found him waiting. The arrival of G. is what he had to tell me,

and perhaps it may be important. We shall know to-morrow.

Thence about a league more to D'Alberg's. Out. To Fonzi's an hour, but did nothing. Then home to receive Howseal, who was to call with some of his children. He came at four, and brought m'lle., who is very pretty and genteel, and three boys. We had a little repast of peaches and grapes, bread, butter, cheese, and wine, which cost about three livres, and nosegay for m'lle. Stayed till five. Before their arrival, I, being hungry, took my share, and ate again with them. Madame P. asked me to dine, as she does almost every day, but I had dined.

13. At nine to Mr. G.'s. Not up. To Baron d'Alberg's. Not up. Now it seems the air and stars have taken a drowsy turn. Waited at D'Alberg's till he got up, and passed half an hour. He says that the Duke Rovigo told him that Mons. le Col. Burr might have his passport whenever he would call for it. This was great news; very great, if true in the event. To Mr. G.'s, who received me very courteously. Began with my business—the most awkward of all kinds of business, l'argent! Spoke of his losses, &c., which I knew to be very true. He has been infamously swindled by men who hold unmerited estimation in the world. Agreed to take breakfast with him to-morrow at ten, which I shall not forget.

To Saugnier's, sec. de la police general, to demand my passport. He would not see me. These fellows are often more difficult than their masters. Sent in a note to him, and received verbally, in reply, that he had no instructions from the duke about my passport, but would see him on the subject to-day. Thence to the prefecture, where the passports are finally had and paid for. The chef de bureau made me the same reply as Saugnier. Thence on to Pelasgie, where dined with Swan. The important concern is about merino sheep. No doubt there is a great deal of money to be made by it, but it is out of my line. Home

at seven. To Pelasgie, from my quarters, is more than three miles. Had coffee blanc. I am making an experiment of coffee not burned, having somewhere read that the burning made the oil acid, which was the cause of the nervous effect. I have drank two large cups. You shall know to-morrow how I sleep. Vanderlyn found it detestable, and I confess it was something mawkish.

14. Rose at six, having slept perfectly well, the white coffee notwithstanding. Have taken a large dose this evening, and something stronger than that of yesterday. Found it more tolerable to taste.

Wrote a letter to Duke Rovigo, to remind him that he had assured me of his majesty's assent to my passport. That I had applied, and the answers I had received. Sent it by a commissionaire. Fifteen sous.

To Mr. Griswold's, where took a second breakfast. He let me have 2000 francs, about 333 dollars, for which I gave a receipt. This will enable me to get to America if I should ever get passport. Passed two hours with G. You know that I have always thought he had one of the most acute, logical heads of our country. Home for an hour. Walked out with Vanderlyn. On coming home, met on the Boulevard what he thought a model. He went to take in formation, and I sagely home, where, having taken my coffee blanc, to bed.

15. The white coffee maintains its reputation, and I have become more reconciled to its flavour. In a little while I shall like it. The disadvantage is, that it takes double the quantity. Don't imagine that I use it perfectly raw. Not so, madam. The roasting took me two hours, so afraid was I that it would be spoiled. I succeeded to dry it, in an iron machine made for the purpose of "burning coffee," till the whole was nearly a cream colour, more nearly approaching very pale cinnamon, or something between both.

At ten to D'Alberg's. He advises that I go again to the duke's this day, being his day of public audience. Went

on to Madame Robertson's, where an hour. Wine and water, bread, butter, and ham. Gamp. was hungry. She urged me so much to come back and dine, that I consented. Thence to Saugnier's, secretary of the police. He would not see me, but sent me word that he had no instructions about my passport. Home, and dressed for the audience of the minister, and went. Had a few words with him. He said that his majesty had not yet given his signature, but that he would procure it in the course of the next week. Perhaps so. Home; changed my dress, and to Mrs. Robertson's, where dined. Several at dinner, and M. Adamson came in to tea. Off at eight, and directly home.

While I was in Saugnier's antechamber, there passed a marchand de variétés, with whom I had some weeks ago been bargaining for an old painting which I had thought of buying. He saluted me very respectfully by the title of baron; said he had my works, which he had read with great pleasure, &c.; to all which I bowed. Who the devil can he take me for?

Have been taking my coffee blanc, and reading two hours in some books I have been buying for you, of which shall say more anon.

16. Very chilly. A fire would be comfortable. At ten to Valkenaer's, where took a second breakfast and stayed two hours. He is amusing and instructive. To Griswold's. Out. To Fonzi's, and there till half past three. We finished the work, and I believe it is at length perfect. Home. A packet from Mrs. Robertson, and invitation to dinner on Tuesday. Agreed. Wrote a note to Crede, and went to leave it in case he should be out. To Crede's, you know; I don't believe you know, though I have told you three times, hussy; why, then, again, it is a league. Home at six. Have taken coffee blanc.

17. Slept sound till seven. What can have produced this lethargy? Not the white coffee, surely. At half past nine to D'Alberg's; told him of my interview of Saturday.

Says there must be something more than ordinary. Thence to Roux's. Out. To the marchand des variétés to look again at that picture, and finally bought it, thinking it would please you. Forty-eight francs! What extravagance. But that is by no means the worst article of this day's work. Thence to Michaux's, the botanist, who was many years in the United States, and has written a valuable little book of his travels. He is now publishing his account of our trees, which will be extremely interesting. It demonstrates that we (not the whole continent, but the United States alone) have three times the number of useful trees that Europe can boast; but I will bring so much of his work as is published. I called on him yesterday, but he was out; and out again to-day. Thence to Vanderlyn's, which is near (that is, about a mile), and at one back again to Michaux's, whom I found. My business was to ascertain the identity of a plant and a tree, both vaunted in medicine, and Mr. M. gave me the most perfect satisfaction. Got home at half past two. Dressed for dinner. At half past four to Dr. Swediaur's, calling at the Lion on my way to see my tailor; a great rascal, but if I change him I shall get a greater. The portress at the Lion told me that a gentleman had called there to see me, and she had given him my address. "And, pray, where did you direct him?" "Why, to No. 9 Rue du Croissant." Now, as I am at No. 7, she might as well have sent him to the Boulevard, and so I have not seen the gentleman. It was, as agreed, a tête-à-tête with Swediaur. The story of William P. charged with forgery, to whom Armstrong gave a passport under a feigned name to favour his escape. Of Upson, whom he wished to charge with despatches for England, but required a receipt for a sum of money not paid. Of \*\*\*\*\*, but a great many others. Home at half past seven. Drank too much wine. Have taken my coffee blanc still stronger. Found, on my arrival here, a letter from S. and F., enclosing one from Gahn, open. An apology from S. and F., which was unnecessary, for it is

known that all foreign letters go to the police for examination. If you should have written me by the same occasion, the letter has not been delivered. Perhaps you had a few words of cipher; if so, I shall never see it. But, ah, perhaps that gentleman whom I have not seen had letters for me! Curse the porters.

Some weeks ago, the twenty-four sous and twelve sous pieces were, by an imperial decree, put down to twenty and ten sous. I paid my quota of the tax, having just then received about twenty of those pieces. There was a publication by authority on the occasion. Then, after an interval of about fifteen or twenty days, the louis, the old crowns and half crowns were reduced. To this, also, I contributed, having had the same luck as before. On Friday or Saturday last, the six liard pieces (one and a half sous) were put at one sous, or reduced to nothing, as they ought to have been, I don't know which of them. I had, for the first time, about forty in my possession; but as this bore hard on the very poor, the six liards were, by a proclamation in the evening, restored to their nominal value, which is a pity. The sooner the old money is out of the way, the better, for it makes a deal of intricacy and confusion in dealing, whereas the new is all in decimals like ours; is also well struck, and very handsome, so that I should very cheerfully pay my quota.

18. Rose at seven, something the worse for the dinner of yesterday. At ten came in Mr. Griswold and sat till twelve. He has a most profound, analytic head. To the tailor's at the Lion. Home and dressed for dinner. Off to Mrs. Robertson's. Was, by appointment, to see her at four, to talk of business. Met at dinner M<sup>lle</sup>. J. Evans and Mr. Minulze, and, after dinner, Mr. Adamson. Stayed till nine. Home just before ten. Not permitted to walk through the Tuileries at that hour.

19. At ten to Valkenaer's, where took a second breakfast. To Roux's, from whom got the usual answer. To Saug-

nier's to inquire for a small parcel of books which I supposed I had left there, but found it afterward at Paschaud's. Home. Fillebouka, and at four set out on a very long walk to Howseal's, Rue Doré. He had removed to Isle St. Louis, about as much farther. Went on, and there found him and his eight children. Home at seven. Tired, and must go to sleep, but will have a supper first. Eggs and white coffee.

20. To Mr. Griswold's, where stayed an hour. To Fonzi's, where met Vanderlyn, who told me that Peale will leave town to-morrow for L'Orient; to sail thence for Philadelphia. Home to write, but could send you nothing, not knowing any single person in Philadelphia to whom I could intrust a parcel for you. Yes; I. Barclay now occurs to me, but it is too late, for my letters are gone. One to you, to Bollman, and to Gahn.

21. After writing you last evening, I made draught of a letter for Mrs. Robertson to her lawyer, and did not go to bed till one. At two set out to go to St. Pelasgie, but found it too late, and so stopped at Vanderlyn's, where, as was agreed last evening, we took an early dinner, that we might go to the opera to see the Bayaderes. It was said that the emperor would be there. On the way from Vanderlyn's called on Crede, whom found, and agreed to breakfast with him to-morrow. Thence to the opera. The decorations and the ballet are magnificent. In every theatre they have a parcel of rascals hired to applaud everything. From twenty to fifty of them, who are placed in the middle of the parterre, and are a great nuisance. Home at half past ten, and found a note from Mrs. Robertson, and another from Swan. Answered both notes.

Did not take my coffee blanc this evening, having no coal; so consoled myself with milk punch. My uncle Stephen lived on milk punch, and, at the age of eighty-six, mounted by the stirrup a very gay horse, and galloped off with me twelve miles without stopping, and was, I thought, less fatigued than I.

22. The coffee blanc maintains its reputation. Was at Crede's just before nine, and there took breakfast. We went together to St. Pelasgie, where he left me, and I passed an hour with Swan, talking principally of sheep. On coming home, found the card of Captain Skiddy, with message that he would call again between three and four. Doubtless some American captain with a letter from you. Intended to have gone to the Duke de Rovigo's, but was tired, and it is a most unpleasant ceremony, and shall get only the usual answer.

At four comes in Captain Skiddy. He is from New-York; in the employ of Jumel, and his business is to present for payment an order which I drew on Mr. Alston about fourteen months ago, in Sweden, in favour of Captain Barry, for eighty pounds sterling. Captain Barry sends me word that he had written frequently to Mr. Alston, who has never answered him! Very pleasant.

23. At half past eight, as was agreed, Crede came in to take me to breakfast with his friend Mancel. A very pleasant young man, who has a very handsome establishment for a garçon of twenty-five. He contemplates removing to the United States, and his younger brother is now there exploring. We had tea, cutlets, and dessert of fruit. Stayed till one.

A very important discovery has been made here, viz., to make vinegar, of excellent quality, from the sap of trees. The process gives you all the moisture in vinegar, and all the wood in carbon. I shall get the details if I can find money to pay for it, that is to say, about one hundred dollars. Walked with Crede to buy a sample of this vinegar; but the store was shut, being Sunday. We went, then, to see Mons. Cagniard, and his new invention of raising water and performing any mechanical operation. His apparatus is a screw of Archimedes turned the reverse, air, water, and quicksilver. Cagniard was abroad; but we saw a model, and worked it, and got the report of a committee of the Institute on the

subject. If the thing performs what is said, I will apply it to give water to Charleston. Walked with Crede about half way down St. Denis, and then came home. Home at half past six. Coffee blanc, bien fort.

24. Very early sent off my note to Madame Robertson by the commissaire, which costs fifteen sous. At ten went out to call on Skiddy. Met him in the street with Howseal. To Duke d'Alberg's; stayed an hour; took breakfast à la fourchette, &c. Madame is handsome and lovely. They go to Rovigo's to-night, and will ask about my passport. I declined going. Went to Madame Robertson's. She always keeps me about half an hour while she makes her toilet. Coming from Mrs. R.'s called on Baron Claybrooke, who has returned to town after three months' absence. Home leisurely. Found that Crede had just called. We had agreed that he should call between two and three, and I was home five minutes before three. He left word he would call again; and, as I wished much to see him, I stayed at home till half past five; but he came not. So wrote him a note, and went and left it at his lodgings, about one league. Home at seven.

Rumours of changes intended by the emperor in Spain, in Poland, and in Naples. They are but rumours. Read memoir on the state of Europe before the discovery of America.

25. At ten called on Mr. Griswold, where remained a few minutes. We searched the code, and talked of Bentham, and of vinegar, &c. Thence to D'Alberg's, to hear his report. The minister of police said that he had made a report to the emperor of my demand of passport, and had *received no answer*. Did not know when one might be given; so that I am just where I was four months ago, only with less money, and the fine season gone. Returning, met young Crede. His father left town yesterday, and uncertain when he will be back. Dined at home with the family.

26. To Valkenaer's, where breakfasted a second time, for

my first breakfast is generally made at seven. V. always amuses me. To Mancel's, where remained half an hour. He engages me to dine on Friday. The first invitation of any sort from a Frenchman since being in France; now near eight months. On my return home last evening found a note from Vanderlyn, saying that Mr. Warden, by whom I proposed to write to America, would leave town early tomorrow morning. Wrote to you, to Galin, and to Bollman, and to Greenwood the dentist, and at seven this morning went with the letters to Vanderlyn. This evening coffee blanc.

27. Yesterday called on Sisto, the Spanish maître de langue, to engage him to give me a few lessons in his language. This morning at nine he came and stayed an hour. I would do nothing but read aloud after him, to catch the pronunciation, and translate. Have laid out a louis in grammars, dictionaries, and some other books, for which expense I console myself that they will be useful to you and Gampillo. Wrote you another letter, and one to Hosack, with a parcel for each of you, and went to Vanderlyn's with them. He went to Warden's, who, *learning that the letters and parcels were from me, would not take them.* Home and dined fillebouka. After dinner to hunt two or three pamphlets. Home at six. Coffee blanc. A long visit from J., to talk about her business, and to get me to write some more letters. Poor soul, she repeats over her instructions about a hundred times, for fear I should forget them.

Have read this evening Molleral's pamphlet on the wood vinegar; a very important discovery; and Parmentier's on the management of wine; very stupid and unsatisfactory.

Bought to-day half a pound of sirop de raisins, for experiment. It is something like very dirty molasses, diluted exceedingly with dirty water. The taste corresponds to the appearance. I can make no sort of use of it. Cost twelve sous, and five sous for the bottle. Grapes are now from three to eight sous a pound, and I eat about two pounds a day.

28. At ten to Mr. Griswold's, where half an hour talking of vinegar and other projects. Thence to Valkenaer's, to get a pamphlet which I had borrowed from D'Alberg, and lent him. He had lent it to a friend, so I think it is in a fair way to be lost. Thence home to get another pamphlet about vinegar, which I had promised to Griswold. Called again at G.'s, and thence to D'Alberg's, where half an hour. Thence to Sisto's, to say that I could not take a lesson till Monday. At three to Rue St. Denis for dinner. To Mancel's, where met Crede and a young Frenchman, Bourdelet; a handsome, intelligent man of about thirty-six. We were five at table. A plain, good dinner, intended to suit my taste. A pleasant, cheerful party. Off at half past eight. Mancel and Bourdelet walked with us, and we took ice creams on the Boulevards. Then parted. Crede and I walked together half an hour, and agreed to meet at ten to-morrow morning.

On my arrival home, found a note from Swan, containing at last some news from V., but not perfectly satisfactory; also, a verbal message from Mrs. Robertson, left by her coachman, begging me to call on her to-morrow morning, and by no means to fail. What can be now in the wind? It is quite *mal apropos*, for I am engaged to go with Griswold to-morrow morning in the country.

29. At ten to G.'s, where met Crede. Found G. ready for the country jaunt, but asked an hour's delay, that I might go and see what was Mrs. Robertson's distress. Took cabriolet (the first time in a month) and drove to Mrs. R.'s. Found her unusually well, and expecting that I would dine with her, which was the only message by her servant. The rest was the invention of our deaf Jeannet; so drove back again to G.'s. Having last evening written to Swan that I would call upon him this morning, wrote from G.'s that I must postpone my visit to him till to-morrow morning. Went with G. in cabriolet to see a place he had thought of buying. Passed two or three hours there, and got in town at

half past five. Took dinner with him at a famous restaurateur's on the Boulevard.

Engaged to pass some hours with F. to-morrow, to finish our business. Just as I got home came in young Crede, to say that his father had engaged Mancel to take me out to pass the day at his house at St. Germain's, and to set off at eight. I had much desired this party, and Crede had made it to gratify me ; but how unfortunate. What is to be done with my engagements to F. and S. ?

30. In my great embarrassment I resolved to disappoint Crede, though sorely against my will. At nine called on Mancel to tell him so. He had already gone. Hence to Fonzi's, on whose account I gave up the other engagement. Found him engaged, and the bijoutier not come. Home to get my permission for the Pelasgie. Thence to the bijoutier's to engage him to go to F.'s ; then to the Pelasgie, where passed a few minutes with Swan ; then to other places ; for these courses took cabriole, which cost me three francs. Note, madame, it is the first time in a month that I have paid carriage-hire. F. and I did very little ; but we dined and smoked segars. Hernandez, and Vanderlyn, and bijoutier were our party. Found on my return home another letter from Gahn, dated 30th July, referring me to former letters which have not been received, and saying that he has forwarded me many letters, of which, however, I have not seen one.

*Paris, October 1, 1810.* Wrote note to Sisto, postponing his lesson (did I tell you that I had taken a Spanish master ?) till to-morrow. To Swediaur's to inquire about sale of Lettaspri's place for Griswold. I was right. It is for sale. Being engaged to dine with Vanderlyn at half past four, had an hour to spare. Called on Prevost and Edwards ; both out ; and, meeting no obstacle in the way, got safe to Vanderlyn's at half past three. Dined, and at six came off together. Parted at the Pont Desart's. He to go on some errand, and I to come home.

Read two hours in my Spanish Grammar. Made coffee blanc; having no sugar, took of that horrid sirop de raisin, which, with sour milk, made a mess unfit for man or beast; but swallowed it, and am still alive, as you see. This morning called on Mancel to inquire about Crede. He made a hundred apologies for going off without me. Crede's coming is uncertain.

2. Was up at six; Sisto came at nine and stayed his hour. I think that in one month I could read Spanish pretty well, with three or four hours' daily attention. But all this day I have not looked at Spanish since Sisto went off.

At eleven to Mr. Griswold's, and at twelve to Fonzi's. He asked me to dine there with Vanderlyn. At three to St. Denis for Seg. and Soc. At four to Fonzi's, expecting to do something before dinner; but did nothing. Met there Madame de Launey, aunt of Bernardin St. Pierre, who amused me with anecdotes of St. Pierre. He has two children, Paul et Virginie. The latter sixteen.

Came off at seven. Strolled an hour. Called on Gaudoin, to engage him to go to Fonzi's to work for me at six to-morrow morning. Have been reading two hours in De Pratz to learn something for Crede.

3. Sisto came at nine, and I took my lesson. At eleven to Mr. Griswold's. A few minutes to Baron d'Alberg's. Out. To Valkenaer's. Out. To Fonzi's; he was engaged. Passed an hour with M. and K. Was asked by M. to dine, to which agreed. Home at two. I allow myself sugar; but, madame, I have dismissed my barber, which is a saving of at least fifteen livres per month, and for some other discreet conduct this luxury is allowed. At half past four to F.'s. Met there Madame de Launey and Hernandez. The beautiful Madame de C. came in, and I waited upon her home.

I forgot to say that, coming from Valkenaer's this morning, I called and passed an hour with her. Home at nine, having drank tea, and not in good-humour. To make it

worse, Jeannet came in most mal apropos. They have the cursed Swedish custom here of not knocking. Lay on the bed, got asleep, and slept till twelve; say two hours vigil, and got up and made myself coffee blanc, and now, at three in the morning, am writing to hussy.

4. Slept till half past eight, and rose perfectly well, which was not expected after yesterday's dinner. At eleven to Duke d'Alberg's, where half an hour. He had not seen the minister, nor heard anything about me, but will see him this week. To Valkenaer's. Out. To Fonzi's, where two hours doing little, he much engaged. Home, and ruminating on the blessings of life. At three set out to Vanderlyn's to dine. He had got a note, asking him and me to dine at F.'s, on this being St. Francis's day. As the note had no date, I apprehended some mistake, and refused to go, but sent off Vanderlyn, and stayed and dined with his maid. At six to Crede's. Not come. Got home extremely grave, and full of devout reflections and sage resolutions.

At nine came in Vanderlyn, and explained the affair of St. Francis. It is the fête of the good Hernandez, and I regret not to have gone; for, besides a pleasant party, I should have saved seven francs and ten sous. The thing was not thought till I had parted with Hernandez this morning. Drank the last of my coffee blanc this evening, so that the pound has lasted just three weeks.

5. Sisto came at half past nine, and stayed his hour. Paid him for his four lessons twelve francs, and told him I was going to the country. At eleven to Mr. Griswold's, to make an appointment for him to meet me at one at my house, on Crede's business. Thence to Valkenaer's, where an hour of very interesting conversation. Then to V.'s, where bought three little books of Spanish dialogues, for I am resolved to read the language, and, besides, they will do for you and Gam. Home at dinner with the family.

6. Slept late this morning. Don't know why. Out and walked. Came home circuitously. On the route from this

to F.'s I must be better known than any hack coachman. After smoking my segar and pondering an hour, went to buy a sample of Molherat's vinaigue du bois. Bought a bottle for thirty-six sous. Out again to get one of Griswold's bills changed. Got a thousand franc bill (about thirty-nine guineas) changed, for which paid four francs ten sous.

At 5 to Crede's. He is in town, but was not at home. Went home slowly. Still pondering. Ate a pound of grapes on my walk. Home at seven. To Fonzi's again. He was still at the dinner-table. Got rendezvous for to-morrow.

7. The mornings are already so cold that I shudder at the thoughts of getting out of bed. It was eight before I could persuade myself to get up. At ten to Valkenaer's. He had company, so did not go in, but saw his friend Blanc. To Fonzi's; engaged, but indemnified myself with \*\*\*\*. To Mr. Griswold's; agreed to dine with him. To Fonzi's. Had a few minutes with him. Gave directions about one piece, and got rendezvous for Tuesday. At five to Griswold's, whence to the Frascata to dine. After dinner we walked to the theatre François, but I refused to go in. Home. At nine came in Vanderlyn, and made us a dish of tea, but from seven to nine I was otherwise amused.

My affairs are quite stagnant, and I have no other prospect but that of starving in Paris. To-morrow I go with Mr. Griswold to see a place which he has thoughts of purchasing, seven leagues off. Shall not be back till Tuesday. Was this morning at Le Doux, to look at watches for self and Gampillo! Self, I think, will not get one.

9. A great many interruptions, particularly a note and messenger from Crede, kept me till near ten yesterday before I got to Mr. Griswold's to breakfast. He had been waiting half an hour for me, which, for an impatient valetudinarian, is a great deal, especially before breakfast. After breakfast I had to go to F.'s for a memorandum, another half hour's delay. Finally, at half past eleven, we arrived at a village, and was told that our gig (chaise) could not go; we

therefore left the horse and chaise, and promenaded about a league. Walked over the place and through the house. There are about twenty-five acres, wood, meadow, garden, fishpond. The house old, substantial, plain, but something out of repair. Seven rooms on two floors, and some decent garret rooms. The outhouses spacious. The price, 60,000 francs; about twelve thousand dollars.

It is the time of vintage, and along the road one could get grapes of the girls who were carrying them to the press; but in the immediate neighbourhood there are no vineyards. We walked back to our horse, and then drove two leagues, where we dined (supped, being eight o'clock), slept, and breakfasted. Our bill was eighteen francs, horse included. The tavern neat and decent, "Hotel du Nord." On our return this morning stopped at St. Denis to see the Cathedral. All the interior, and all the monuments of kings, &c., were destroyed during the revolution. The church has been repaired, and within is handsome, in the Gothic style. The only good style for churches. Home at two P. M.

Found a note from Madame Robertson to dine there to-day, very pressing. So resolved to go. First to Fonzi's an hour, but did nothing. Then to Mrs. Robertson's to dinner. Met there Jane Evans and Madame M. Stayed till near nine. My dinner at eight last evening kept me awake almost all night.

10. Rose at eight. You see I took a great sleep. Sor. at ten to go to Griswold's about certain law subjects. To Fonzi's; engaged, but there met Vanderlyn, and engaged to dine with him to-day. Home, and read *Souveraineté*; a pamphlet which excites some attention. I cannot see why. Crede's son came in with a note and offer of rendezvous at half past five. At four to Fonzi's. Found him. Did a little, and got rendezvous for nine to-morrow. Then slowly on to Crede's. No one at home. Took a walk, though fatigued, and called at half past five. No one at home. Waited half an hour; no one came. Off to Vanderlyn's; he had

dined. While I was eating in came Crede, and we walked together and had much conversation. Then to Fonzi's, where Vanderlyn had engaged to meet me. It was half past eight when I got there, and every creature abed. Rang, but no answer. Home.

I have been reading two hours in Cabanis. It is, I think, of all the books which I have bought for you, that which will afford you the most satisfaction. It is exactly in your line, being at once medical and philosophical; so good-night.

11. I went to bed at twelve. At seven came in Jean. with my milk and bread; but was so sleepy could not get up, and lay till eight, sleeping hard.

At ten to Fonzi's. Found him and Gaudron at work for me. To Griswold's, where an hour. It is the most analytic head of my acquaintance from America. To Fonzi's again, and there till four. Took breakfast with him at one, à la fourchette. Home at six, and three eggs for dinner or supper as you please. Jen. talks me to death; but she is so good that I bear it with the patience of a jackass.

12. Slept from twelve till waked by force at half past seven. Just so I slept in England at this season two years ago. How was it in Sweden and Denmark last year? Please to look and tell me. At ten to Mr. Griswold's, and proposed a voyage South, to which he has half consented. To Fonzi's an hour. To Mancel's a few minutes. He had not seen mons., which was all my errand. To Duke d'Alberg's. He had seen the minister again. The same answer. My affair is with his majesty, who has given no answer, and no mortal can conjecture why not, nor when it may be; but I am assured that the delay is not from malevolence. To Fonzi's again for work, and then home. At five went there to dine. Met Hernandez, Vanderlyn, and a sort of mad Spaniard. Off at eight with Mar. Drank too much wine. Home at ten. Called on Griswold on the way; all abroad.

On my arrival at home I found a long note from Mrs. Robertson; among other things, asking me to call in the  
Vol. II.

morning at dinner, or in the evening of to-morrow, as I might choose. I shall reply, excusing myself from calling at all to-morrow. Not that I recollect having anything very special to engage me, but I wont—

How one folly begets another, and so on like the holy bread in the New Testament. Having drank too much at F.'s, I got home, and then, being disposed to drink more, sent out Jeannet at half past ten for a bottle of wine of twenty sous, though the wine ordinaire is twelve sous; and now am telling it all to you, hussy.

13. Something out of order in the morning. Went out without breakfast. To Mr. Griswold's for half an hour. To Mrs. Robertson's, where two hours. A headache came on. Took oil of mint, rubbed the forehead with vinegar, to no effect. On my way home called on Roux. He is at Fontainebleau. Home at three. Very chilly, being thinly clad and the weather cold. Lay down without undressing; covered warm, and got into a delicious sleep, when in comes Jeannet, called several times to know if I was asleep. Replied yes, and sick.

14. Jeannet, faithful to her system and seriously alarmed for my health, came in at daylight. I was so sound asleep that she was obliged to shake me before I woke. Opened my eyes, and lo! there she was with my breakfast.

At three to Griswold's and to Crede's; both out. Left a note for Crede. Home; very cold, and no fire. My chimney does not admit of fire. This evening read through "*Vues Nouvelles sur les Courans d'eau, la Navigation Interieur et la Marine, par C. L. Duchrest. Paris, 1803.*" About 200 pages, with tables and plates, in which I find some good sense and science.

15. Again Jeannet came in at dawn, waked me, and presented a bowl of bouillon gras, smoking hot. I rose and swallowed it; after which, finding no appetite for breakfast, I was just going to seek Crede, when in he came, a few minutes before nine, which is early these cold mornings, the

sun rising about eight. He sat half an hour. Merrihault is gone, and I have not seen him! At half past nine to Mr. Griswold's, where took a breakfast of tea, &c. Thence to my shoemaker, au Pal. Roy. Hunted about there for a thermometer, graduated Reaumur and Fahrenheit. Found one for five francs, but rather too large. On to Pont Neuf on some errand, but did not succeed. F.'s to lounge an hour. Thence to a German watchmaker's, with whom I have made acquaintance; but for what, won't tell now. Home to dress for dinner. Mr. Adelle had a snug little fire, by which took a warming. Ate a pound of grapes, and at half past four sat out for Mrs. Robertson's to dine. At dinner, several, among them a Mr. Heath, an English lawyer, who has lately come here from London, having a passport from this government to come and return. A very pleasant, well-informed young man. After dinner came in Mallet, the banker. He is certainly nearly related to your Mallet, but disavows it, and denies all knowledge of him, though living many years in the same city, and in the same line of business; doubtless they knew each other well; perhaps too well. Home at nine, and sat an hour with the family by Adelle's fire. That name reminds me of your good and amiable friend —. She is married to a man of letters and accomplishments, and settled in an easy but modest style at Versailles. I do not learn that either of her daughters are married. M. has become enormously fat, as said by Mrs. R.

Have spent an hour in roasting coffee à la blanc, and have paid myself by a large bowl, bien sucré. Called this morning on Captain Skiddy, but he was out.

16. Did not go to bed till two. Got asleep presently. Waked again. Lay awake till six, and then slept till nine. At one to Mr. Griswold's. Out. Walked an hour without any object. Dinner with the family. In the evening to Fonzi's, where met la belle De Cas. Walked an hour with her on the Boulevard, and then home. Made myself coffee

blanc, and now, at half past twelve, am thinking of bed. Have been reading this evening *le Comte de Gorani on Government, &c.*, translated into French from the Italian. A liberal-minded man, and of some acquirements, but not profound. Something sombre, Mr. Gamp.

17. Lay till nine, though Jeannet made me a fire of her own good feelings and with her own money. She said it was too cold, and that I was not well, &c. At eleven to Griswold's, where an hour. Talked with him about a speculation in the Holland Company lands. It is the best head in the world for such things and for many others. Thence on the same subject to Valkenaer's, where half an hour, and then interrupted by a lady. It is always so (unless when I go very early). He is one of the Holland Company, and, therefore, I could not have addressed myself to a better source for information. Thence on the same subject to Swan at St. Pelasgie, which you recollect is about one and a half leagues from this. Dined with him, and drank *vin de Rousillon* for the first time. Took the address, and on my way home bought half a dozen bottles at thirty-six sous per bottle; a great extravagance. But recollect, madam, that it is several weeks since I have bought a single bottle of wine, so that you won't grudge me this luxury. On coming out from the St. Pelasgie it rained very hard. I had no *paraplui*, and was resolved not to take coach if one had offered. Got home wet to the skin, from head to foot. Jeannet made me a good fire, for my chimney was reformed a little. Changed clothes. Coffee blanc, and am quite refreshed.

18. At half past eight to Mr. Griswold's, where took breakfast, and talked over the Holland Company affair. To Valkenaer's on the same subject. He enters with zeal into my views. At twelve to Duke d'Alberg's. Out. On to Mrs. Robertson's. She was with her mantuamaker, in deep consultation over half a dozen new and very rich robes. I was taken into counsel, which lasted an hour. Mons. Adamson came in and I came out. Suspect she is going to

marry him, though she denies it stoutly. Home by Dr. Swediaur's, where half an hour. Home at six; having refused to dine with the family, took three eggs. Jeannet has kept me two hours writing letters of business. So two hours lost last night.

Yesterday had a note from Capt. Skiddy, offering to take charge of my letters to the United States, of which shall profit. He has gone to Bourdeaux, so that I fear that I cannot charge him with parcels for you; that is, books.

19. Slept most profoundly till eight, which was very ill, for I ought to have been at Duke d'Alberg's at nine. Seeing this to be out of the question (for it takes me nearly two hours to get my breakfast, shave, and dress), I went on leisurely, and at eleven, when Mr. Griswold came in, I had not breakfasted. Mr. Griswold made me a most liberal proposition on the subject of the Holland Company affair: so very liberal that, if I had now a passport to go to Amsterdam, I would clear for myself ten thousand dollars in a fortnight. Got my breakfast and off to Duke d'Alberg's, to consult about my passport. Out. Took a walk round by Paschaud's, to get news of Madame Paschaud. Then to Valkenaer's to inquire further about Holland Company affairs. Out. Home for an hour. Again to the duke's at four. Saw him for a few minutes. Was more froid than usual. Thinks he can do nothing, and doubts my getting a passport for Amsterdam unless I first get one from the American consul here. The American consul is that M'Rae, the lawyer of Richmond, of whom you have heard, and perhaps saw! Quelle perspective!

Home, and dined en famille with Madame Pel. and Adelle. Treated ourselves to a bottle of my Roussillon. In the evening to Fonzi's, where stayed till half past nine.

20. Another profound sleep of eight hours, which is the more extraordinary as I lay down full of my Holland Company project. Made out to dress and breakfast (shaving omitted) in one hour. To Mr. Griswold's. He continues

to have faith in the Holland Company affair, and is always replete with good ideas. To Fonzi's for a few minutes, and then to Valkenaer's. Stayed there two hours. He had taken a good deal of trouble to acquire information for me, and manifests a desire to promote my views. At my request, he wrote replies, in the form of a letter, to my inquiries. Home, and wrote a note to Griswold to give me rendezvous to-day, and left the note at his lodgings. Home. A note from Griswold that he would be at home till four. Called on him at four, and had half an hour's talk. Some obstacles, or rather doubts, arise, of which we made notes. To Valkenaer's to dine en famille, that we might talk of Holland Company. Just as we sat down came in M<sup>lle</sup>. H., a very lovely woman, who, after much pressing, joined us at dinner. We were four, and the dinner was very gay, but nothing more could be said of Holland Company. Am to see G. at nine to-morrow morning.

Left Valkenaer at seven, and to Fonzi's, where met Vanderlyn, and the beautiful Madame D<sup>e</sup> C., with her husband, who has returned after an absence of four or five months. Le Baron Ramignani came in, and I came off with Vanderlyn. Home. Vanderlyn made himself tea, of which I did not partake, having resolved that either tea or coffee is a mere tax in the evening; is expensive; at least, unnecessary: ergo, pernicious.

21. To bed at eleven, intending to rise very early. Slept not a wink till five: ergo, lay awake till that hour, from what cause I cannot imagine, for I had dined temperately, and drank neither tea nor coffee. Perhaps from the excessive sleeping of the two preceding nights. When Jeannet came in it looked dark and rained hard. She said it was seven o'clock. Being engaged to breakfast with Griswold at nine, got up and dressed. Then to Fonzi's, where an hour doing nothing, Gaudron having disappointed us. Discovered that I had forgotten to set your watch. Instead of nine, as I supposed, it was ten. Hastened to Griswold's,

who had been waiting an hour for me. After breakfast and talking of Holland Company, to Fonzi's again, and there till one; then home to smoke my segar, &c. Then to St. Pe-lasgie to see Swan about the means of getting a passport from M'Rae. There also met Broome. Then to Vanderlyn's, where we had agreed to dine. There were Hernandez, and a Swedish painter or sculptor. Fonzi brought a turkey, wine, &c., and we had a feast. Off at eight, and home. Have taken a good dose of coffee blanc, and shall couché exactly at twelve. I can never sleep sooner. Have ordered Jeannet to wake me at six, having much on hand in the morning.

Inconsiderately engaged to dine with Swan on Wednesday, having engaged for that day with Mr. Griswold at Frascati, there to meet Baron Fox or Faucks, who was in the United States during the American war, and has settled in England.

22. Another night of insomnia, from what cause is not even suspected. Went to bed at twelve. Lay, vainly trying to sleep, till two. Got up, smoked segars, drank off my Roussillon wine, and again to bed. Lay awake till four, and rose at six. So that for the last three forty-eight hours have slept about four. Feel no inconvenience, nor now, at eleven, the least inclined to sleep.

At eight to Fonzi's, by his appointment. Abed. Home for an hour, and then again to his house, where remained for an hour. Then to Valkenaer's, where till twelve; always amused. Talked much of Holland Company and other matters. M'le., who dined with us on Saturday, came in, and then I came off. Home. Three eggs for dinner. At five, sort. On the way bought a book for ten sous. At Vanderlyn's wrote a note to Crede, and then home. Returning, spent five francs, not much to my satisfaction. Shall take no coffee blanc, nor anything else to-night.

This morning, too, called on Griswold and passed an hour. He continues in the same disposition to support me in the

Holland Company affair; but, alas! if I should not be able to get passport, all is lost.

23. Slept profoundly till eight. Jeannet came in, made a fire, &c., without my knowledge, so hard did I sleep. At eleven to Valkenaer's about Holland Company affairs. After half an hour we were interrupted by a lady. To the shoemaker's. Not home. There is much less punctuality with mechanics here than even with us. Took a long tour through very dirty walking. Home at four.

Mr. Griswold came in soon after, rather out of spirits, by reason of a decree confiscating all colonial property in Spain, which may affect him in about fifty thousand dollars by affecting his debtors there. I greatly fear it will indispose him for the Holland Company affair. He took me to dine with him au Roche's de Couchal, famous for excellence in every sort of fish. We had first *soal* or sole, which had been kept at least eight days. I would not eat a mouthful of it. Then turbot, which Griswold found still more stale. We had the good fortune to procure some potatoes, simply boiled. Our dessert was a Charlotte, which in English means an apple-pie; the which pie is composed of two apples, with a very little molasses of raisins and a crust of dough, which, when baked brown, was as hard as marble. For this dinner he paid twelve francs, which, at the present exchange, is about three dollars. We had one bottle of wine at fifty sous. He came home with me. We had a fire, and drank a glass of Roussillon, and went off at eight. Then came in Vanderlyn and sat an hour. Roussillon again.

24. Slept very sound till eight. As Jeannet had not come in to make my fire, turned over and dozed another hour, and then mustered courage to get up. Discovered that I had locked my door. Jean. had made many attempts, but, finding the door locked, supposed I wished to be quiet. Got my breakfast very leisurely about eleven, and wasted time till near two, but supposed to be only one. Sortic for Duke d'Alberg's; but, on the way, discovering the true time,

hastened on to St. Pelasgie, where I had engaged to dine. One cannot enter there after three. Finding that I should be too late walk as fast as I would, took cabriole (twenty sous), and arrived one minute before three. Passed half an hour with that strange creature S. P. Broome; then dined with Swan. The object of my visit wholly failed. He had not seen M'Crea, nor heard from V. Stayed till half past five. Home at half past seven. Have eaten about a pound of grapes, and drank a glass of Roussillon.

25. Slept none till four. This comes from lounging an hour in bed yesterday. At ten to Fonzi's. Thence to Mr. Griswold's, where an hour. He is not in good health, which affects his spirits, and may discourage him from the Holland Company enterprise. This immense object will, I fear, be lost by delays which I can in no way avoid. Sat out to go to Mrs. Robertson's, but turned off and went to Vanderlyn's, to see if Crede had come to town. Not come, nor anything heard of him. Everything combines to retard. Home, and took three eggs for dinner, and about half a bottle of Roussillon. Then to the nosologer's. Home for two hours, and then to meet Vanderlyn. Nothing of Crede. Home, and have been reading newspapers, and the speeches of the crown orators on the code criminelle. Very chilly, uncomfortable weather. Keep a small fire, but only when at home.

26. Slept sound until eight. One undisturbed nap. Took things leisurely, and did not get out till eleven. Called on Mr. Griswold. To Fonzi's half an hour. To Mrs. B.'s. She looks very well, and says she has dismissed her lover, which is a good thing, but a most outrageous piece of coquetry. Home for an hour. Then to Vanderlyn's, where I had engaged to dine. After dinner came straight home and got here safe. Have been roasting and grinding my coffee blanc. No one else can burn it. The Holland Company affair has not advanced a whit to day.

Forgot to tell you that yesterday I wrote to Russell (that

Jonathan Russell, of Rhode Island, whom you have often seen at my house, and whom Armstrong has left chargé des affaires) demanding a certificate of my citizenship. He replied, in a very dry note, that the business of passports and certificates was with the consul, to whom I might apply. This I knew before, and only wrote the note to see how he would behave. The consul, you know, is M'Rac, of Richmond.

It is now one o'clock at night, that is, philosophically speaking, Saturday morning. I was near going to bed without writing to you, for it is very cold, and I have only two little stumps, about as big as your little fists. But, then, I thought you would so pout; so I mustered courage, and have wrote all this, hussy.

27. Rose without fire, dressed, and off to Vanderlyn's to breakfast before nine. He was just up. Sent to inquire about Crede. Nothing yet heard of him. Rather a pleasant day, but cold. This month is like our November in New-York, only sombre, and almost daily raining. After breakfast, home, and then to Mr. Griswold's, where met a Mr. Cushing, of Boston, a stout, handsome man of about forty. Will tell you a story of him to make you laugh. Thence to Rue du Bar to a circulating library, but did not engage. Paid fifteen sous for a catalogue. Thence to Place St. Andre, to buy vin Roussillon. Got three bottles of the same, thirty-six sous, and six of an inferior quality at twenty-five sous per bottle. Home. Dined with the family, and treated them with a bottle of my best Roussillon, this day's purchase not having come in. Soon after dinner came in Vanderlyn. Had nothing to give him to drink, and borrowed a bottle of vin ordinaire of Jul.

Read two plays which I bought to-day, one *Les Fables d'Esopes*, extremely dull and full of absurdities. The other something better. This morning my nosologer, Hahn, a German, called. Received a note from Swan, not very satisfactory, about his sale of lands for wine.

28. I sleep so sound that I do not dream or move. Off again to Vanderlyn's to breakfast, and inquire about Crede. Vanderlyn has become a little lazy. He promised me a copy of your picture, which has been in his hands for the purpose now five months. For the last four he has not touched it. Crede, junior, came in while we were at breakfast. The father not come nor heard of. Resolved to go to St. Germain's, but changed my mind and wrote him a letter. Home at eleven. Took a long tour to hunt Rochefaucauld's *Travels*, which I have often seen exposed on the quais at ten sous a volume, but could not now find it. Bought you six more plays at six sous each. I buy only comedies. Home at four.

Ju. waked me this morning at half past seven with a hot bouillon gras in her hand, to which I submitted without remonstrance; but I cheated her, for I had it in my cabinet, and at four took it for dinner, and found it excellent; but she happened to come in while I was eating it, and detected me. She is urging me very much to go and see her friend, a respectable, aged, and learned priest. She says he can be useful to me, and has prepared him to receive me. I promised J. that I will go to-morrow.

Read two of your plays, both tolerable. *Le Statu* in one act, and *Les Egaists* in four. In the latter the chamber of the count is a true portrait of a father and a son of the time present. Cold, and Gamp. has no fire in this room, and very little in t'other.

29. Slept from twelve to half past seven, and then it took J. half an hour to wake me. In the name of God, am I henceforth to be such a Sybatite? I live very temperately, and take only moderate exercise, and have no fatigue of mind, except when I think of your being in those vile swamps.

Ma. J. came in before I was up. Wrote Mr. M'Rae. asking certificate of citizenship. Received by the messenger, verbally, that he would send an answer. I expect some

vulgar impertinence, coupled with a refusal. Have I told you that the Duke A. says if I can get a certificate from the American consul, I shall have no farther difficulty about a passport. Hence my application to Russell and to M'Rae. If the latter answers insolently, the only revenge I will take (for revenge, you know, is not in my nature) will be to publish his letter.

At eleven to L'Abbé Relins, l'ami de J. He is a soixant dixenaire et alitré. Sits up in his bed. A very benign, cheerful, intelligent man. Received me with that air of kindness which seems his nature. Proposed to introduce me to an American who would put me in the way to get on, and to a clerk in the department of foreign affairs. He has not the remotest idea who I am, for Ju. did not mention my name (indeed, she cannot pronounce it intelligibly), only that I was a stranger, unfortunate, and wanting a passport. The abbé asked me if I was from Germany. I am more often taken for a German than for English or American. I did not mention my name, but, seeing that he had many persons waiting, proposed to call at a moment of less occupation. He named Thursday next at eleven A. M. I shall certainly call at the hour, if it be only to see him again, and to suffer him to believe that he has been useful to me. Poor Ju. almost shed tears of joy when I related how kindly the abbé had received me.

At one, on my way to Mr. Griswold's, met him in the street coming to see me. Went to his quarters and sat an hour. He is still firm in the Holland Company affair. Thence to Swediaur's, where half an hour. Read there the imperial decree for seizing and burning all British goods. Home. Madame P. asked me to dine. Refused. My twenty-five sous wine is detestable, and has no sort of resemblance to the vrai Roussillon at thirty-six sous. Indeed, my dear little Theo., you must not scold if I take pretty nearly a bottle a day of the vrai Roussillon. By way of compensation, will drink neither tea nor coffee in the evening,

never dine at a restaurateur's, and eke out a pound cassonade a fortnight; and, when I have no more money, I will drink water. To Fonzi's at four. Asked me to dine. Refused. To shoemaker's. A pair at length done, but don't suit. Oh! I have a terrible story to tell you about Mr. Abel: *Goody grashees*, it would have kept me in Roussillon for six weeks at a bottle a day! But you must wait a little. It would disturb my slumbers to tell it to-night. Took two eggs for my supper.

Have removed my writing-table from my cabinet to my bedroom, where have a little fire, else you would not have had half so much Journal.

30. My slumbers were sufficiently disturbed by those two eggs. To Mancel's to return his vinaique pamphlet. He was out. To Volney's. Found his house full of carpenters and masons; and, seeing him with a new wig, charged him home with machinating matrimony, which he confessed. It is to take place in four days. There are many obstacles to marriage here, created by law, in addition to those which arise from the state of society. Not so many, however, as formerly. The publication, the civil ceremony, and the religious ceremony.

Home. Mr. Griswold called, and, without my knowledge, was denied. Called on him. Out. At four he came again, a little discomposed by a rencounter. He asked me to go and dine with him. Went, where we had good fish and good potatoes, à l'Americain. He has made a communication about our Holland Company affair, which, I fear, may spoil all. He thinks not; but it has put me quite in a fever. Think I must immediately try to get a passport for Holland and go off.

31. Slept without interruption, and so sound that Jean found it difficult to wake me. At nine came in my tailor, and at ten Mr. Abel. The matter is not quite so bad as I feared, but still bad enough.

At eleven to Valkenaer's, where an hour. He has put out

of my head going now to Holland, and thinks he can manage the thing better by writing. He wrote in my presence, and sent the letter to the office.

To Swediaur's half an hour. To Griswold's half an hour. Home to dinner. Mr. G. came in while I was eating. At half past four took a long stroll along the Boulevard. Bought you twelve volumes of different things (octavos). Think I will buy you no more, except a few plays, and some pretty books for Gampillus.

On my way home met Mr. —, who invited me to go home with him to communicate something. It is, that the Americans here have entered into a combination against Aaron Burr. That every man who speaks to him shall be shunned as unworthy of society. That no master of vessel, or any other person, shall take any letter or parcel for him, or other like benevolent things; all which amused me, but alarmed my friend. The most violent of this association is a young Seaman, son of Edmund Seaman, of New-York.

More of the like. Mr. —, of Boston, related in a large company, that he, being on a jury at Boston last summer on an insurance case of the Herkimer, Judge Chase presiding and Luther Martin one of the lawyers, on some dispute between them, the judge said to Martin, "I am surprised that you can so prostitute your talents." Martin replied, "I never prostituted my talents except when I defended you and Colonel Burr;" and added, in the hearing of the jury, "a couple of the greatest rascals in the world."

A Mr. Thompson, of Charleston, South Carolina, a Scotchman, but naturalized in the United States, now settled here, being asked if he had called on Colonel Burr, said, "No; and no good American would call on him."

I have been reading all the evening in Mazzei's *Recherches sur les Etats Unis*, 3 vols. octavo. This is the same Mazzei to whom Thomas Jefferson addressed a letter, which has been published in the American papers. Found him rather dull.

## TO THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Paris, September 14, 1810.

Some days ago you did me the honour to say that his majesty had consented to my request for a passport, and yesterday Mons. le Duc d'Alberg informed me that he was authorized by your excellency to say that I could have my passport whenever I should please to require it. I addressed myself forthwith to Mons. Saugnier, le secrétaire de la police general, who replied that he could do nothing without the orders of your excellency, and that he had received no such orders.

I went then to le chef du Bureau, and was answered to the same effect. Apprehending, therefore, that my request may have escaped your excellency's recollection, I take the liberty of recalling it to your memory, and of requesting that you would be pleased to give the necessary instructions, that I may not be further delayed. A. BURR.

## TO THEODOSIA.

Paris, September 26, 1810.

Not a line from you since the letter of August, 1809, which was acknowledged from Gottenburg. I beg, therefore, that you will repeat all you may have written me of business, and with as much detail as possible, in a letter which you must enclose to Gahn, who will know how to forward to me.

The time of my return has become more uncertain than I thought it when I wrote you in the spring, from a difficulty in getting a passport. Yet I have little doubt of being with you next spring. Still, do not omit to write as above directed.

I have a few books for you, particularly dictionaries, but can send nothing by this opportunity. Gampillo has not been forgotten. My health is always the same; but I ennui here for want of you and your boy. My stock of nonsense to amuse you both increases daily, and we shall have a deal to laugh at. A. BURR.

TO JONATHAN RUSSELL.

Paris, October 25, 1810.

Mr. Burr presents respectful compliments. As a citizen of the United States, he requests of Mr. Russell an official certificate to that effect, and will have the honour of calling for the purpose at any hour which he may be pleased to name. The fact of Mr. Burr's citizenship being sufficiently known to Mr. Russell, it is presumed that other proof will be deemed unnecessary.

FROM JONATHAN RUSSELL.

Paris, October 25, 1810.

In reply to Mr. Burr's note of this morning, Mr. Russell begs leave to inform him that the province of granting passports to citizens of the United States belongs to the consul, to whom all wishing for that protection must apply.

TO MR. M'RAE.

Paris, October 29, 1810.

Mr. Burr presents compliments. Having presented himself to Mr. Russell for a certificate of citizenship, has been informed by him that the business of granting certificates was transferred to the consul. He therefore repeats the request to Mr. M'Rae. If a personal attendance be deemed necessary, Mr. Burr will wait on Mr. M'Rae for the purpose at any hour he may be pleased to appoint.

FROM MR. M'RAE.

Paris, Oct. 29, 1810.

Mr. M'Rae answers to Mr. Burr's note of this morning, that his knowledge of the circumstances under which Mr. Burr left the United States renders it his duty to decline giving Mr. Burr either a passport or a permis de séjour. If, however, the opinion Mr. M'Rae has formed, and the

determination he has adopted on this subject be erroneous, there is a remedy at hand.

Although the business of granting passports and permis de séjour generally is confided to the consul, the chargé des affaires unquestionably possesses full authority to grant protection in either of those forms to any person to whom it may be improperly denied by the consul.

TO MR. RUSSELL.

Paris, November 1, 1810.

On receipt of Mr. Russell's note, Mr. Burr applied to the consul; a copy of his reply is herewith enclosed. It cannot be material to inquire what are the "*circumstances*" referred to by the consul, or whether true or false. Mr. Burr is ignorant of any statute or instruction which authorizes a foreign minister to inquire into any circumstances other than those which tend to establish the fact of citizen or not. If, however, Mr. Russell should be of a different opinion, Mr. Burr is ready to satisfy him that no circumstances exist which can, by any construction, in the slightest degree impair his rights as a citizen, and that the conclusions of the consul are founded in error, either in points of fact or of inference. Yet, conceiving that every citizen has a right to demand a certificate or passport, Mr. Burr is constrained to renew his application to Mr. Russell, to whom the consul has been pleased to refer the decision.

FROM MR. RUSSELL.

Paris, November 4, 1810.

Without subscribing to the opinion of Mr. M'Rae, with regard to the appeal that lays from the erroneous decisions of the consul to the chargé des affaires, Mr. Russell has no objection to judging the case which Mr. Burr has presented to him.

The man who evades the offended laws of his country, abandons, for the time, the right to their protection. This

fugitive from justice, during his voluntary exile, has a claim to no other passport than one which shall enable him to surrender himself for trial for the offences with which he stands charged. Such a passport Mr. Russell will furnish to Mr. Burr, but no other.

## JOURNAL.

*Paris, November 1, 1810.* Slept, as usual, my eight hours without turning or dreaming. This sort of sleeping is striking out of existence so much time. What has got into me to sleep at this rate? I, whom three or four hours formerly satisfied. Was engaged to call on the abbé at eleven. I got there a quarter before twelve. He has been aleté these six years by a disorder in the knee, as I believe I told you before. He received me with that complacency which seems to be his nature. At another time I will tell you his history, his escapes from the guillotine during the revolution, &c. I told him my name, and that my desire was a passport to return to my country. He was quite confounded to learn that I had already been presented to several ministers, and had access to them, and seemed to be in despair about rendering me any service. At length, however, he thought that M<sup>lle</sup>. Vauxhall was my mark. That she could give me counsel, &c., and he wrote a note of introduction to m<sup>lle</sup>., which I engaged to deliver. What could have put it into the good old man's head, that nothing but a young lady could serve my purpose? He remarked that m<sup>lle</sup>. was not young, but had two sisters much younger than herself. I shall see m<sup>lle</sup>. as soon as possible, and tell you how things are; but have very little hope of advancing the passport business thereby. Home, and thence to Fonzi's, and then to Horologus, to whom I paid twenty-two louis for a watch. Now don't scold, for I can sell it for the same money as soon as I shall have no other means of getting bread. A period which is not very distant, unless something shall grow out of Holland Company affair.

Home again, and at four set off for Vanderlyn's, having advised him some days ago that I should dine with him to-day, expecting Crede in town, and having given him rendezvous at Vanderlyn's from five to seven. At six Crede came in and Vanderlyn went out. Sat till eight with Crede, and then we parted, he engaging to breakfast with me to-morrow. Found our house all in uproar. A party given by young Pic. et ux to their young friends. There were about twenty. Two of the gentlemen played well on the violin, and took turns. Several of the dames danced very well. One of the Juliens and Mr. A. only attracted my particular notice. There was one other called beautiful; a round-faced, goggle-eyed, insipid thing to my view. I left the party at twelve, and so forthwith to bed, though the gayety below is extremely clamorous.

2. Waked at half past eight. Was astonished to see a fire and the materials for breakfast all prepared. Jul. had done all this, and I had heard nothing, so sound did I sleep. Intended to have gone early to Duke d'Alberg's and to Valk's; but this eternal sleeping spoils all. Crede came in at half past nine, and I was then scarcely ready to receive him. Had a great breakfast. Jul. had bought a pound of ham; thirty-two sous. Don't be alarmed. It will last me a week. We talked much, and he went off at half past ten. At half past eleven to D'Alberg's. Out. To Fonzi's, where half an hour. To Mr. Griswold's. Out.

Forgot to tell you that yesterday morning wrote a note to Russell, the *chargé d'affaires* (see the copy), to which no reply has yet been received.

At three to Swediaur's, and thence to Griswold's. Left a note, requesting him to be at home till half past twelve to-morrow. To which received answer this evening, assenting.

To D'Alberg's, whom saw, and received me with his usual complacency, but had nothing to communicate. Advised me, however, to call on Mons. Serrurier, who has been

named minister to the United States in the room of Turreau. Will think of it. Home. Dinner on a slice of the said ham, and some of the twenty-five sous wine, which is detestable. It is impossible that I should ever get it all down, and I will positively go to-morrow and change it for the real Roussillon. At six to Vanderlyn's to meet Crede, who came in at the same moment.

Received a note this evening from Mrs. Robertson, asking me to make her a law paper, in a great hurry, as all women always are.

3. Certain personal concerns kept me up till two. Waked, wide awake, at six. Got up, lighted candle, made fire. Jul. came in at half past seven, and greatly astonished to find me at breakfast, having had bread and milk enough of yesterday. At ten to Valkenaer's, where an hour and a half. How good he is. I deposited with him two thousand five hundred francs, about five hundred dollars. Now you will marvel how I could possibly raise so enormous a sum (one hundred guineas !); that was my business all yesterday, which I did not then tell you, not knowing whether Valkenaer would take the trouble; not a little, I assure you. Your watch and your ring are both pawned for one thousand francs (two hundred dollars); this, with the remains of the sum had some time ago of Griswold, as then mentioned, made this bank. On casting up my remains, find I have left just twenty-one dollars. If, therefore, the speculation should fail—

From Valkenaer's went to Griswold's. There I was disappointed. He had proposed to venture for me 2000 dollars, but had changed his mind. I showed him V.'s receipt; but no. So back to V.'s and gave him his receipt, for I would not ask a receipt from a man who takes so much trouble for me gratis. V. seemed extremely sensible to this delicacy.

Again to Griswold's to get his writer to copy Mrs. Robertson's law paper. G. helped me to draw it. Home at

three. Took ham and eggs for dinner, with a good cup of real Roussillon. Wrote Mrs. Robertson for farther information, and sent commissionaire. Note.—We are at least one league apart. Sor. at five to marchande de vin, to get him to take back his infernal twenty-five sous wine and give me the other, which he very cheerfully agreed to. To my new shoemaker's. Not done. The mechanics here, I tell you, are far worse than in America. Home at seven. Jul. brought me a nice hot bouillon gras, which I took with great satisfaction.

I may as well tell you now of my economy in this wine affair. Eating my bread and cheese, and seeing half a bottle of the twenty-five sous wine left, I thought it would be too extravagant to open a bottle of the bon; so I tried my best to get down the mauvaise, constantly thinking of the other, which was in sight, and trying to persuade myself to give Gamp. some of that; but no. I stuck to the bad, and got it all down. Then, to pay myself for this act of heroism, treated him to a large tumbler of the vrai Roussillon, and sallied forth to my marchand de vin to engage him to exchange the residue. You see I am of Lantara's opinion, that though a man may be a little the poorer for drinking good wine, yet he is, under its influence, much more able to bear poverty.

Now, as I live, I don't think that among your plays I have bought you Lantara, though I have seen it twice with pleasure. You shall have it to-morrow. Just now a note from Mrs. Robertson with the farther information, and requesting me to dine to-morrow. Have declined the dinner. Jul. has promised to buy me potatoes. I shall dine better at home; and, then, such a trouble to dress and walk a league. No answer yet from Mr. Russell.

4. Hopes of reformation. To bed at twelve. Rose at six, and again dressed and took breakfast by candlelight. I cannot account for this caprice. It is impossible to sleep better. Always one sound nap; but it varies from five to

eight hours. At nine to Mr. Griswold's. He was just up. More cool and shy than usual. Also, had heard a report extremely unfavourable to my friend Valk., of which I don't believe one word. I would trust my life with him. The people of this place are prone to detraction. If a man speaks of his nearest friend (profanity), it is with several *buts*. The women I think less given to that vice than the men.

Thence to deliver the letter and see the friend of the abbé. A walk of about one league to the Post St. Antoine. M<sup>lle</sup>. Vauxhall is a smart, sensible English woman of fifty-five. The brother not at home. Stayed a few minutes, and engaged to breakfast with her and him at nine to-morrow. To Le Doux's. Out. To Fonzi's half an hour, and engaged to dine with him. Home to wait for Mr. G.'s messenger with the copy of Mrs. Robertson's law paper. He came at three with the paper handsomely copied. On perusal, found it so full of errors that another copy is indispensable. Off to Mr. Griswold's, in whose employ the writer is. All out. Then took a long stroll, being a wet, misty, chilly day, as has been the greater part of the last five weeks. At five to Fonzi's; met there Hernandez, and a very handsome young man. All very social.

In Spain, when the bell rings all kneel; even at the theatre, in the most interesting scene, the audience kneel, and the actors become statues. Another by Gamp. of the effect of tragedy in Paris—applaud and encore a very pathetic speech or action!

There has been a great feast at our house to-day, at which I was not invited; but, when I came in, madam scolded me very politely for going away without saying anything. They were distressed at my absence. Vanderlyn, for some months past, has been urging me to join him in a little ménage, to which, some days ago, when despairing of a passport, I consented. To-day he told me that he had found lodgings, but that there was only accommodation for himself, and no room for me.

Am in great distress about Mrs. Robertson's paper, for I had promised it to her to-morrow morning, and it will not be done till night. You women are always in such a hurry. In a debate to-day about women, Gamp., as always; defending, Vanderlyn says the reason is, their heads are so empty!

5. The reformation continues, and I have hopes that this stupor will pass off. At eight to breakfast with M<sup>lle</sup>. Vauxhall, being distant about one league. M<sup>lle</sup>. had told me that Mr. V. was very early; that he breakfasted at eight, and went out at nine, but gave me nine for the hour. I was there ten minutes before nine; Mr. and m<sup>lle</sup>. were abed. I cooled myself this fine November morning (a drizzling rain and chilling north wind) for half an hour in a room without a fire. The younger sister (who has a daughter of nineteen) was up. She told me that Mr. Whitesides would be down immediately. Mr. Whitesides! I know nothing of Mr. Whitesides, madame. I called to see M<sup>lle</sup>. and Mr. Vauxhall. Yes, sir, the French can't say Whitesides, because they have no *W* in their alphabet, and so they call him Vauxhall. At length they came in. We had a breakfast à l'Angloise. They appear gêné, and can be of no use to me. He, however, mentioned to me Mr. Randall, of New-York, an acquaintance of my youth, as one who would see me with pleasure. To Le Doux's. He speaks greatly in favour of my watch, as excellent work, and very cheap.

At twelve to Mr. Griswold. Was not so cool, but less zealous in the Holland Company. Thrice to my rendezvous to dine with the C.'s, who did not come. So dined alone. An excellent dinner in a very poor-looking house. Madame, I am writing (now I think on't) in the utmost pain. After my first walk, near the Pont Neuf, got badly wounded in the foot by one of those hacks; the story is too long to write. Got home as well as I could. The foot so swollen that I was obliged to cut open the boot. Jul. is now bathing it with vinegar. Do remind me to tell you of a case of conscience which has grown out of this matter. Mrs. Robert-

son's paper has come in handsome and correct. A note from her this afternoon announcing that she sets off for England on Thursday.

6. That vile foot kept me in such pain that I had no repose till just five. At nine Jul. waked me with a smoking bouillon gras in her hand. This I refused to take, and at length persuaded her to put it by for dinner, and to make me my coffee blanc. With much labour, got out of bed at eleven. Could not put the foot to the floor. Bathed it in cold vinegar, and have continued the process all day. It has produced miracles, and now, at eleven P. M., I can hobble over the floor without pain.

Before I was out of bed this morning, a messenger from Mrs. Rob., with invitation to dine, which, of course, declined. Sent her papers.

At one came Mr. Fenwick, late consul. I did not recollect him, though he is not much altered in ten years. It was a mere visit of civility and to tender services. Wrote notes to Swediaur and to Crede. At four Mrs. Robertson's servant to inquire about the foot. Proposing to send her carriage for me at four to propose some alteration in the papers. Consented to go in her carriage at four.

A note this evening from Mr. Russell, in reply to that which I wrote him on the first inst. He says that, as a fugitive from justice, A. Burr is entitled to no protection, and other like things, which you shall see. Shall reply to-morrow.

Have been all day reading Tooke's Russia, of which I have bought you a French edition, in six vols. octavo. Vanderlyn came and sat an hour this evening. Our family in great distress. My good host has lost a lawsuit on which his all depended.

7. Got a good sleep. Reading still in Tooke's Russia. At four the carriage came, and I went, with the lame foot in a list moccasin. On the way took in Munritz and Jane Evans, who, with Mr. Heath, the English lawyer mentioned

some time ago, made up the party. About eight came in Mr. Adamson. Note, Mr. H. can't get a passport. He has been soliciting for a month, and is in a state of desperation, having left his wife, his family, and his business in London. He lives here with Denon, and, of course, has all his influence; but no avail. It was ten when I got home. Sat up till two, and did not write you a line. This is written on Thursday. Mrs. Robertson asked me to dine to-morrow, which I declined, but agreed for Friday. On coming home, found a gay, friendly note from Crede, apologizing for not calling on me, and promising to call to-morrow.

8. Having drank a dish of vile green tea at Mrs. Robertson's, it kept me awake till five. Took a bouillon gras for dinner, and eked it out with a roast fowl, a compliment from Jul., and excellent potatoes, which, with Roussillon, and bread, butter, cheese, and grapes, has kept me from starving.

At eleven a note from Mrs. Robertson, with a bottle of opodeldoc, in which I happened to express faith. She had very often intimated a wish that I should know more of Mr. A. In my reply to her note, I asked her to tell me candidly whether he would be pleased with a visit from me. At four received another messenger from her, saying that he would be greatly flattered, and proposed to call on me to-morrow morning. Agreed to receive him at two. You see into what trouble this will bring me.

At five came Crede and sat an hour. Have agreed to take gig, and go to see the room which he offers me in the same hotel in which he is lodged. Bought a bottle of hydromel (metheglin) to see how they make it, and a bottle of Mollerat.

Jul. has brought me into great trouble. Gave her my last two guineas to change. She, thinking to get two or three sous more, went away to her friend the abbé, full half a league, and gave them to him. He, being very busy, told her to call in two or three days, and I am absolutely sans sous. Just at this moment my commissionaire brought me

his account of six francs ten sous, and apologized on account of his great distress. Got rid of this for the moment by borrowing just so much from M. Pel. To-morrow will come La B. for four francs ten sous. I shall be obliged to sacrifice some of the nice little pieces which I intended to keep for Gampillo.

9. It was near twelve before I got out, not walking, which is not practicable, but in a gig. To Crede's. His room won't do. Being in a fourth story and a garret would discourage me; but it is dark, has but one window, a bad fireplace, and so open that it must be very cold. To Fenwick's. Both Mr. and madame out. This comes of laying too late abed. To Mancel's, to send him on a voyage of discovery. Home, stopping to change one of Gamp's pretty little Danish ducats, for which got only eight francs five sous.

Mr. Griswold had called in my absence. At three came in Mr. Adamson and sat half an hour; then Mr. Griswold, and soon after the carriage of Mrs. Robertson called. We took up on the way Miss Evans, who, with Mr. Lewins, were our party. Poor Heath got his passport yesterday, and was instantly off. Mr. A. came in at seven. I stayed till near ten, being obliged to wait the movement of my companions.

Mr. Russell, whose sense of duty does not allow him to give me a passport, has given a general one to Capt. Haley, and written to the minister of police that the captain has the entire confidence, &c.

10. Slept till nine, though fire was made for me at seven. You can't think how I am mortified and distressed at this torpor. Out at twelve in cabriole. This carriage-hire will ruin me. To Mr. Fenwick's, whom saw and eke his wife. Belle femme. The marks of superior intelligence, much grace and animation. We said some civil things to each other, and she engaged me to call and see her, which, be assured, I shall not fail. Mr. F. goes to-morrow to Bourdeaux, and offered to take letters for me. Thence to Mrs. Robertson's to get the address of Mr. Adamson, and thence to Mr.

A.'s, where half an hour. He has the appearance of a well-bred, amiable man; not deficient in intelligence or education. Thence back to Mrs. Robertson. She kept me more than two hours. Dismissed my cabriole and ordered her carriage for me. To go to England or not; to marry or not; these are the two interesting questions which disturb the peace of my charming friend. Having hitherto preserved a neutrality on the subject of matrimony, she has, at length, extracted from me a promise that I will on Monday give a decided opinion as to both points.

On my return home called on Mr. Fenwick. Out. On Mr. Griswold. Home at half past four. Had taken a bowl of soup with Mrs. Robertson, and now took another from Jul., which made dinner enough. Sent for a bottle of vin Maron, much vaunted, twenty-five sous. Don't like it. Shall stick to the Roussillon. Wrote you a letter and one to Gahn this evening, and sent them off just now to Mr. Fenwick, who departs at five to-morrow morning.

A most tempestuous wind yesterday and to-day. I have not yet learned what is the season that denominates this a fine climate. Have not yet answered Russell's impertinent note.

11. Slept sound till four, then waked, and, after trying in vain for two hours to sleep, got up at six, shaved, dressed, and got my breakfast by candlelight. Jul. came in at seven, all astonished to see everything done.

Raining, and still a tempestuous wind. Sor. at eight, on foot, but made bad progress, as the left shoe was wore slipshod, and the foot bore ill the irregularities of the pavement. Met a cabriole and got in. To Crede's; rang for several minutes, but all asleep. Learned, however, from the porter, that Crede père was not in town. To Abel's to complain of his tailor. The culottes which were to have been done eight days ago are not yet begun. To Griswold's. Home. Paid two francs.

Madame Robertson was to have sent her carriage for me

at eleven. Waited till a quarter before twelve. It did not come. Sor. encore in cabriolet to Adamson's, where half an hour. Saw there, also, Mr. Gerard, a venerable man of eighty-eight. The best preserved and the most sprightly of that age I ever saw. The aunt of Mr. A. has lived with him these twenty years, having rejected her mari. To Mrs. Robertson, whom found expecting me. She urged again for my advice, and I gave it. *First*, That she should not go to England. *Second*, That she should marry A. For six months I have been reasoning against marriage, and in favour of a voyage to England. Now that I have taken t'other side of these questions, she also has changed her language, and reasons against *this* marriage and in favour of going to England. Took soup and stayed an hour. Engaged to dine with her to-morrow, and begged her to ask A. We shall see whether she does so.

Called for half an hour at Mr. Griswold's. At the changer's, where changed three more of Gampy's beautiful little pieces. Home at four. Cab. hire four francs ten sous. Alas! my lame foot has already cost me a louis in cab. hire and other things. What pretty toys that louis would have bought for Gampillo.

Jul. was to have received to-day the amount of my two guineas; but was again put off by the priest. Now, as she owes the priest money, it would be very pretty if he should take into his head not to return the two guineas. I have now exactly three francs four sous; about five shillings New-York money. My boots are at the shoemaker's to be soled. They are done, and I cannot redeem them. It may be yet ten days before I hear the result of my Holland Company speculation; and, if that turns out a total loss, why, then—

Some time ago, Madame R., showing me her jewels, seemed particularly pleased with a set of ear-rings of Italian sculp., pure out of conch-shell. Of course I admired them. To-day she made them a present to you. I declined as

long as I could, for, though they are pretty as curiosities, they are things not for you to wear. Still, they are very pretty to stare at, so you shall have them.

13. Slept till nine like an oyster. So all hope of my reformation is abandoned. There must be something in the air of Europe disposing to lethargy, for it is most certain that I never slept at this rate in America.

At eleven to Valkenaer's. Went on foot, having quite resolved to pay no more cabriole-hire; among other good reasons, because, as I told you yesterday, got on pretty well. Stayed an hour. Found there the charming M<sup>lle</sup>. H. Not a word about Holland Company, nor expected till Saturday. Home.

It then occurred to me that, if I had a very large pair of shoes, I might clothe this left foot, and hobble on very smartly. Borrowed four francs of Madame Pel., which she has often done from me, and out for shoes. Found a pair of suitable grandeur for six francs ten sous, about ten shillings New-York money. Can walk with them quite tolerably. Had left just eleven sous. At four sat out on foot to dine with Madame Robertson. I had desired that Mr. Adamson might be there and Madame M. not. It was so arranged. J. Evans joined us, and the day went off very well. Mrs. R. still balancing about going. The Evans's go positively on Wednesday. Madame urged me to come to-morrow morning. Engaged to breakfast with her.

On my way home gave ten sous, so got home with one sous in my pocket. At half past ten do not find that the walk has done any harm to the foot.

17. Not a word have I written you since Monday. My foot is still swollen and troublesome. I walk with pain and limping. For the last two days I have quit opodeldoc and tried cold water, but without any sensible benefit.

On Sunday Mrs. Robertson sent her carriage for me, and I took breakfast with her. She has got her passport renewed, and talks of going, but I think will not. She urged me to

dine, which I refused. Got home at two. Jul. came in with an air of triumph, having got the proceeds of my two guineas. Fifty-two francs. It ought to have been fifty-three. Then began to calculate how I should dispose of so much money.

On Wednesday received note from Mrs. R. entreating me to come and dine, or in the evening, as she must see me. Called this morning on Mr. Fenwick. Out. On Madame Fleury to pay my six francs, though it was due to the other. Mrs. F. asked me to stay and dine on soup and bouilli, which agreed; five francs to make some addition to the dinner. Stayed till seven; then to Madame R.'s. Found there Mr. A. On entering, Well, says R., I have given up the journey, and have promised to marry him. So I wished them joy. Stayed an hour. Sent for a cabriole, and got home at ten. I intended to have paid the cab. three francs, but he cheated me in the change, and took four.

At ten to Valkenaer's. At last he has a letter from Amsterdam, and the report is favourable, but the requisite information has not yet come on. Took cab. and to Madame Fenwick's. She had given me a general invitation to breakfast with her any day at eleven. At least half a dozen persons came in, had audience, and went out. At length the celebrated Barrère and another to breakfast, and we four breakfasted. Barrère appears to be worthy of his reputation. I greatly admire Madame Fenwick. Home at two.

When I was with Valkenaer this morning, he asked me to dine, which I refused. He said if I would come he would send for Hennette. Agreed. At four to Mr. Griswold's, and then to Valkenaer's. Hennette was there. A very fine woman, i. e., tall, well made, and sprightly. After dinner Valkenaer proposed to take us to see the Chat. Merveilleux. We then went in his carriage, but there was no seat to be had. We then went to François to see Angelique, &c., in which a horse is the principal actor; but François is not open to-night. Returned to V.'s, and then home at nine.

Now to come back to Thursday. I had intended to break fast that day with Fenwick, but at nine, just as I was dressed, came Robertson's servant, with a note and a gig (her carriage being sent to repair), to bring me to breakfast. Submitted and went. She began to repent, and thought she ought to go to England to arrange her affairs before her marriage. I rather confirmed this disposition. Mr. A. came in \* \* \* \* \*. Home for an hour. At five to Mrs. R.'s to dine.

18. This day rose, as the whole of this week, at about half past eight. This invincible torpor has got full possession of me, and I must wait till the gods shall please to work a miracle for my cure. The foot more swollen this morning; nevertheless, walked out (my whole cash being one five franc piece) to call on Mr. Paschaud; then to Swediaur's half an hour. Returning home, fourteen francs for a bouquet for Madame Fleury. Dined by special invitation with the family, to meet Mr. Paschaud, who accordingly came.

Had to walk to Fonzi's this evening on account of a derangement of something; can't find out what. He had gone to the play, and I am ill at ease for the want of his aid. Now I will strive not to get so much in arrear with you again.

19. Jul. called me twenty times, but it was impossible to get me awake. At ten to breakfast with Mr. Griswold. At eleven to Valkenaer's. Nothing more of Holland Company. But there met the most seductive woman, and, I believe, the most beautiful I have seen in France. The only specimen I have seen that approaches the idea which one might form, from reading, of a fine French woman. It is a fine mixture of grace, intelligence, and voluptuousness. To Fonzi's, and then home about two; since which have not been out.

At three came in Mr. Griswold and stayed till half past four. Asked me to go and dine with him, which declined. Borrowed of him fifty francs, of which two to Jul. in part of her account; twelve francs to Jeannet for the last two

months' service, which grudged much, for she has done nothing but clean my boots, and that very badly, and yet the beast growled; three francs for segars, and two for sand; so that you see I have left just twenty-five; and, with the most deliberate malice and forethought, have resolved to dine with Fleury to-morrow or next day, which will be an affair of six or eight francs.

The domestic of Mrs. Robertson came in to solicit my aid au prez de madame to get her off to England. It seems that the journey is talked of in the same undecided way.

20, 21. Again I am in arrear with the journal. Have slept these last three nights full eight hours. It has come into my head that this Roussillon wine may, perhaps, have some narcotic quality, for I can recollect no other change in my habits of life. Have not touched it to-day.

Monday, breakfasted with Mrs. Robertson at ten. She gave me honey, but vile gunpowder tea. She is still "going," but not gone. The probability is that she will be going till worse weather sets in, and then, "Lord, who could think of going in such weather?" Urged me to dine, which refused. Called at Vanderlyn's, who has moved his lodgings, but not his atelier. To the little inn, where once supped with La Cordonniere, to see what had become of her. She had called half a dozen times to know whether I had been to inquire, and left apologies about the disappointment. So engaged to meet there to dine at five. The hostess engaged to find her. Home, and dined.

Tuesday, took my usual breakfast (coffee blanc) at home. That tea of Mrs. Robertson's did not agree with me. To Madame R. at eleven. Kept me half an hour making her toilet. Still going. To Fleury's, whom took to see Vanderlyn's Ariadne. Left Fleury at her home. Mr. Griswold came to see me at three, and sat till four. Mr. Adamson had called in my absence and left card. At five to dine with La Cordonniere, but could not be found, so dined alone. Dinner, and bottle of wine of thirty sous, cost three francs.

The wine, you see, was just one half. Had two pigeons and potatoes dressed to my taste ; bread, butter, and cheese, which, at thirty sous, was cheap enough. Home at eight.

21. At eleven to Valkenaer's. Sick abed, and not visible. Was overtaken in the street by Mons. Mercier, who was so civil to me in Brunswick. He seemed very glad to see me, but, note, he has been three weeks in town, and had not yet found me out, nor, perhaps, inquired for me. He told me of Robinson and Hosack. The former stayed at Blakenburg till this month, and thence has gone to pass the winter in Berlin. Hosack, while at Blakenburg, went a shooting, and, in shooting at a hare, shot a man ; not dead, but wounded him badly, which cost him money and gave him much trouble. When he got rid of that affair he left the place, but whither gone is not known.

Mons. Mercier and I talked for half an hour in the street, exchanged addresses, and parted, he engaging to call on me at three to-morrow. To-day am afoot, and with a pair of great thick new shoes, the right shoe being made large out of complaisance to the left. I walk pretty well ; and, though I have made long courses to-day, find no inconvenience. The said shoes, however, are no sort of defence against moisture. My feet are wet from the moment I put them on the pavement. After parting with Mons. Mercier, went to Adamson's, where half an hour. He was not, as usual, talkative. Thence to Mrs. Robertson, who is still going. She offered me a great parcel of artificial flowers for you, which I refused. Took soup, and then to Crede's. Not arrived. To Paschaud's to look at a new translation of the Bible, to settle a dispute between Mr. Griswold and me, which I will state to you some other time. Home. Dinner with the family, and have not been out since.

22. Drank not a drop of Roussillon yesterday. Sat up till one, and slept till nine. You see that I am on the list of incurables. At eleven to D'Alberg's. He had nothing to communicate or advise. To Valk.'s ; he was up, but really

ill. Nothing more from Amsterdam. Home. At two came in Griswold and sat an hour. Mr. Mercier did not call as he had promised.

At half past four to dine with Adelle Fleury. We had fish and potatoes, à l'Americaine, preceded by soup, and drank two bottles of wine, of which she took her share, and without the least effect. Off at eight. The dinner cost me seven francs, and lost a cambric handkerchief. Not one of yours; they were all sold, you know, in Stockholm, except four, which I have yet. Am now going to write another letter of business for Jul.

23. At eleven to Madame Fenwick's, where took a second breakfast à la fourchette. At one to Valkenaer's, where left a card; before going out received a note from Swan, requesting me to dine to-day. At two went, and, with great exertions, walked it in forty-five minutes. Found there Madame St. Claire, about thirty-two. We three dined, and I escorted madame, who lives farther off than I. She got fatigued and took carriage. Having for three days past only ten sous, was obliged to bring the carriage home to find means of payment, three francs, for which had to make two loans; one of Jul. and one of the family. Engaged to call on Madame St. Claire, which shall do on Sunday. Nothing from Amsterdam, and, verily, I shall starve. Four or five little debts keep me in constant alarm; altogether, about two louis. Have taken coffee blanc this evening for the first time in several weeks.

24. Lay in vigils till seven, then locked my door to prevent intrusion, and slept till half past nine, when a famous knocking awoke me, but did not answer. Being, however, thoroughly awake, got up. The knocking was to admit a messenger with a letter. I read the letter over attentively, and could make nothing of it. Looking at the superscription, it was Mr. Pelouse.

I can assign no cause, either moral or physical, for the insomnia, for I will not admit coffee blanc to be the cause.

Found myself just as well (perhaps better) as if I had slept my eight hours. At eleven a message from Madame F., requesting me to breakfast to-morrow. At twelve to V.'s; still very ill. Saw him a few minutes. To Duke d'Alberg's, where took a breakfast with la duchesse, mons. being busy. This breakfast was soup, chicken, &c., and wines. To Vanderlyn's; engaged to dine with him at half past four. Borrowed of him twenty francs. To St. Jacques to inquire for my Cordonniere; not found. Best bottle of Roussillon for our dinner, forty sous; but, *unfortunotely*, John could not partake, so drank the whole myself. Home at seven; and now, at one, am going to make up the arrears of last night.

If, perchance, Mr. Valkenaer should die, my 2500 francs go with him, for I have no receipt, and, most certainly, shall not ask him for one. The foot better, that is, stronger, but fear it will never be reduced to its primitive size. On measuring, find that it is just one inch and a quarter bigger than the other, and have had a shoe made accordingly.

Forgot to say that, on coming home, found a note from Crede, begging me to call this morning. Went off accordingly. He showed me some American papers, and, among other things, Wilkinson's puerile letter to the public. Crede is to call on me at one to-morrow.

25. Rose at eight without the aid of Jul. At eleven to Madame Fenwick's. After a few minutes came in M. Barrère and others. The conversation was gay, animated, and amusing. Madame was charming. She is really an extraordinary woman. Mons. Barrère was particularly civil to me, and asked me to call and see him. The first civility from a Frenchman, and perhaps he meant nothing.

Home at half past one. Left all the company there, and left them with regret, but had engaged to meet Crede at my room at one. Might as well have stayed at Fenwick's, for Crede had been and gone. Tant pis. To Valkenaer's. Saw him abed; laid down with the gout in all form. He

showed me a note from Caz.\* about Holland Company. Home at three, and have not been since abroad.

A note from Mrs. Robertson, very friendly and confidential. She proposes to go *to-morrow* morning. Wrote her that I would call at five, and, if she should not be gone, would dine with her. Had no occasion for dinner to-day, but have taken this evening a bouillon gras and Roussillon. Toujours Roussillon. That beautiful creature, of whom I spoke to you some days ago, is German. The model of grace and delicacy.

26. At one to Madame Fenwick's. Out. To Duke d'Alberg's. Lent me his ticket for visiting the museum. To Valkenaer's, where met the lovely Allemand, to whom uttered all my admiration, and kissed her pretty hand. Mr. V. still abed. He had not forgotten me. He had got from Cazeneuve a map of the land, with which went to Mr. Griswold. As it has rained all day, my feet were very wet. He persuaded me to dine with him in his room, dry my feet, &c., to which agreed, and sent messenger with note of apology to Mrs. Robertson. Home at eight.

27. Mrs. Robertson's servant called at eight, before I was out of bed this morning, with a verbal message, begging I would call on her to-day without fail. Agreed to call at one. After this conversation, took another nap till ten. At twelve to Fenwick's. Found there a Russian general, and then came in another distinguished personage.

At one to Mrs. Robertson's. It was only the old story, wanting me to advise her to things which her own judgment condemns. Stayed till three and took a bowl of soup, but refused to dine. Home, tout droit, and changed, for it is raining sans cesse. P. d. t. and Roussillon for dinner. The last drop of my Roussillon. I think those nine bottles have

\* Caz., M. Cazeneuve, a Swiss of talents, well known in New-York many years ago, and afterward long the confidential business friend and agent of Talleyrand in Paris.

lasted me near a month. Have been reading American newspapers and other trifles.

25. At twelve to Mr. Griswold's, where half an hour. To Valkenaer's for half an hour. He had another note from C., which looks as if he was on the same pursuit. To Mons. Barrère's. The servant told me that mons. was particularly engaged, and could see no one. I gave him my card. "Ah! Mons. B., oui. Entrez nous. J'ai des ordres," &c. Sat half an hour. There was company. On coming out, mons. asked me to come in the morning and take breakfast, when we might have tête-à-tête.

To Madame St. Claire's. Very civil; very prettily lodged. Engaged to escort her on Friday to the museum, to see the exhibition. On other days the doors are open to all. On Fridays to those only who have tickets. He, Baron d'Alberg, has lent me his, which admits three persons. Home.

At four to Mrs. Robertson's to dine. Met there Mr. Adamson and Madame Min. Off at eight. To Crede's an hour. More American papers, from one of which I learn that I have a pension of *two thousand pounds sterling per annum from his majesty the emperor*. An extract from an English paper, also, that I am on a *project for dismembering the United States*.

To Mr. Griswold's for a few minutes, and then home. Mrs. Robertson still talks of going to-morrow.

29. At eleven to Mrs. Fenwick's, where was an American by the name of Andrews; settled, I believe, at Bourdeaux, which marred the object of my visit. I tried to set him out, but yielded. To Valkenaer's, whom saw, still in bed, but better. Nothing new from Amsterdam. Home to receive Crede, who came at half past two. I have wished to engage him in the Holland Company speculation, but doubt.

To Vanderlyn's, at his atelier, whence to his house, where we dined. While dinner was getting, called on my wine-merchant to order half a dozen Roussillon. Have had

none these two days. Also, to the inn, to inquire about La Cordonniere; not found. To Crede's, who has more American newspapers. Home at eight; young Crede came with me. Have read through, this evening, No. 32 of the Edinburgh Review. The Lady of the Lake, by Scott; Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by E. D. Clarke; and Ja Tsing Lace Lee, Chinese Penal Code, translated by Sir G. T. Staunton, are the articles which would amuse you.

30. At eight came my marchand de vin, and there was no alternative; got up. The rascal, instead of half a dozen, as had been my customary quantity, brought a whole dozen. He made so many eulogies on its excellence, and, opening a bottle, made me drink to convince myself, that I took the dozen, and paid twenty-one francs twelve sous, and the other eight sous he got for his alacrity—twenty-two francs.

At eleven to Volney's. Did I tell you that he married, about a month ago, a cousine, a widow? a smart, comely woman of about forty. He was just up. Had only to ask him two or three questions. He is afraid even to help me translate my letter to the emperor. God help him. Thence to Valkenaer's. He is still abed, but mending. Nothing from Amsterdam. Home to dress for the Louvre.

Took hack and called on Madame St. Claire. Found her dressed and ready. She is really ladylike and handsome; but of all the rest— She is still more ignorant of me; not knowing even my name, having only learned from her friend that I am a strange animal from the antipodes. Vanderlyn met us at the Louvre, and we passed there three hours. An immense crowd. Several hundred carriages. This, I told you, is the fashionable day. Saw madame chez elle: took a very modest leave, and came home to meet Crede by appointment. Hack-hire five francs. Crede came, and we talked an hour. He will not join in the speculation in the way proposed; but probably in another nearly as good.

Dinner p. d. t. and a bit of that immortal jambon (the res-

idue will be given to the cat to-morrow), a good portion of Roussillon, bread, butter, cheese, and baked apples, with which Jul. provides me daily, made me think that I dined better than his majesty. At seven to Mr. Griswold's to get the American newspapers. Sat an hour. He came home with me to get a book. Have been all the evening reading the papers, and now, at half past twelve, am thinking of bed. Note; the foot is so far restored to its shape, that for the first time put on my usual shoes to-day.

*Paris, December 1, 1810.* At ten to Duke d'Alberg's. Out; but would return at eleven. On my way to Mrs. Fenwick's, saw "*Great Britain Hotel*," and recollected that Mercier lodged there. As it was yet too early for Madame Fenwick, stopped in and saw Mr. Mercier. My business was to get the address of Mr. Robinson. He made many apologies for not having called on me. Appeared very glad to see me, and said he had lost my address. To Madame F.'s; stayed an hour with her; am always amused and interested. She engaged me to take tea with her at nine this afternoon. Thence to Duke d'Alberg's. The duchess had promised me a ticket for the Louvre. As she had neglected it, the duke gave me a note to Mons. Denon (author of the *Travels in Egypt*), who is director general of the pictures and statues, and of all the arts of painting and sculpture. Not that such is exactly his title, nor can I now tell you "exactly" what it is.

Before proceeding farther, however, I must tell you whence arose my solicitude to have a ticket, seeing that I had already the means of admittance. The case is this. The day I was with Madame St. Claire she expressed a very great desire to have a ticket for a friend, and I, having a very great desire to oblige Madame St. Claire, took the measures aforesaid. From the duke's went immediately to Denon's; was admitted, and presented my credentials. Found there the celebrated painter David and another. Denon received me graciously, and I paid him a compliment on his book,

and then he was more gracious. He gave me the ticket for "deux personnes." Off set I for Madame St. Claire, assured of a very kind reception. On the way met Mr. Griswold. "Sir," says he, "I am in the most distressing dilemma. A lady, whom I wish very much to oblige, asked me to procure her a ticket for the Louvre, and I promised to do it, but have been totally disappointed, and dare not see the lady's face; can you put me in the way to extricate myself?" "Voilà," said I, and gave him my ticket. You may well presume that I altered my course, and did not go to Madame St. Claire's; but Mr. Griswold, knowing that I wished to go to St. Pelasgie on business, offered to escort me in a carriage. Thither we went. I saw Swan for a few minutes. We (G. and I) returned, and I came home to reflect on the state of things. To Valkenaer's. Found him up. Nothing new from Amsterdam, but he promised to bring la belle Allemant to dine with me at his house any day I might name. Thence to Madame St. Claire's. Out; of which I was very glad. Home. Rather tired of all this fatigue of body and mind, though I have not told you half. For instance, the tailor came in upon me this morning, just as I was up from my bed, for 27 livres. I paid him, which took literally my last sous. When at Denon's, thought, as it was well on towards St. Pelasgie, I might as well go thither, and set off; but recollected that I owed the woman who sits in the passage two sous for a segar. So turned about to pursue my way by the Pont des Arts, which was within fifty paces of me; recollected that I had not wherewith to pay the toll, being one sous. Had to go all the way round by the Pont Royal, more than half a mile out of my way, and this occasioned my meeting Griswold.

Dinner, a bouillon gras and p. d. t. At nine to Madame Fenwick's. She had provided, in case I should arrive before her, that I should take possession of the parlour. I did arrive before her, and took possession. She came in presently. Had been passing some hours with Madame Reca-

mier, and had escorted her some leagues out of town to her (R.'s) country seat. Told me many things highly honourable to the heart and intellect of Madame R. It is honourable to both that rival belles should be on such terms. Mr. R. came in and sat a few minutes. The clock striking eleven admonished me to take leave. Am to call at two to-morrow.

Three pages, hussy, and now one o'clock. To-morrow, too, I am to breakfast with Barrère; and how am I to get up, with my rate of sleeping, and this hour of night?

2. This is coronation day, and, of course, a fête, which means that there is illumination and the principal theatres gratis. A cold, chilling, damp, foggy, uncomfortable day, but has not quite rained.

At half past ten to M. Barrère's, where intended to breakfast. He was out of town. You observe that, before I go to these breakfasts, I always breakfast at home. This morning it was tea, my coffee being out, and no money to buy more. Yet had in my pocket to-day three sous. From Barrère's to Valkenaer's, whom saw in bed. Nothing from Amsterdam. Quod mirum. He engaged me to dine to-day to meet la belle Allemand, which you know it was impossible to refuse. Thence to Madame St. Claire's. She was busy about her ménage; had no fire, and was in bad humour, and very plainly told me she did not like to receive visits at that hour. Mine was very short; and, after getting rid of the affair of the ticket, think our acquaintance will cease. To Mons. Denon's to get another ticket. Out. To Crede's to return newspapers. He gave me to read the trial of Wakefield, which have read all out this evening. Am quite dissatisfied with the verdict, and have no doubt of Wakefield's guilt.

From Crede's came home, and received a message from Madame Fenwick, postponing my visit to her to four this day or three to-morrow. Preferred to-morrow. To Madame St. Claire's, having engaged to walk with her at two.

She was still in bad humour and declined to walk, of which I was very glad. Home again. At four to Fonzi's, and thence to Valkenaer's. We were five at table. La belle Allemand the only lady; the dinner was gay, and I drank too much.

Off at half past seven. Called at Fonzi's on the way, and thence home. How sedate and sage one is with *three sous* Vanderlyn called and sat an hour with me. Have not been to see the illuminations.

3. After great efforts, as well on the part of Jul. as my self, rose at nine. At half past ten to Mons. Denon to get a ticket for St. Claire. There were at least a dozen persons in his hall of audience. Mr. Denon had not yet appeared. Sent in my name. Begged me to wait a few minutes. After a few minutes he came. I doubted whether he would recollect my name or person. On entering, he passed by the rest, sought me out, took me by the hand, and led me into his cabinet, and asked me to excuse him a few minutes till he should dismiss the persons in waiting. Gamp. was justly surprised at a reception so unusual. On his return he took my hand again with both his, assured me of the pleasure he had in meeting me, and his desire to be useful to me. I took him at his word; told him the business which had brought me to France; the memoir I had presented, and the ill success; that is, the silence; and that my wishes were now confined to a passport. He offered to speak of my memoir to Mr. Maret (le Duc de Bassano), supposed to be the most intimate counsellor of the emperor, and begged me to permit him to peruse my memoir. Agreed; to-morrow morning, at ten, appointed for the purpose. Got my ticket and came off in triumph, that I could now fulfil my engagement to St. Claire.

Thence to Valkenaer's. He in bed, and by his side a lady. Her back towards me. She did not turn nor look. On nearer view, found it to be la belle Allemand. Nothing new from Amsterdam. La belle Allemand engrossed me.

Said a thousand gallant things. Talked of the Louvre. Neither she nor her friend had a ticket. Produced mine, and offered to escort her on Friday, to which she agreed. To make the matter secure, engaged myself to take breakfast with her in her room on Friday morning at eleven. Now what is to be done for poor St. Claire and her ticket? I had intended to go from Valkenaer's to St. Claire's, being in the same neighbourhood; but, after this second perfidy, postponed that visit till I should consider of ways and means. Perhaps, if Denon be in equally good-humour to-morrow, I may extort another ticket. Home.

Forgot to tell you that at eight this morning, scarcely daylight, came Madame Robertson's servant with a kind note, begging me to dine to-day, with some special reasons. Got out of bed, answered the note, saying I was engaged, which was a lie. Then to bed, and slept sound another hour. What a sluggard!

At two sor. to Crede's to return the trial of Wakefield. Thence to Swediaur's, where half an hour, and thence to Madame F.'s, as by appointment mentioned yesterday. We entered at the same minute, and had tête-à-tête for half an hour. Then came in the most gentleman-like man I have seen here, ornamented with some orders. She called him colonel. The conversation was very gay for half an hour, and I then rose to take leave; but madame insisted on my staying. Obeyed, and, after a few minutes, the colonel went out. Then madame engaged me to dine tête-à-tête. Agreed. Dined, and stayed till seven without ennui.

To Fonzi's to inquire something for madame. Only think, her name is *Leonora*, and she resembles something another of that name, en physique and moral, mais d'une caractère plus forte. Home before eight. Have been taking some weak tea, and am going to finish my letter to his majesty.

The day has been most detestable. Mist, fog, and chilling wind. "Le Ciceroni Parisien," a book which I shall

bring you, says that, taking the average of thirty years, they count from thirty-six to forty clear days in a year in Paris. During the ten months I have been here we have not had that proportion.

4. Rose very stupid. Whether from the want of sleep (my allowance used formerly to be four hours) or what else, know not. Hastened to Denon's. Got there by half past ten. He had the patience to read over with me my memoir, and to hear and talk till one. In the mean time we took breakfast standing. Cold boiled fish and cold meat pie, bread, cheese, and wine. A dish of coffee after breakfast. Got from him another ticket for the museum, and, for fear of further accidents, took it in the name of Madame St. Claire. To Mr. Griswold's. To Valkenaer's, where met la belle Allemand, and reminded her of her engagements. To Madame St. Claire's and delivered her ticket. Many thanks, &c. A tale of wo. To Vanderlyn's to dine, to meet young Doolittle, lately from New-York, a very fine youth. Home at eight, and, being sans sous, got home safe. Note from Mrs. Robertson. Agreed to dine with her on Thursday.

5. At half past one to Valkenaer's. Nothing from Amsterdam. Made a visit to la belle Allemand in her room. It being a hotel garni, where she had been six months before Valkenaer knew her. To Duke d'Alberg's. Out. On to Vanderlyn's to get newspapers, which Doolittle was to leave for me. Got them, and then to Madame F.'s by appointment. Found there M. Barrère, who was a little froid. Madame F. I still greatly admire. Off at five and home. Dinner p. d. t., bread, baked pears, and milk. The last three days have been vile, foggy, misty, drizzling rain.

6. To breakfast with Mr. Griswold. Just as I was coming off there came in Mr. Despard, whose father was executed in England as a spy. To Valkenaer's. Nothing from Amsterdam. La belle Allemand was abroad. To Mr. Griswold's, where sat an hour. Home. Set out at four

for Mrs. Robertson's, it being an hour's walk, to dine. Met there Mr. Adamson. At dinner madame and I had a little difference, in which I thought she was wanting in courtesy. Off at eight. Exceedingly stupid, and a headache from a bad wine, of which I drank a few glasses.

7. Slept off the headache. At eleven to Valkenaer's. To breakfast with la belle Allemand, and to escort her to the Louvre. Found her friend — packing up and preparing for departure. All sad. La belle went with me to her room, where we took breakfast. She begged off about the Louvre, and I took a cabriole and drove over to Mrs. Robertson's, as well to show I was not pouting as to leave the address of my host, Pelouse, who has turned wine-merchant. Mrs. R. was in her bedroom, and as it takes her an hour to make her toilet, I did not stay; but sent her the offer of my ticket for the Louvre, she having none. She declined to go abroad. Home. Paid the cabriole forty sous. Note.—I borrowed yesterday from Vanderlyn five francs, to take la belle Allemand to the Louvre, which you see was not so spent. Went myself to Louvre, paid twenty sous for catalogue, and forty sous for something else; so that I am just as I have been these ten days, with one sous. Dinner to-day with the family. Mr. Paschaud, the husband of my friend, was there. Alas! what strange associations does hazard make. In the evening to Griswold's till nine. He is in low spirits.

8. Slept none till four. Being warm in bed, and having no fire, had not the courage to get up and make one. Rose at ten. At twelve to Valkenaer's, where I ought to have been at eleven, to hand a gentleman a letter to Graves, with which he had promised to charge himself. Nothing from Amsterdam. To Fonzi's, where got all the information desired for Madame Fenwick. To Crede's to get of him some money. Out of town, and will not return until Monday. Home. Dunned by the commissionaire for four sous,

which I had not. At half past four to Valkenaer's. Allemand less triste than yesterday, but still not gay.

After dinner played whist. Allemand and I were partners. The game was five sous. As I had not one, felt some hesitation; but engaged, and won every game, which put me in possession of cash to the amount of sixty sous, or three francs. There came in a very strange sort of a gentleman, whose name I did not learn, but he gêné me, and I came off at eight.

Our card party was quite infantine. We scolded, pouted, &c., and parted good friends. Have engaged to call for Allemand at twelve to-morrow, to hunt new lodgings; those she now occupies are about undergoing repairs.

To Mr. Griswold's. Left word that I would breakfast with him at half past nine, but doubt whether I shall be able to get up. The two days past, like the week preceding, mist and cold wind. The sun did appear to-day for a few minutes, but looked sad.

For some days past, and more particularly to-day, I have been in a state of irritability very unusual. Answer hastily and rapid. Say things almost rude; and even to the good Valkenaer I was unkind, and not always civil to Allemand. Can you imagine from what this arises?

9. Lay sleepless till three. Got up, made a fire, read an hour, and made a hearty supper on bread, butter, cheese, and baked apples, with a pint of Roussillon. At five went to bed again and slept till ten. At twelve to Griswold's, and then to Valkenaer's. Allemand had made arrangements with her landlord for another room, and so our promenade did not take place. This is the second time, you see. To Griswold's an hour, to talk about the Prussian debt. Home. To Madame Fenwick's. Met there the secretary of the prize-court and Mr. Tunnise, who had the famous lawsuit with his uncle, and two ladies. Madame was in bed, ill with a cold. Stayed after the rest went out an hour. Have always new occasion to admire her intelligence and

her candour. Home at half past five. Jul. being out, made fire and boiled my p. d. t., but she had left a bouillon gras, and I made a better dinner than I ever made abroad, except at Vanderlyn's when I direct. Vanderlyn came in and sat an hour. My sixty sous remain entire, except four paid le commissionaire; and, being all in two sous pieces, I have literally a pocket full of money. Nothing from Amsterdam.

10. Jul. made a fire, and put on the water as usual at eight. The shoeblack came at nine, but I slept through it all. It was too late to visit Denon or to breakfast with the family, both which I intended. Got out at one. Rain, snow, and hard wind. To Valkenaer's; abed and not visible. Came off home. Deliberating on the state of my finances, found that this sans sous state was not only inconvenient, but dangerous; for instance, this morning I hit a glass window with my umbrella, and had nearly forced it through one of those large panes. In such a case you have only to pay, and there's an end of it; but, had I broken the pane and not been able to pay for it, I must, infallibly, have been taken before a commissaire de police to abide his judgment.

Casting about for ways and means, no one occurred to me but that of robbing poor little Gampy. I opened his little treasure of coins and medals to see what could be spared, and finally seized one Danish dollar (Thaler) of Charles VII., and two Swedish Thalers of Gust. IV. With these I went off to a changeur, who gave me five francs five sous each, making in the whole fifteen francs fifteen sous. With this treasure, my first resolution was to go and amuse myself with some folly. It then occurred to me that there were certain wants which required consideration. I have been three days out of sugar, and more than ten out of coffee, having lately drank tea, and I had not a single segar.

After some debating, I desperately sallied out once more in the rain, bought one pound of coffee, five francs five sous, one pound cassinade (brown sugar), three francs sixteen sous; and seventy segars, four francs fifteen sous, making in all

thirteen francs sixteen sous. So that I had left of my robbery not quite two francs, which, with the three francs won of Valkenaer, and deducting ten sous given la p. this morning, left a balance of four francs nine sous, of which about three francs must go to pay the washerwoman to-morrow. This act of desperation having put it out of my power to go a folly hunting, I very gravely determined not to go abroad again.

Jul. brought me a good bouillon gras, which, with potatoes and sausage, made an excellent dinner. Treated myself to a bottle of cider and a pint of Roussillon, and have smoked half a dozen segars.

During this long dark day have been planning a winter's campaign. Since they will not let me leave France, have projected a tour to the Pyrenees, by way of Bourdeaux; thence along the canal by Thoulouse to Marseilles, and so on to Genoa. But the execution of this pretty project depends, among a hundred other contingencies, on the success of my Holland Company speculation.

11. Sat up till past two reading. At eleven to Madame Fenwick's. She had just sent a servant to ask me to a tête-à-tête dinner to-day. To Denon's, Crede's, Duke d'Alberg's; all out. To Valkenaer's; abed and not visible. Nothing from Amsterdam. Saw there, however, Albertine. Home at two. Did nothing till half past four, except to read. To Fenwick's to dine. A plain, good dinner, and good wines. Was much amused. Engaged to breakfast with her on Friday, and came off at seven. Have been deliberating this evening whether to commit any further robberies on Gampy, and have determined not. Had not enough cash to pay la blanchis this morning her bill (two bills), being six francs.

My room is about ten feet square, in which is a bed and a very large table. The fireplace (more like an oven) is three feet deep and five feet wide. Of course, smokes perpetually. Having endured this now more than two months, and finding my eyes the worse for it, sent to-day for one of

those scientific men here called "*fumistes*." Showed him the evil and proposed a remedy. "*Mais sur quelles principes mons. sont fondis vos idées?*" In vain did I offer to pay for his work, and to take on myself the hazard of the result. *Non c'est decarter de tous les principes*; and so we parted. Nineteen out of twenty of the chimneys of Paris (of France, I might say) smoke always, and the other twentieth occasionally. In vain have Franklin and Rumford shown, by fact and experiment, how chimneys should be built. Their obstinacy and stupidity passes belief. And so I sit enveloped in smoke, or, as you have it, sit like the gods in clouds. Rain, fog, chilling wind.

12. Slept not a wink till past five. This insomnia must, I think, be charged to the coffee. It was not, however, pure coffee blanc, but a mixture of a little of the ordinary burned coffee in that which I took last evening. No reproach, therefore, to the coffee blanc.

The sun shone, though dimly, à la François. Sor. at twelve to Griswold's, where an hour. Thence to Vanderlyn's to get more newspapers. While there it commenced raining; had no umbrella, and got wet. Home. Jul. being out, made fire, and sallied forth to buy some addition to my p. d. t. for dinner. Bought half pound ham for sixteen sous. Had one sous left, and took one pound cheese on credit. Home. Dined heartily and had a bottle of cider. The best cider here is about equal to our common first cider. Water cider. Pleasant withal. Added a pint of Roussillon. Found on my arrival at home a card from Mr. Forbes; the same whom you so often met at Senat's, in New-York. He was civil to me in London, and I am very impatient to see him. Have been reading the newspapers and some essays in them, and at one shall go to bed.

14. Restless night. Dreaming of the watch. Caught thief; battles. Alas! all dreams; the watch irrecoverably gone. At half past nine to Denon's. Received well. Interesting conversation. To D'Alberg's. To Valkenaer's.

Still abed, but cheerful. Nothing from Amsterdam. Passed hour with Alb. Engaged to teach her English every evening, chez elle. To Vanderlyn's; got New-York papers, and told him I would not dine with him as had engaged. Home to meet Forbes by appointment. He arrived just after me, and sat an hour.

At five to Madame Fenwick's, where tête-à-tête till past nine. When came in an old gentleman, who had run all the way from the opera to tell of some bankruptcies. If I could only forget that watch. Ring too gone.

15. At half past nine to Griswold's; then home for an hour. To see Roux. Stated to him the movements in F., and represented my impatience for a passport. "J'en ferai rapport au ministre," which the minister will never read. To Vanderlyn's to get him to send your picture to Madame Fenwick's. To St. Pelasgie. Sat half an hour with Swan. Refused to dine with him. Home. Excessively fatigued. My foot is still swollen, or rather enlarged (never, I fear, to diminish), whence I walk with labour. Threw myself on the bed. Jul. came in; supposed I was sick. I asked only to be let alone. She left me, but in a few minutes, and just as I had got asleep, she came in with a bouillon gras. With great difficulty persuaded her to put it by the fire and to let me repose. Slept half an hour and waked perfectly refreshed. The bouillon gras was now acceptable, and I added potatoes and a morsel of ham. Forgot to tell you that I did on Thursday rob Gampy of another Swedish coin, to pay my epiciere for the cheese.

At seven to Valkenaer's, where met a Spaniard and Alb. I went on an appointment with Alb., having made an arrangement to teach her English. She proposed to change the hour to nine in the morning, and the place to her room. Agreed. Played an hour backgammon with Valkenaer, and he beat me every game. Home at nine. Haunted all day and all this evening by the watch and ring. Bennet Forbes

came into my den at nine and sat till eleven. Told me many curious things of the United States.

16. At ten to Griswold's, and borrowed 150 francs. To Albertine's; the duenna said madame had gone down. Came off without seeing Valkenaer, or farther inquiry. To Madame Fenwick's. Had not been there two minutes before in came that ill-looking fellow, Andrews, and I came off. Madame engaged me to dine to-morrow. Home. Out at half past one. Near Crede's, met him, and engaged to dine to-day. Vanderlyn had not sent the picture to Fenwick. The lazy dog; but he is about to model your head en platre, which, if he does, shall forgive him many sins. Strolled an hour, and then to Crede's, where dined en famille à l'Americaine. Home at eight, and have been all the evening reading American newspapers.

17. Rose voluntarily at half past six. Lighted a fire, shaved and dressed, and got my breakfast by candlelight before Jul. came in. At half past eight to Albertine's, who received me in bed. She got up, and we passed an hour at English. Home. To Forbes's, whom saw, but with two Americans. To Denon's. Farther confabulation, and got tickets for Crede and daughters. To Crede's, where an hour. Home to meet a carpenter whom I had engaged to put up some shelves, for I have no place to put anything. Books, papers, maps, tobacco, pipes, segars, sugar, tea, coffee, and all my culinary apparatus; all thrown together, of which state of things, and the size of my room, the great and only advantage is, that I can sit in my chair and reach every and anything that I possess. The carpenter came and put up four coarse shelves, eleven francs. Boards are ten sous the running foot.

To Javetty's to get platina for a new operation with Fonzi; but he had none prepared. Home. At five to Madame Fenwick's to dine tête-à-tête as usual. Came off at eight. Your picture was there, and you were the principal topic. She thinks it worth a voyage to America to see you,

and I told her I had written you that it was worth a voyage to France to see her.

Have had consultation with Lepine and with Halen to-day about the lost watch. Neither of them could give me the number, and both discourage me from any advertisement or other recherche as utterly fruitless. So that my despair on that head is now complete.

18. At nine to Albert's. Out. Which I do not believe, and shall, therefore, desist. To Griswold's, where breakfasted, and sat till eleven. Home an hour. At three to my shoemaker's. Paid sixteen francs for two pairs of shoes, but refused the boots, being too small. This has happened every time I have engaged a new shoemaker for twenty years. On to Vanderlyn's, where dined. After dinner sat with him for the opera; but, when at the door, finding it was a piece we had both seen, we parted; I to Valkenaer's, where Alb., B., &c., at cards. V. being weary, took his hand, and lost every game. They would receive nothing, saying there was no stake. So next time I will receive nothing. Alb. and I rather cool. Off at eight. To Griswold's, where two hours, talking religion and finance. Home.

19. At nine came in a young mason; also a "*fumiste*," whom my carpenter recommended to me to cure my chimney. He consented to work under my direction. I directed the laying of every brick, and at every one he paused to remonstrate against the absurdity. Still he obeyed, always remonstrating, "*ça n'ira pas, monsieur; je ne repondrai pas.*" "*Monsieur, c'est mon affaire.*" The work being done at twelve, fire was immediately lighted, and we all watched the effect with great solicitude. It answered perfectly. The fumiste gazed with astonishment and admiration, and seemed to conceive a most profound respect for me.

The rest of the day was employed in washing out the room, arranging, &c. Dinner at three. Sorti at seven to Valkenaer's, where played cards two hours with the same party as last evening. Albertine pretended to be greatly

hurt that I had not called this morning. Home at nine, and have enjoyed my new fireplace. Mr. Forbes had called during my absence, and left a line, apologizing for not sending the newspapers he had promised.

Rain, or rather mist, and chilly wind all day. Albertine is certainly the most lovely creature I have seen in France.

20. Yesterday at dinner I had a bottle of the common 12 sous wine, of which drank above half. It made me very sick and stupid. Went to bed at eleven in hopes of sleeping it off, and lay till past eight; but rose with a dull, slight headache. Took a dish of tea, but ate nothing. At eleven, note from Fenwick requesting to see me at eleven to-morrow. At one to Fonzi's, and thence to Lepine's. Home at three, and made myself a great bowl of coffee blanc, and at this hour, eight P. M., the effects of that vile draught are passed off. There has been a faint sunshine, and no rain to day.

Wrote letter to Dr. Hosack, at request of Madame Fenwick, introducing to his correspondence Mr. Calmelet, ami de Madame F., et botaniste.

21. At ten to Denon's. Out; which I doubt. He too, perhaps, has got frightened. To Crede's, where half an hour. To Madame Fenwick's. Met there Mons. Calmelet, who is not Mr. Calmelet, but the beau fils De Calmelet, and so takes either name. Found him tedious, very talkative, and will hear nobody. Off at twelve. To Valkenaer's. Saw him in bed. Albertine by his bedside. Talked of business an hour. Albert., fearing that she might be in the way, went out. After leaving Valkenaer, passed half an hour with Albertine alone. Have agreed to resume the English lessons. Home, and thence au caffè corazza au Pal. Royal to meet Crede by appointment. He came, and I walked home with him, and there dined en famille. Gave to his son the watch-ring to pawn for ten louis, for I have not money to pay either for my boots, which came home this morning, or my room-rent, due to-morrow

Had appointed to meet Vanderlyn at five at my house, but this pawning business put it out of my head. For the first time forgot an appointment. Just after dinner thought of it. Got home a little past six, but Vanderlyn had come and gone. Mr. Paschaud called this evening to bid adieu. He leaves town to-morrow.

22. Tried to get up at seven, but slept till nine, when was called up by a message from Mr. Griswold, asking me to breakfast with him. Went at ten and stayed two hours. To Crede's. He could only get three louis on the ring, which I refused. Home. Ruminating what was to be done. Got home in very bad humour. To Valkenaer's, where a few minutes, and then to Griswold's to meet Crede by appointment; but he came not. Griswold asked me to dine, which refused. Home, and have been since four, till now, twelve, reading John Lambert's *Travels in North America*. To give the character of A. Burr, he copies part of Wirt's speech on the trial at Richmond.

23. The lethargic propensities preponderate in spite of me. At one to Griswold's; very nervous, and quite undecided as to his project; but discouraged about the Holland Company affair; so that, after all my vexation, it will come to naught.

Yesterday Mr. Rochette sent to dun me for spectacles had last summer. The shoemaker came also for his money; and yesterday was due my room-hire, thirty francs. From Griswold's to Valkenaer's, where half an hour with Albertine. Home. Vanderlyn came in at seven and sat an hour, and at nine Mr. Forbes, who sat till eleven.

I am about to undertake the translation from English into French of two octavo volumes for one hundred louis. It will take me three months hard work. Better than to starve. But the most curious part of the story is, that the book in question contains a quantity of abuse and libels on A. Burr. Bought a law pamphlet of fifty-two pages for six sous, which have read this evening

These two days have been warm, but damp, misty ; what in your country is called muggy weather. Raining this afternoon and evening.

24. At twelve to Mr. Griswold's, who is still nervous. To Valkenaer's. Nothing from Amsterdam. This delay becomes afflicting. *First*, because the speculation will be lost by it. *Second*, my distress for small sums, having now half a dozen little debts, together amounting to about thirty dollars, which torment me. *Third*, it is so inexplicable, Amsterdam being only five days by the mail, that—that—I don't know what. Sat with Albert. a few minutes. Came home and locked myself up against duns. But I have omitted the most material part of the morning. At half past ten to Denon's, who received me with his accustomed politeness, and asked me to a déjeuner of cérémonie on Friday at twelve, when I shall meet some of the dignitaries. Thence to Crede's, where half an hour, and then to Griswold's, as before said.

At five to dine tête-à-tête with Madame Fenwick, where till eight. Thence home to meet Forbes, but he has not come.

25. At ten to Mr. Griswold's. Still nervous, but better. To Valkenaer's ; abed, and still suffering with the gout ; but always kind. Sat an hour with him, and half an hour with Albertine. To Fonzi's an hour, and to good purpose. To Griswold's to get some letters of Jul., which Griswold's secretary had copied for me. Home. Wrote note to Forbes, and, going out to carry it, met him at the gate with a note in his hand for me. At three to Vanderlyn's atelier, and thence with him to his house, where he and I dined. Borrowed of him two louis. He walked home with me. On the way called to pay my bootmaker, but he was all locked up. At nine came Forbes, and sat till half past eleven.

The three days past have been warm as summer, but fog, mist, rain, strong wind. Yesterday the heat unpleasant.

26. At half past eight to Madame Fenwick's in the char-

acter of *fumiste*. Every chimney in her house smokes sometimes, and most of them always. I was railing against the stupidity of the Parisians, and quoted this among other instances. She challenged me to cure the evil. Accepted; and she assigned for the trial of my American skill the worst in the house. It had been already in the hands of several scientific fumistes. Some applied their remedies at the top, and others at the bottom, but equally without effect. This morning was assigned for my experiment, and she gave me *carte blanche*. At half past eight I found the mason, the brick, and the mortar. We went to work. She, in the mean time, made me breakfast (coffee blanc and honey) in the adjoining room. She amusing herself at my folly. Several visitors called, and all came in to see what was going forward. Satirical, but pleasant remarks were made. On my part there was no sort of reply. At length the work was finished. At eleven we made a large fire. The chimney drew to perfection. The doors and windows might be open or shut; nothing disturbed the draught. What added greatly to the merit of the result is, that the day was the most unfavourable. A vehement wind from a quarter that always had filled the house with smoke. "Sir, if you will announce yourself as a '*fumiste*,' you will make a fortune."

At two to my shoemaker's, whom paid forty one francs. To Mr. Griswold's. He is totally discouraged about the Holland Company affair. Thinks my hundred louis in great danger in the hands of Valkenaer, and urges me to withdraw them if I can. Crede is of the same opinion. I will not. Griswold agreed to meet me at Valkenaer's, to be introduced to him, and I went thither. Found V. in bed, but not worse. Griswold came in, and we stayed an hour, Albertine being one of the party, and prolonging our visit. We separated, and I came home. Found there had been another message from Rochette about his account.

27. Couché at eleven, in hopes to get a great sleep; but this experiment rarely succeeds. Lay awake till two. Rose

at four. At ten to Griswold's; quite out of sorts. To Fonzi's by appointment. The fondeur had not brought home his work, and so nothing could be done. To Valkenaer's, where an hour with him and Albertine. Home, stopping by the way at a bookstore, where bought *Le Lavater des Femmes*, with coloured plates.

Began wrong. At half past eight to Vanderlyn's, to see if he had pledged the watch-ring and to get the money. He had done nothing.

Dinner on vermicelli. A very bad dinner. Made it up by bread, butter, and honey. Oh! I forgot to tell you that Madame Fenwick made me yesterday a present of a barrel of most delicious honey. Don't stare, hussy; not such a barrel as one of your rice barrels; but a pretty little thing, holding about two quarts.

After dinner Vanderlyn came in. He can get only six louis on the watch-ring. They say it is worth only ten. At seven to Valkenaer's, and got of him two hundred and fifty francs of my Holland Company deposite, which he says shall not affect the speculation. Home. A note from Mons. Denon reminding me of the breakfast to-morrow. A note from Mr. Forbes, saying that his jaunt is up. Can't get a passport. Rochette's man came again this morning. This determined me to get some of the money of Valkenaer.

28. My invitation to breakfast was for one. Was at Denon's a little before that hour. There came in two gentlemen, whose names I did not hear. One of them offered me letters for the south of France in case I should travel thither. Other guests were expected; and after two Mr. Denon looked often out of the window, and appeared impatient. Just before three came in le Duc de Bassano, secretary of state, la duchesse, Madame Duchrest, &c. At half past three we sat down to breakfast. The duke asked me to sit next him. La duchesse, who is handsome, was opposite. The two other ladies on each side of her. The duke engaged me often in conversation. The first course was oy-

sters in the shell, raw; very small. Much less than your Pelham oysters, and, like all I have tasted on this side the Atlantic, a copperish taste. Then came a roast turkey, and roasted beccassins. Then a large fish, and other things boiled and stewed. Then a sort of cold patisserie. The fruits, pears, apples, grapes, and oranges were always on table, and were now served. Wine for ordinary drinking was also always on table, and, with the dessert, were sent round in glasses various kinds of delicate wines. Nobody was very gay nor very silent except Madame —, who never uttered a syllable except once in a whisper to a gentleman next to her. Just before five we left the breakfast-table and retired to the adjoining room. The duke took me by the arm. Here coffee was served, all standing, and then liqueurs. The duke retired first, saying to me, "*J'aurai l'honneur de vous revoir,*" and I soon followed.

I had a good deal of conversation with the duke before breakfast. Told him my story; the vexations I had experienced about a passport; the injustice of detaining me, &c. &c.; and I took occasion, also, to recall to his recollection the business which brought me here; how exactly my predictions had been verified; that it was not yet too late, &c.; to all which he not only listened with courtesy, but put many questions tending to produce further illustrations and explanations. From all this I infer that a passport will not long be denied me; but then, alas! there is no vessel going, and it may be long before I may find one which would take me, and in which I should be willing to go. My friends, too—but one thing at once.

From Denon's went to Crede's. They were at dinner, and so I could not go in. Home for an hour, and then to Valkenaer's, where a few minutes. Nothing of Holland Company affair. To Fonzi's. Appointed Sunday to work for me. Home.

At nine came in Forbes and sat an hour. The passport denied yesterday has been granted to him to-day. In a

bookseller's store, yesterday, met that Mr. Martin who last April got me a ticket for the chapel and escorted me thither. He renewed the acquaintance, and asked me to breakfast with him on Saturday, to which agreed.

29. At ten to Mr. Martin's to breakfast, and thence to the Duke d'Alberg's, whom saw a few minutes. Promised me a letter of introduction to the new prefet. To Madame —, to know what had become of Mrs. Robertson. She was not visible, but allowed me to talk through the door. Threatened to break it. A great alarm. A tour, and bought a pretty little basket for cadet for Madame Paschaud. At five to dine with Mrs. Fenwick. There till eight. Home. At nine came in Forbes, and, to my surprise, had got his passport, and will go to-morrow at one. This put me in a great bustle, having many letters to write. Shall do nothing to-night.

This being the coldest day we have had this year, and, as usual, very windy, put off my flannel waistcoat, which I had worn for about a month. Ten Napoleons lent by Forbes in spite of all I could do. They are of no use to me now, and on his return the very same ten Napoleons will be returned to him. I think he wanted them full as much as I do.

30. Got my breakfast as fast as possible. Wrote letters to Gahn, Bentham, Graves, and Mrs. Godwin. Read a long maritime case for Graves, and wrote an opinion thereon. Went out and bought two pamphlets for Bentham. A little almanac for Graves, and two newspapers for Mrs. Godwin. Three *leetle* books for the three Godwins. Had to seal all up, and handed them to Mr. Forbes before one. Busy, and in bad humour. To Valkenaer's, who is never in bad humour. Home. Dinner, beef and potatoes, with cider and Roussillon. At six to Crede's, to get his son to buy some books for me at auction. They go often at four and five sous a volume. Home at eight, and have been till now reading, by command of Madame Fenwick, a pamphlet on the movement of waves.

31. At half past ten to Denon's. He promised to think and inquire about my affair. To Paschaud's, whither Mr. and Mrs. Pelouse have removed some days ago. To Mr. Griswold's, who is a little better. He will go to Bourdeaux in a few days, there to remain. So my Holland Company affair is blown up. Home for an hour; then to Valkenaer's. Abed and no better. He had just received a letter from Holland, saying that the papers were on the way, but whether any purchase had been made for me is not said. Fear they will come too late. To Fonzi's, where till four; then home to change my dress, though it has been agreed between Madame Fenwick and me that I may always go *in boots*, of which I always profit. At five to Fenwick's, who received me *en cav.*; greatly flattered by the confidence. At eight we walked together, where madame had an engagement, and there parted. I then deliberated whether I should do some, and what folly for a Newyear's eve! A certain poet says, "He that deliberates is lost." It did not turn out so this time, for I resolved to go quietly on home, first taking a tour through the Palais Royal, to observe how the evening was celebrated. I see nothing doing, except that there are rather more people than (the last time I shall ever write 1810, but, alas! not the last time I shall write *Paris*) usual, and more bonbons and jujus selling and exhibited. Home before nine. Have great comfort in my little fireplace. Have been drinking cider and smoking segars. Reading a history of the Languedoc Canal.

Yesterday was cold, and to-day colder. Quite winter. The gutters all froze hard. Put on my flannel waistcoat this morning, as I wear no surtout, for a great many philosophic reasons; principally because I have not got one. The old greatcoat which I brought from America still serves in travelling, if I should ever again travel.

Happy Newyear! mother and Gampy. Ah! I caught you both! The clock is now striking twelve.

## TO THEODOSIA.

Paris, November 10, 1810.

Alas ! my dear Theodosia, I have no hope of seeing you this winter. It is more than five months since I have been constantly soliciting from this government a passport for America. Fair promises and civil words have been received, but nothing more. It would be folly to hope, yet daily some new occurrence or new promise inspires new hope. There is, however, at this moment no probability of finding a suitable passage, even if I had a passport. The only consolation which I can offer you for this disappointment is, that my health continues unimpaired, and that I have the *present* means of support. A little addition to those means would not be inconvenient. Continue to write to that gentleman on whose unpaid notes I relied, and of which not a cent has been received. This delay will also give you time for the other negotiation so often urged upon you. John P. Van Ness could inform you something, and your corn-curer more.

Not a line from you since August, 1809 ; fifteen months ago. It is only by mere accident that I know that you were living in July last. If you hope that a letter from you should reach me, you must not content yourself with just writing a letter on the spur of the occasion ; but write whatever you shall think interesting to me, and make at once three or four copies. Send them to Gahn, and desire him to forward them by different occasions ; and so every month the same. I have many questions to ask you about Luther Martin. You can devise and answer them without their being put down. His devoted friendship has sunk deep into my heart.

I live with a very amiable Genevoise family, of which I am a member. Every evening I devote half an hour, sometimes an hour, to you. If any safe hand should offer, a parcel of this journal shall be sent you by way of sample.

The whole subject is Gamp. No wise reflections on foreign countries. No big traveller's lies. But you shall see. The books I have bought for you and the boy are a great encumbrance to me; yet I can find no way of sending them.

A. BURR.

TO DR. HOSACK.

Paris, December 20, 1810.

It would gratify me exceedingly if you should have it in your power to execute the order herewith enclosed of Mr. Calmelet; but I have desired his friend to inform him (not having myself the honour of a personal acquaintance) that no such thing can be expected. That most probably not one of the articles will be found with any "marchand de greens" in America, and that to execute his order would require to open a correspondence with perhaps fifty persons in different parts of the continent, and to pursue the thing for years. It is not imagined that you will do all this; but it is hoped that you have many of the articles in your own garden; and as you know, better than any man, where and how the others can be had, some may possibly be procured without more trouble than may be consistent with your various and important engagements.

To furnish you, however, with an inducement, in addition to that of obliging me, I have stipulated that Mr. Calmelet shall forward herewith, from the imperial garden, some of the articles most likely to be acceptable. The selection will be made by a person of taste and science, whom I am not permitted to name. The single one of my choice is that precious herb estragore, which you will have the honour of introducing into our country. My good and amiable friend, Mrs. Gates, must divide this treasure with you.

Not a line has been received from you since my arrival in France. Make haste to let me hear from you, for my residence in this country is like to be prolonged, much against my will.

A. BURR.

## FROM THEODOSIA.

Oaks (S. C.), January 8, 1811.

At length I have had the happiness to receive intelligence of you in some degree satisfactory. Your letter of the twenty-sixth of September has come to relieve me from the state of daily, hourly expectation, anxiety, and suspense in which I have remained for a year. Exactly twelve months ago I received a letter from you dated at Stockholm; in it you earnestly requested, or rather commanded, me to visit Charleston during the course of the winter. Of course, this made me suppose you intended to be there. But, instead of going to town, I went to bed, where I spent nearly three months. During my illness, the hope of seeing you, disappointment at your delay, and terror lest your silence might have been occasioned by some unfortunate accident, kept me in a state of mind little short of distraction.

Imagine to yourself the feelings of a woman whose naturally irritable nerves were disordered by severe illness, and who, during weeks of solitude, and pain, and inoccupation, lay pondering incessantly, amid doubt and impatience, and hope and fear, on the subject which mingled through the whole extent of her soul. You, who can so well and so singularly bring home to yourself the feelings of others, and adopt them when they are quite strange to you. Think of my situation, and with me wonder that I did not go mad.

My illness was, I believe, occasioned principally by some affection of the liver. Dr. Waring again attended me with the same care as formerly. He talked to me, too, about you. Expressed his friendship and respect for you, and joined me in wishing for you. This did me more good than his medicine. When will this gloom of absence pass away? When will your presence dawn upon me again?

In the spring we went to Grenville, where Mr. Alston has purchased a farm and is building a comfortable house. That climate agrees perfectly with me and my son, who

went there with a bilious fever, and has returned with brilliant roses. My neighbours are plain, good people, the poorer sort particularly. I mean those who live comfortably, but work for it. They are kind-hearted, and some of them seem devoted to me. Thus, as far as health, and plenty, and comfort can go, Grenville pleases me greatly. You might visit us there without hesitation.

How could you, dear Mentor, how could you write to me in cipher, without previously giving me the key? I have worked, and wept, and torn the paper, and thrown myself down in despair, and rose full of some new thought, and tried again to fail again, till my heart is worn out with a constant renewal of the same scene. Still, however, all your last letters remain unciphered. I continue to make some new attempt now almost daily, but in vain. Your last question in cipher, of March 16, 1810, I copied and sent to E. A. for her assistance, but with no better success. How could you do this? You know how very stupid I am at deciphering, and our correspondence had been unmolested. But it is useless to regret what has received the seal of action. Only, I beseech you, resume the old cipher, or in that send me the new key. This alteration has distressed me the more, because I have reason to suppose that answers would be useful to you, at least they would be satisfactory, and it is not in my power to give them.

On the subject of pecuniary affairs I can say nothing pleasing. Mari has offered the two lower plantations for sale; but, although the advertisement has continued for several months, no proposals were received. He would sell at almost anything; but the country is in a dreadful state. Everybody is trying to sell, and no one will or can buy. Our produce brings in little or nothing. Every article of clothing and groceries are higher than when you was here. Such is the situation of the country, that even Mari condemns the present measures of government, and joins in the almost universal cry for free commerce or war, without de-

lays or temporizing any longer. Mari is kind to me in everything, but his family \*\*\*\*\* I tell you this, because I begin to think that Hannibal has got to Capua. Why else this lengthened visit? Come home; you may, without fear, come home; make any sacrifice; risk anything, rather than continue to lead this unpleasant and unprofitable life.

I told you that I wrote to 85—87 shortly after my return from New-York. Her answer was full of friendship, but nothing more. She says that nothing is in his power, and that he regrets it. I will obtain the opinion of Luther Martin, and send it to you.

Since my last letter our little circle has been sadly diminished. In January, 1810, Dr. Brown expired in an apoplectic fit. But what I more seriously bewail is, the loss of my amiable and affectionate cousin, A. B. Reeves. He was carried off by the dysentery last summer. He left no child.

THEODOSIA.

#### TO THEODOSIA.

Paris, January 29, 1811.

For seven months I have been asking a passport to return to the United States, but have not yet obtained it. The season would now retard me if the government did not. It being uncertain when I may be permitted to leave the country, continue to write to me till advised to the contrary. Having but an hour's notice of this opportunity, I can only send a little book for Gampillus. By Vanderlyn, who will go out in the spring, you will receive the dictionaries and some other books. My health is always the same, though this (Paris) is the most detestable of all the climates I have witnessed. Their writers boast of *forty* fine days in the year; but during the twelve months which, against my will, I have passed here, there have not been *twenty*.

Your last letter is still that of August, 1809, received at Gottenburg. Mr. Gahn informs me that he has forwarded

others, but they have never reached me. If you wish that I should hear from you (pardon that *if*), you must write three or four copies of your letters; transmit them to Gahn, and direct him to forward them by different conveyances. I pray you to begin your history from August, 1809

A. BURR.

JOURNAL.

*Paris, January 1, 1811.* At ten to Fonzi's; busy, and indisposed to be more so, being holyday. To Valkenaer's. He asked me to take my Newyear's dinner with him and Albertine. Agreed. To Duke d'Alberg's, where left a card. To Dr. Swediaur's half an hour. Then a tour round by Rue St. Denis. Saw near St. Denis L. a great crowd, and soldiers with bayonets keeping order. Joined the mass to see what was going on. It is a famous manufactory of sugar-plums and the like; and for fear people, in their zeal to buy, should squeeze each other to death, soldiers were sent by the police. They let in only four or five at a time. When my turn came I got in. The variety of ornaments, &c., is really curious. I bought a box in imitation of a pear, filled with sugarplums, for twenty sous, and a little cornucopiæ of painted paper, covered with silk and tied with riband, full also of sugarplums, for fifteen sous. Note.—The sugarplums are a little sugared on the surface; the rest is flour.

Home; changed my dress, and off to Valkenaer's. We were, as usual, four at table. After dinner came in Mr. B. I came off at eight. Called a few minutes on Griswold, who persists in going to Bourdeaux on the 5th. Home. Gave the cornucopiæ, &c., to Jul. Certainly no person in Paris deserves from me as much as does Jul. Drank at Valkenaer's some hermitage, which appeared to me to be very bad, and to that I ascribe that I am sick and stupid, for I dined and drank temperately. Have been taking some good wine, and shall go soon to bed.

Gave my pear to Albertine. Jul. is the only person who

has been to wish me a happy Newyear. Tant mieux. I am dispensed visiting.

*January 2.* I had all night a sort of dull headache, and some medicine I took has sickened me all day. At ten came the servant of Mrs. Robertson, with a note of compliments dated yesterday, and an invitation to dine yesterday or to-day. Jul. denied me to the servant, and I sent a reply by a messenger (15 sous) that I was engaged to-day. I think I will not dine any more with her. Voilà. Six weeks she has been pouting about that trifling incident at dinner. Did not stir out of my room till seven, when my great solicitude to hear from Amsterdam before Griswold goes induced me to call on Valkenaer. He had company, and it was an hour before I could speak with him. He has heard nothing. To Griswold's; he was out.

Dined on barley-water sweetened, and supped on a mess of vermicelli which Jul. made. These two days past would have been called very cold at New-York. There has been high wind and constant spitting of snow. My little fireplace keeps my room comfortable with a small fire. With the former immense oven I must have perished. For this comfort I am indebted to Jul., as it was her influence which induced the old lady to pay for it the fifteen francs.

3. Slept sound till five. Waked, and found I had slept enough. Thought of getting up; but, calculating all it would cost to get light and fire, and being very comfortable where I was, concluded to lay quiet. Got asleep at seven, and at nine was waked by messenger and note from Mrs. Fenwick, commanding me to dine at five to-day. A bitter cold morning. All the fire I could make would not thaw the ice from the panes of my window.

Sor. at one. Left reply at Fenwick's. To Vanderlyn's. He was occupied. Took a tour round by St. Denis. Bought a pair of andirons for 12 sous. Along the quai from St. Martin to St. Denis is a row of stalls with ironmongery. All sorts of trash; old nails, pieces of hoops, shreds of every-

thing. At the first I asked the price of chevrettes, 24 sous ; at the next, 40 sous ; the next, 16 sous ; the next, 12 sous ; being precisely the same articles. If you are taken for a foreigner, double and triple is asked at once, and it is expected that you will marchander. It is the same in the great stores as in those huts. Combien pour ça ? Oh c'est trop ; eh, combien vous voulez donner ? Six francs. Oh, non c'est impossible mais pour vous arranger prenez le eight. Non ; and you go off. Immediately you are called back, and your six francs are taken. A Frenchman who understood the art of higgling would have been asked five, and would have got it for three. At many shops they keep boys to run after the customers, and bring them back to take the thing at their best offer. These boys have got the name of courvits, i. e., "cours vite ;" but what I have related in ten lines would, if faithfully detailed, fill a sheet of paper, if both parties were French. You know how eloquent they are.

Passing the bonbon shops, there was neither crowd nor sentinels. Home at four, and at five to Fenwick's, where till half past seven. Fenwick has a great many beautiful etrennes. On my way home called at Griswold's. He does not go so soon as he proposed. By the villany of his broker, he is like to be involved in a lawsuit for a large sum. God send him a good deliverance. Home, made a good fire, and actually have thawed off the ice. Jul. would make me sup on vermicelli, which she cooked very nice, and have agreed by the same advice to lay abed to-morrow till nine, in complaisance to the cold. Now one o'clock, madam.

4. Lay till ten, being so cold Gamp. was afraid. After deliberating two hours whether I should call on Mrs. Robertson, sor. at two to Valkenaer's ; found him, as usual, in bed, but mending. Found there Mr. —, just arrived from Amsterdam. A fine, frank, open, decided face. He served in the United States during the revolutionary war, in Pulaski's corps. Had an only daughter, whom he educated

in a superior style. She died at twenty. Albertine came in from a walk, and looked very charming. Gave up my visit to Mrs. Robertson's, and walked round by St. Denis, through Palais Royal, to Helvetius, and thence home. On the way, bought etrennes for the children of Madame P., 40 sous; another pair of chevrettes, 36 sous. Home, and dined on vermicelli au lait; very good.

The day has been cold, tempestuous; a little snow falling. Now, at twelve, the wind still higher and snowing faster. From what quarter the gale comes, I don't know; but at intervals of about one or two minutes, it blows directly down my chimney, and with such force as to carry ashes and coals over the whole floor. I have been since four o'clock in purgatory, for the evil is remediless while the gale stands at the same point and with the same force. After various experiments how to weather the gale, I at length discovered that I could exist by lying flat on the floor; for this purpose I laid a blanket; and reposing on my elbows, with a candle at my side, on the floor, have been reading *L'Espion Anglois*, translated from the English; extremely well written, and, thus prostrate, I have the honour to write you this. When I got up just now for pen and ink, I found myself almost buried in ashes and cinders. You would have thought I had laid a month at the foot of Mount Vesuvius.

Received this morning a note from the Duke d'Alberg, enclosing a sealed letter to the *prefet*. Dit l'introduction.

5. There was no alternative last night but to keep my prostrate position till the wind changed or abated, or to extinguish the fire, for to go to bed was to hazard suffocation, the bed being very high. At two there was a change. The vertical gusts ceased, and at half past two couché. Rose at ten. Valkenaer's servant came at that moment to say that the papers from Amsterdam had arrived. At one went to his house. We opened the parcel, from which I selected a number, brought them home, and, before I began to read

them, took a walk to Paschaud's, to pay Madame Pelouse thirty francs. Then home. Very cold, windy, and snowing. All this snowing, for four or five days, has made about three inches. On my way home, bought a thermometer, four francs, and fifty segars, four francs; paid commissionaire for message fifteen sous. Segars cost me as much as sugar, coffee, tea, and bread. I must quit them, or find a cheaper substitute.

Dinner on bouillon gras, with bread, butter, honey, and baked apples for dessert. Have got satiated with Roussillon, and bought to-day a bottle of common twelve sous wine. Vanderlyn came in at eight this evening and sat an hour. Except this interruption, have been reading the Holland Company papers the whole evening. With all the fire I can make, I cannot bring the temperature of my room above fifty-one of Fahrenheit. In the cabinet a lot it sinks down to twenty-two, which is cold weather, madam.

6. My thermometer, put out doors, stood at twenty-one at ten o'clock. In my chamber at forty-six. At twelve to Valkenaer's. He read to me in French some of the Dutch papers regarding the Holland Company affair. I give him much trouble, and sometimes perceive that I weary him. Was there two hours. He in bed. Thence to Mrs. Robertson's. Found her very elegantly dressed, and said some civil things thereon; and all went very smooth. Asked me to stay and dine. Said I was engaged; which was a lie. Asked me for to-morrow, and proposed to send her carriage. Said I was engaged, which was another. Finally, seeing there was no way but to quarrel or to dine, and as we had been in great good-humour, I agreed for Tuesday. It was near five when I got home. By way of diet, dined on rice and milk, and have drank nothing but water all day. Since Wednesday last I have a very bad cold. I, who in America never took cold.

At seven to Valkenaer's. An hour reading more Dutch papers, and he has promised to translate for me a large,

close-written sheet. On my way home, gave twenty sous to a pair of pretty beggars. Am drinking vinegar and water, sweetened with honey. A few flakes of snow falling all day.

7. Wrote a note to Penwick, and another to Valkensser. Griswold came in and sat an hour. Rochelle's boy with an account of ninety-four francs. Paid sixty-four, and mean to return the L., thirty francs. He sent me a thermometer at six francs, which I had ordered long ago, and which I thought he had forgotten. Now I don't want it he sends it. That which I bought for four francs is better. So I am now armed with two thermometers. At two to Valkensser's. He was up and Albertine there. I thought a little chilled. He was busy translating for me. To Volney's. Out. Left the note which is to ask some copies of Dupon's *Zodiac of Egypt*, which M. Volney has printed for his own use. Home.

Took a map of Holland Company lands, which left at Griswold's to be copied. To Paschaud's, to ask Mr. Pelouse to get me, through the means of his priest, Marrou, a Dutch translator. Pelouse urged me to stay to dinner, which refused. Home. Dinner on bouillon gras. Drank only water. The cold much better. Weather, as yesterday, cloudy; thick sky eternally, and cold about the same. How careful Gamp. has grown. Lost to-day a Napoleon out of his pocket.

8. Rose at seven, and had all done ready for sorti at nine. A dark, grim day. Thermometer at twenty-one. Had hailed in the night.

At eleven to Valkensser's, where two hours talking of Holland Company and other matters. His friend Lennerson came in. I like him much, as he talks perfectly well English, and has been many years in the United States, a captain in our army: stayed till two, then to Paschaud's, where Mr. Pelouse and sa fille asked me to dine. Was engaged. At four the voiture of Madame Robertson called, and I went thither, taking up Madame M. in the way. We and Adamson were, as

usual, the party. Off at nine. Her voiture sat me down. Mrs. Robertson still doubting, and her lover received as usual.

My thermometer is up to fifty-five, having a very hot fire. I suffered at Mrs. Robertson's. Her parlour was at thirty-five, though a great fire, but in a chimney on *French principles*—the principles of stupidity. I find no room so comfortable as my own. Valkenaer's are pretty well; but I dine abroad with great reluctance in cold weather; indeed, in any weather. I dine more to my satisfaction, and cheaper, at home. Poor Portalis is exiled, and the — in prison, and both very deservedly. If they had been both burned it would not have been amiss.

9. Jul. called me at eight. Told her I had headache and must repose. In half an hour she came back with a hot bouillon gras. Under the torment of the pain, I had to contest this bouillon gras for half an hour before I could get rid of it and her. At ten, message from Fenwick to dine to-day. Hoping to be well before the hour of dinner, agreed. Got up at twelve. Swallowed the juice of four sour oranges. At two, some hot coffee blanc, and at half past four to Fenwick's. After dinner, a promenade en cav. To Paschaud's a few minutes, and then home.

Having eaten no dinner, made me a mess of stewed prunes, with wine and sugar. Couché at one, as I propose, being now three quarters past twelve. Mr. Griswold came in this afternoon at two, and sat an hour. He has good news from Lee, and is in better nerves. The weather has moderated, and it is now thawing; but a dark, gloomy day, with occasionally some hail, &c.

10. Yesterday Mons. le Comte de Volney answered my note, and sent me two copies of the Zodiac of Egypt, an instructive and curious work. I passed last evening in reading it.

My tailor came in with an account of twenty-five francs. Gave him some trifling jobs more to add to the amount. The

shoemaker, too, with a pair of new boots; ordered him to make clagues for them. At twelve to Mr. Griswold's, and we talked of Holland Company. He is totally and obstinately off, though the thing is better by forty per cent. than was represented when he first agreed to go deep into it. This is a dilemma, for my little funds are there committed!

To Valkenaer's, where met Lennerson and Albertine. Engaged to dine with them to-morrow. Home. Then to Paschaud's to see for a Dutch interpreter. Learned nothing. Went on to Vanderlyn's to see if he could help me in this, being his native language. Strange to tell, he could not read it. Dined with him. After dinner, round by Griswold's. He is still more perverse than before. Home at eight. The weather as yesterday.

11. Have lost the sheet on which I wrote yesterday. Not lost, but hidden among the mass of heterogeneous matter on my immense table. I therefore take a new sheet. Perhaps the old one is full. After writing to you last night, wrote a note to Volney, thanking him for the Zodiac; and another to F. with the "*Sopha*."

At one this morning to hunt a Mr. Vilette, who is announced as interpreter of low Dutch. Found him, and asked how much for three pages which I showed him. Could not tell. I pressed the question, knowing what might be expected if no bargain were made. After repelling it several times, he at length said, not less than twenty-five francs, which is at least four times the worth of the work. No doubt it would have been fifty if nothing had been said. Took back my paper and came off. To Denon's. Out. Home.

At twelve took hack to escort Lefitte (M. P.) to the Louvre. Called on Madame Gente, or Gentille, to take her up. She was not ready. So we went without her. Bought another (the third) catalogue, not being able to find the two former. One of the benefits of order and method. Left Lefitte a few minutes while I went and fetched Madame la

Mère. Stayed till three, and then home; chilled to the bone, having been three hours on that marble pavement.

At half past four to Valkenaer's, where Lennerson, Albertine, and Louis. Albertine never looked so beautiful. Stayed till eight; then to Griswold's, where till nine. The thermometer has been all day at 33 and above. We saw the sun dimly for an hour or two. Rain in the afternoon and evening. It is said that the Duchy of Oldenburg is united to the French empire.

12. At ten to Madame R.'s. Went round by F.'s to leave the sofa and note. Mrs. Robertson, as usual, kept me half an hour before she appeared. Stayed an hour. Thence to Courcier's on the quai; but, thinking of other things as I walked, got to the Pantheon without thinking whither I was going. I then stood some minutes to discover who I was. In what country I was. What business I had there. For what I came abroad. And where I intended to go. After propounding these questions, found my way to Courcier's libraire, and bought Dupui's Zodiac for five francs ten sous. Then to Madame Pelouse's (she has moved, I tell you again, to Mr. Paschaud's). Thence to Dr. Swediaur's, where left the Zodiac with my card. Did not go in nor ask for him, for it is nearly six months since he has shown me any civility. To Barrois, libraire, where bought a Dutch (Holland) grammar, three francs ten sous, and Goldsmith's Poems in English, one franc ten sous. On the quai bought map of France, four francs. What a mass of expense.

Home. Jul. had by my fire an excellent bouillon gras; a bottle of cider on my table, and I boiled some potatoes, which, with bread, butter, and cheese, I dined better than his majesty. Found, on coming home, Mr. Adamson's card, and a packet from Valkenaer, containing some very interesting information respecting Holland Company. I am resolved to pursue that business, if I can persuade any human being to support me. At seven o'clock to Valkenaer's; stayed but half an hour, being engaged to meet Vanderlyn and his

young Dutch friend, who is to help me to read some Dutch papers at eight. They came punctually at eight, and stayed three hours. We read our Dutch papers, ate apples, and drank cider and metheglin (hydromel), of which I bought a bottle about six weeks ago. I have had no wine this fortnight, and doubt whether I will buy any more.

The thermometer has been above freezing all day. The sun visible in the forenoon, but misty, cloudy, windy. In the afternoon rain. Vanderlyn brought me message from Fonzi to call at three for business, and to dine at five.

13. At eleven to Denon's. He was at breakfast, but came out and invited me to partake, which declined. For the first time he was alone. Generally, at the same hour, he has a levee of from ten to twenty. He engaged to speak to Bassano about me, and I am sure he will do it. To Madame Pelouse's a few minutes, and then to Crede's, where I have not been this fortnight, though he has called often. Stayed an hour, and engaged to receive him at my room at half past two. On the way home stopped at a table de vente public, where was an exposition of pictures, but saw nothing which would please you. Thence to Valkenaer's. He was very busy writing to Berlin, and offered to forward to Niebuhr, who is his friend and correspondent, a copy of Dupui's Zodiac. Home. Wrote him a note and sent the Zodiac. Then came in Crede; dismissed him, engaging to call on him at nine this evening.

To Fonzi's for an hour. Home an hour, and then to Fonzi's to dine. He is a great epicure. We had a minced pie à l'Americaine. After dinner came in Madame Correa, the famous singeress, Madame Grely of the same theatre, and two gentlemen. I came off at eight, and to Crede's at nine, and there till half past ten. We are talking about Holland Company affairs, and now, at one, I have the honour to relate to you these wonderful and important events.

Drizzling rain, wind, mist. Thermometer sixty. I suppose our winter is done.

14. Got my breakfast, and was at Fonzi's at nine. Gaudoin worked for me about two hours. Then had an engagement to call on Mr. ———, a painter of Ghent, and a friend of Vanderlyn. Called and found him. He leaves town on Wednesday, which mars my project; for I meant to have made him run about and help me to find some pretty pictures for you. Thence to Griswold's, who kept me longer than I intended, having an engagement to M. Des. to breakfast. To Valkenaer's. There were Albertine and another dame; so could say nothing of business, and came off home. Expected to find a summons from Fenwick, but nothing. My last note was a little gay, and perhaps has been taken amiss.

Jul. had provided me a bouillon gras, which took for dinner, and at six to Crede's, where two hours. Home at nine. Stewed prunes, with vinegar and sugar for supper. Jul. employed me an hour and more this evening to write a letter for her.

15. At nine to Fonzi's without breakfast, having slept till eight. Sent to a coffee-house, and for eighteen sous got a dish of coffee, with sugar, milk, and bread. Hernandez and Gaudoin worked faithfully for me till two. Then out for an hour, to make way for a chev. Called on Hahn, having engaged to walk with him to Vanderlyn's at this hour. Put off that walk. Madame, the business is to show him your portrait, and to know for how much I can have it enamelled on a watch. Also that of Gamp., to enamel on another watch, to replace the lost l'Epine. Home for half an hour, and then to Fonzi's, whence Hernandez and Gaudoin worked another hour for me. I think we shall make a good jobb. I put two b's for fear you should think I was talking of the old Jewish curser. Home at half past four. Crede came in and sat an hour on Holland Company affairs. He is quite disposed to embark. Engaged to call on him to-morrow evening.

Fonzi urged me to go with him and madame to pass the

evening with Correa, which I should have liked well enough, but had made a little engagement in this evening. After Crede went, ate my potatoes, and at seven to Valkenaer's. All out. To-day, warm rain, mist, and high wind.

16. At nine to Fonzi's, and there till three. Ran off half an hour to see Valkenaer, whom found up. He has ordered on from Amsterdam twenty-five shares on his own credit, which is very good of him. Home at three, and at five to Fenwick's to dine. There till seven. Escorted F. to the theatre François. Then to Rue de bons Enfants, to do a commission for her. Then to Crede's. He has agreed to associate with me in the Holland Company affair. To advance a certain sum, and to divide the profits. By way of commencement, he takes ten of my shares, at a rate which gives me a profit of three or four hundred dollars. Now, if I can get a passport to Bremen and Amsterdam, I will send you a million of francs within six months; but one half of it must be laid out in pretty things. Oh! what beautiful things I will send you. Gampillus, too, shall have a beautiful little watch, and at least fifty trumpets of different sorts and sizes. Home at ten, and have been casting up my millions and spending it. Lord, how many people I have made happy!

After I had written you last night, came in my inmate Pichard, at half past twelve, with a note which he had received in the morning. It was an invitation from Fenwick for yesterday to dine. I was vexed not a little to think that she should have waited dinner for me. No message from me, and, finally, that we should each dine alone. Another invitation for this day indemnified us, as far as indemnification was practicable.

17. At half past nine to Fonzi's, and there till three. Crede called on me there, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Home at three, and to Crede's at five. He has nine children; seven of them at table, and the other two—

18. To Griswold's. He agrees to take ten more shares at the same rate. Voilà, another four hundred dollars.

Back to Fonzi's. Hernandez had arrived, and we did a little. Fonzi had been disturbed of his rest by the illness of his wife, and did not get up till twelve. At two we were interrupted, and I took the opportunity to run off to Vanderlyn's, about two miles, and then back. Raining hard all day and a tempest of wind. Stayed at Fonzi's till half past four. Home. Jul. had provided me fish (a sole), to which I added potatoes, and made a sumptuous dinner. Drank cider.

This evening at eight to Griswold's, to get his secretary to copy some of Jul.'s letters. G. not at home. Left note with the letters. My friend Crede is not taciturn, and will, I fear, ruin my speculation before I begin. Expended three francs in ridiculous research about the watch.

19. Various interruptions prevented me from getting to Fonzi's till half past ten. We were busy till one, when an interruption. Home. Dressed and took cabriolet to deliver the Duke d'Alberg's letter to Count Pasquier, the *prefet*. He was out. Left the letter and a note endorsed, demanding audience. Thence to Vanderlyn's, and thence we came together to Pelouse's. All out. To Fenwick's to dine. Paid cabriolet hire, three francs for two hours. After dinner there came in to Madame Fenwick's an elderly man, the associate and relation of the author of the treatise mentioned some weeks ago, on the movement of waves, and we had half an hour's talk about waves. At half past seven, Fenwick and I, in her carriage, to make a visit. Parted at the door. I to see Vanderlyn, who walked home with me and sat an hour. Apples and cider. Esopus fare.

On coming home found a note from the Comte Pasquier, saying that "he will have the honour to receive me on Monday at noon." Mr. Griswold has been twice to see me to-day, and seems to take an interest in my success. He will take the fifteen instead of ten shares; so that I shall begin the world with a capital of about one thousand dollars. Rain, mist, chilly weather, and wind.

20. At half past nine to Hahn's, whom I took with me to Vanderlyn's to look at your picture, and estimate the expense of an enamelled copy in miniature, to be put on a watch which I design for Gamp. so soon as I get possession of my fortune. Then to Fonzi's, where till two. To Griswold's an hour. He rises in his interest for Gamp. Home. Found that Crede had called with three of his sons, and Mr. Lewis on behalf of Valkenaer. Went immediately to Valkenaer to see what he wanted. He wanted only to get back the papers about Holland Company which he had lent me. Home. Dinner on the residue of a bouillon which Jul. had brought in three days ago. At six to Crede's; nothing new. To Pelouse's half an hour, and then home.

21. Rather an unlucky day; perhaps because the sun shone, though dimly, nearly all day; and there has been no rain, though this evening thick, cloudy, and threatening rain. At ten to Fonzi's, to get rid of a grievance which tormented me greatly. He remedied the evil in one minute. Home, and dressed for my visit to the prefet. At twelve I was there, and was received, and told my story, concluding with demand of passport for Amsterdam and Bremen. He replied, rather dryly, that he could do nothing in it, and that I must apply to the Duc de Rovigo. Thence to D'Alberg's. To B., who had promised, in case other means failed, to procure my passport. Told him what had passed. He had company, and begged that I would call in the evening, and that we would then frame a proper note to the Duke Rovigo, with which he would do the rest. Home, and found a note from Fenwick to dine to-day. Dined. A walk. Then I went to B. Got pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the note as he advised. His friend was there, and, hearing the story, said we were all wrong. That I had spoiled the business by going to the prefet. That the note to the Duke Rovigo would be still worse. The matter was canvassed, and I thought B. seemed to be convinced of his error. He engaged in a trifling conversation with a lady I stayed half

an hour, but could not recall his attention to the subject ; so I came off, and it seemed as if he was quite willing I should go. Thus end all my fine projects and hopes, and with them the fortune, and it is quite doubtful whether I get a penny of the eight hundred dollars which I thought I had made. Home. Made me a good fire, for it is cold.

22. At nine to Vanderlyn's to breakfast. He was not yet dressed. At twelve to Mr. Adamson's, to return his visit. Out. To Mrs. Robertson's, where an hour, consulting, &c. She asked me to dine to-morrow ; engaged. Next day ; engaged. Friday ; agreed. Had a mind to call on Duke d'Alberg, but gave that up, not having made my toilet. To Fonzi's, where nearly finished everything. It is nearly worth the twelve months I have been detained here to have got so well identified.

Home for an hour ; then to the Lion Hotel, to pay my tailor thirty-five francs. Took the opportunity of visiting the wife of the maître d'hôtel, who has married since I left the house. *Bien belle femme*. Home and cooked my potatoes. Jul. added a bit of a sort of a pudding. Intended to have written to you and others this evening by the Essex ; but, having bought on the quai a book on divorce, have been reading it all the evening. The letter-writing is deferred till to-morrow, which hazards the loss of the opportunity.

23. Was detained by the tailor and washerwoman till twelve ; but the first detention was sleeping till nine. To Valkenaer's. He expects answer and the "obligations" from Amsterdam on Saturday. To Fonzi's, merely to apologize for not going this morning early. To Vanderlyn's, where till four, and then dined with him. On the way, bought cadot for Catharine, five francs. John walked with me to the Pont Neuf, and there we separated. I came by way of St. Denis ; bought two pairs of gloves for thirty sous each, and a cravat for five francs five sous. St. Denis is the cheap street by reputation. But a foreigner is sure there, as elsewhere in Paris, to be asked double or triple. As to mar-

chandering, it passes me. I must either employ an agent or submit to be cheated. Home at seven.

24. At nine to Mr. Bruf's, my translator of Dutch. Not at home. It is the fourth time I have called to get a paper which Valkenaer lent me and wants again. To Valkenaer's to leave the other papers. To Fonzi's, and we worked half an hour to good effect. Home to get a note which wrote last evening to Fenwick. To F.'s to leave said note, and then on to Vanderlyn's, where till three. Home. Just as I was going out to dine with F., Mr. Bruf came in with the paper, and asked eighteen francs for the translation, though he had agreed for six. I refused, and gave him his translation. We went out. He followed me in the street; asked what I would give. *Eight*. To which he agreed, and gave me the translation. On to F.'s, and there till seven. Then to Valkenaer's to give him his paper. Did not sit down. Home. Took a bouillon for supper, for which had no occasion, to please Jul.

A cold, misty, raw, windy, uncomfortable day. Just such was yesterday. So thick a fog that one could not distinguish a horse at fifty yards.

25. A very cold day. The gutters all frozen hard. A very chilly, northern wind. The sun visible almost the whole day. Lay abed till nine, and did not go out till one. Then to hunt a gold chain for Madame Fonzi. I must make a present to the family. He has done so much, and with such good-humour, for me. I have been in five shops. They ask from nine to eighteen francs the foot for the finest, but the eighteen is Venetian. The Paris manufacture may be had for twelve francs the foot. About five feet makes a handsome length. Did not buy. Home at four. Dressed, and off to Mrs. Robertson's to dine. About a league, as I have told you half a dozen times, hussy. Met there Adamson and Min. Came off at eight. Walked straight home.

26. Very cold. The little thermometer, which is out doors, down to twenty-seven. The other, which is at my

bedside, at forty-eight; and all the fire I could make this morning did not raise it above forty-eight, but this evening have got it up to fifty-two; a very sufferable temperature. Lay abed till ten. At twelve to Hahn's a chain-hunting. Think I can do better than he pretends to do for me. To Vanderlyn's to dine. Got, for the first time, a taste of his good wine, which Mons. Chose made him a present. Off at seven. He came with me as far as Pont Neuf, where we spent half an hour chain-hunting. Have become quite a connoisseur in chains. Have not yet bought. Paid six francs ten sous for a pretty little medal for Gam., to replace some of those of which I have robbed him. Got safe home at eight, only ten sous to that same beggar in white.

27. Mist, rain, chilling wind; thawing. After going to bed last night and laying an hour, found I was menaced with a headache; got up, lighted candle and fire, took medicine, and sat up till half past four, drinking hot water and sugar. At half past ten to Fenwick's, where was engaged to breakfast. At half past eleven met Mr. Barrère and a lawyer from Lyons. Off at two to Valkenaer's. No news. To Griswold's, where half an hour. Home. Made myself coffee blanc for dinner. Have been reading St. Croix on the ancient federative governments.

28. At ten to Madame Fenwick's to inquire about an opportunity to l'Orient for you. Yesterday I was informed by a gentleman who had offered to forward letters for me, that the messenger was *instructed to take no letter or parcel from Aaron Burr*, and that every person who handed him a letter for transmission must *pledge his honour that it contained nothing from Aaron Burr*. This is that Jonathan Russell whom you have known. From Fenwick's to Duke d'Alberg's, who is always very good. Thence to Hahn's again about the chain.

Home to smoke a segar and take bouillon. To Vanderlyn's till four; dined with him, and came off at seven. Bought fifty segars, four francs six sous. Am thinking about writing to

you; but what can I say? The letter will probably be opened before it leaves this country, and certainly on its arrival in the United States. Pledged the watch-ring yesterday for five louis, being all I could get.

29. To Duke d'Alberg's, who gives me good advice. A stroll, and home at two. Perceiving the approach of famine and a sans sous siege, bought seven bottles of wine, six francs. Had a great dinner. Drank a bottle of Burgundy, cost thirty sous; the other six bottles were at fifteen sous each. But, just as I was beginning the feast, came in the servant of Fenwick, with a note, saying that my letters for the United States must be sent before seven. It was then five, and I had not written a line. Took my dinner and bottle of wine at leisure, and then went to work. Wrote you, and mentioned sending some books for Gampy; but, when the letter was finished, could not find the books. Sent the letter without alteration, and you will think some one has stolen the books. Wrote also to Charles Loss, to whom sent three little German books for his children. Also a letter to Gahn, and posted off with them. It was eight when I arrived, and Fenwick was out, so I fear my labour is lost for this time. Home; and, by way of consolation, got a supper of stewed prunes, with wine, &c.

30. Got up of my own accord at half past six. At nine to Hahn's, who will have the chain in one hour. To Fenwick's, who had sent my letters before seven this morning, which was very kind. F. asked me to stay and breakfast with a pretty woman, but declined. To Vanderlyn's, who was just up, and had not breakfasted. He was quite cross that I came so early, though his own appointment. It was half past eleven when he got to work. Off at one. To Hahn's; got the chain, five feet and a half long French measure, forty-five francs ten sous, which is fifteen francs less than I expected. Off to Fonzi's. Madame was out. Left the chain in a little sugarplum box. Fonzi asked me to dine, to which agreed with reluctance. I dine better at home

than elsewhere. Home; at five to Fonzi's to dine, where met Vanderlyn and Hernandez. Madame content with her chain. Home at half past eight.

31. Supped again last evening on stewed prunes, and it has so well agreed that have done the same to-night. We have had three cold days, freezing all day. Now a thaw, but every day rain, or snow, or hail, or all of them.

At ten this morning to Fonzi's, and there till twelve. Home an hour, and then to Vanderlyn's, where till four, and then to his ménage and dined with him. He enticed me to go to the theatre François. The first time in five months that I have been to any theatre. Saw the tragedy of Manlius, which shall send you, and, in due time, my remarks. Talma is the pride of France in tragedy. I think M<sup>lle</sup>. Duchesnois superior. Did not stay to see the after-piece. Home at half past nine, and have just been supping.

#### FROM THEODOSIA.

Oaks (S. C.), February 14, 1811.

Your letter of the 10th of November last is just received. The difficulty you find in procuring a passport excites many unpleasant feelings. Will not any of your old friends assist you? Pray return as soon as possible. In dear New-York you have many friends; and in Connecticut, I believe, a majority of the citizens are attached to you, a greater proportion than in any other state of the Union.

Aloof and separated from the whole world as I am, my means of judging are neither copious nor well assured; yet it does appear to me that a return to this country is advisable. Perhaps you would ask why I have not acquired some satisfactory intelligence on this interesting subject. But recollect that a letter of inquiry could be addressed to none but friends, who, from their situation and their wishes, see everything through a false medium; and, in addressing me, they always add voluntarily to what they already estimate erroneously. To such friends only could I apply. Those

less interested are either not to be trusted or seem willing to risk too much. Doubtless there are many capable of giving me just and satisfactory information; but, placed as I am, where am I to seek or see these persons?

How could you speak of my negotiation with 85—87, as one so often pressed upon me? I wrote and received an answer which put an end to all hopes from that quarter. 85 expressly said that nothing was in the power of 87. As to the gentleman who promised pecuniary supplies, he has published himself a villain.

The corn-curer is afraid of everything; of nothing. In our correspondence an allusion to you, made by me, was *invariably* passed over in silence. He is a fair-weather friend, in truth. When Natalie was in Washington, I begged her to converse frequently on the subject, and feel the ground. With the corn-curer she had private conversations; from these she assured me that he appeared to wish you well, but lived in tremour. Poor A. B. Reeves would have helped us, and zealously.

Many of my letters have been lost. I have written to you frequently since August, 1809. I thank God that you have present means of support. Economize them; for even those who might be willing are, or will be, unable to assist you. This country (the United States) is in a deplorable condition. So many bankruptcies have taken place in New-York, that even private amusements are affected by them. Here our produce will not sell; the necessities of life are high; creditors pressing; the newspapers filled with advertisements of property which finds no purchasers. Several judgments have been obtained against —. He, too, has advertised lands and negroes, but in vain.

J. P. V. N. is like the rest of the world. When I was in New-York, W. P. was doubtful whether it would be quite safe to visit me. John Swartwout is true, invariably and nobly conspicuous as the sun. He retrieves the character of man.

Gampillo drinks your health every day and everywhere. We have procured a good preceptor for him, and his progress is worthy of his blood. He, too, has written to you often. The miscarriage of his letters he deems a great misfortune to you and himself.

For God's sake resume the old cipher. This new one, to which no key has reached me, is a severe addition to my anxieties and disappointments. In vain has E. A. laboured to afford me some elucidation; in vain have I spent days and nights, working at it with tears. Not one word can be made out. I needed not this new mortification. Pardon, dear Mentor, but my heart is heavy at your absence. My affliction, like a corroding poison, sinks deeper, and irritates more and more every day. Yet it is not your absence merely that I deplore; but your unavailing absence which preys upon me. We do not perceive that time has yet produced any better feelings among our fellow-citizens.

My health is good. We have purchased and built at Grenville. We were right in our expectation of that country, notwithstanding L. P., &c. Mr. Alston is kind and affectionate. One of our best friends determined my opinion of J. P. V. N. when I was in New-York.

How is it possible that I have written three pages without mentioning the journal, which gives me so much pride, and from which I expect to enjoy so many hours of pleasure? For the books, too, thank you, my beloved father. Adieu.

\* THEODOSIA.

#### JOURNAL.

*Paris, February 1, 1811.* To Valkenaer's; he was abed, but not more ill. Has received a letter from Amsterdam promising full returns on Sunday. To Griswold's; he is quite indisposed. Is resolved to go, within three or four days, south, and to leave France shortly. Thus, if there should be delay in my Amsterdam affair, all will be lost. To Vanderlyn's; he was busy and impatient, and so, instead

of working, we agreed to walk. Went to the Louvre, where an hour; thence to his house to dine. After dinner to the theatre, Port St. Martin, where saw a great pantomime, "La Ruine de Persepolis." You will read it, and then I'll tell you more. The only distinction between the good and the evil genii was in colour. Of course, the devils were black. It would be a most diverting comedy to have a hundred or two of your Oaks blacks placed in the parterre to witness the exhibition. There were fifteen or twenty little black devils, apparently eight or ten years old, who danced and moved very much *à la négro*. Home at half past ten.

Found on my arrival a note from Mrs. Robertson, asking me to dine, and meet a beautiful young lady on Sunday. On that day am engaged to Fenwick's, where I shall be more amused, even without a beautiful young lady.

2. At ten to Fonzi's. Left them at work for me. Called on Griswold, who is still indisposed, but persisting in his journey. Then, having no engagement, I deliberated whether I should go and do some folly, or go home and assort my papers, &c. Contrary to all rule and experience, went directly home, where, instead of assorting papers, I spent two hours in reading two law memoirs; two more in smoking segars and cooking my dinner, and, seeing that nothing would be done, sallied out after dinner. Home; on the way called on Mr. Griswold, who had company, and so did not see him.

Last evening, after getting home, though I had dined heartily, took my supper of prunes au vin. Did not go to bed till two. Rose at seven. This evening have also taken my prunes, but shall not sit up till two. Mrs. Robertson's servant called about nine this morning for answer. Gave, verbally, negative, and wrote a note by the *petite poste*.

3. Another warm day. Mist and a little rain. Thermometer now, at midnight, at 48. To Fonzi's at half past ten, and there till three; then homeward. On the way, called on Clot. for half an hour. At five to Fonzi's and dined.

Home. Have had my supper of prunes. Nothing from Amsterdam.

4. At ten to Denon's. He advised me to write Duke Rovigo, and will second the application. To Mrs. Robertson. *Toujours le même*. Asked to dine, which declined. To Fonzi's an hour, and then home. Dinner chez moi, bouillon gras, beef and potatoes. At six came in Vanderlyn, and I took him again to see *La Ruine de Persepolis*; was amused, and shall go again. *Bas les schawl*. *Sortez la femme*. *Bas le coulisse* (au François), which interrupted for five minutes an interesting scene.

The little negroes amuse me most. The new danseuse did not appear to-night. It was my principal motive in going to see her.

5. Had engaged to breakfast with C. At half past nine called. C. had gone out, but came home and made my breakfast as usual. Had no great occasion for any, having come with a headache, which continued till six this evening, though slight, owing, I suspect, to eating and drinking too freely yesterday. After breakfast to Valkenaer's. Le N. said he had had a bad night, and was asleep. At that moment out came Swediaur. Then Le N., a little embarrassed, proposed to go, &c. After waiting about ten minutes in the corridor with the servants, came off without an answer. But the reception is in itself eloquent. Swediaur had, you see, long since given me up, having paid me no sort of attention these six months.

To Pelouse's to get a book which I had left to be bound. On my way home bought a crayon and pencase, fifty sous. Comp. for boot-tops, twenty sous; and having left exactly sixteen sous, I bought with them two plays for my present amusement and then for yours. Came home at one with my two plays and not a single sous. Have been ransacking everywhere to see if no little ten sous piece could be found. Not one. To make matters worse, I am out of segars, but have a little black, vile tobacco, which serves as

substitute. Poor Jul., too, is exhausted, being in advance for me twenty or thirty francs.

In this state of finance have not been abroad since one. Have read the two plays. *Manlius*, a tragedy, which is passable, and no more, though very greatly in vogue here at this moment. The other, a comedy, *La Jardiniere*. Two or three good scenes, but the denouement and the close absurd and insipid. Then took to French law. Took no dinner on account of the headache; but have had my usual supper of prunes, with which finished my last bottle of wine.

The morning quite cold. Thermometer down to 30. Fog, &c.

6. At eleven to Valkenaer's. He was with his friend Bl. Said, on my coming in, that he had nothing from Amsterdam; and that, when he should have, he would instantly communicate it. Civil, but cool; perhaps ill health. After what happened yesterday, you did not expect I would have called to-day. But business, so interesting to me, must not be sacrificed to form or to motives of mere delicacy, to which, perhaps, only one party is sensible. Stayed but a few minutes. Thence home to consider of my sans sous state. To Vanderlyn's, where two hours. Then took Pelouse's in my way home, and sat half an hour with madame. Home at half past four. A pleasant summer day, but the sky thick. Put on robe de chambre, which is my old Philadelphia great-coat, and have not stirred out. Jul. had me a good dinner; soup, turkey, &c. Found another bottle of wine. Took no supper. Yes, I went in my robe de chambre at nine this evening, and sat an hour with Griswold.

7. At ten to Griswold's. He is much better on my starving system, but will not have the courage to pursue it. Wrote there a note to Valkenaer, saying that I would call at twelve to have a few minutes' conversation with him. Received verbal answer assenting. Went. Found him abed. Made strong professions of good-will. Nothing from Amsterdam. Home. Borrowed forty sous of Jul., being al-

she had. 'To Vanderlyn's at three. He had received a little money, and lent me six crowns (thirty francs). I had invited young Doolittle to drive there to meet me. Bought two bottles of wine (five francs) for the occasion. We dined and sat till seven.

8. Last evening I made a letter, and this morning wrote it to the friend of Valkenaer in Amsterdam, in order to close this eternal negotiation about nothing. Went with my letter to Valkenaer to get his consent. He was aged and ill. Seemed averse to my procedure. I took from him the letter, and was in the act of tearing it. He stopped me, and now insisted on my sending it. Here a pleasant debate, for nothing is so charming as this strife of delicacy after one is calm enough to reflect. He added a postscript to give authenticity to my letter, folded, sealed, and superscribed it, and I sent it to the postoffice. He renewed his professions of friendship, and pleaded ill health. He does indeed suffer a great deal. 'To Griswold's a few minutes. Learn that Crede has got offended in the most unexpected and surprising manner, which afflicts me, for his conduct has been noble, disinterested, and generous.

To Vanderlyn's. After working half an hour, we both got very hungry and agreed to quit work. I to go to his house to order dinner, and he to follow after arranging his atelier. We made a good dinner on the leavings of yesterday, with the addition of macaroni. Thence to the opera for the first time in six months. Saw *le Caravan de Caise*, and Paul and Virginie. The latter a pantomime. They always ennui me when they speak. The pantomime was tolerable and no more. The scenery quite ordinary. Home at eleven.

A fool and his money are soon parted. Last evening I had thirty-two francs, having borrowed thirty of Vanderlyn, and now have forty sous. The account you will see in the little book. But, for example, had a bottle of wine, thirty sous, to carry to Vanderlyn's, and for this and other reasons

took a cabriole, thirty sous more ; then bought another bottle at forty sous, to please his maid, who was in bad humour with the counter orders about dinner.

9. Thinking of ways and means, took that beautiful picture of Caroline, and desired Mr. A. to pledge it for what he could get.. It cost fifty guineas, and I doubt whether he will get five on it. Six would pay all my debts and subsist me a fortnight, before which my Amsterdam affair must and shall terminate. Home. Made duplicate of my letter to Amsterdam, and sent again to Mr. A.'s to get him to direct and forward it. He was out ; so have not heard the fate of Caroline. Home again. On the way bought three plays, at eight sous each. Have read two of them.

10. My dear Theodosia, I am sick at heart, having made the most afflicting of all discoveries, the perfidy of a friend. A few days ago, a slight suspicion was excited in my mind, as you may recollect, but I rejected it as unworthy of him and unworthy of me. It is confirmed with every circumstance of aggravation. I had confided to him my speculation with unqualified frankness ; disclosed every circumstance—things known to me alone. I had built on it the hopes of fortune. He pledged solemnly his honour to speak of it to no one without my leave. Not to take a step but in concurrence with me, on terms we had agreed. He went, I believe the same day, disclosed the whole, and associated himself with another to take it wholly from me. The object is irrevocably lost ; for, even if he should repent, he cannot take back his communications.

This man first sought me under very peculiar circumstances ; such as denoted generosity of sentiment, sensibility, and independence of mind. *Suera ausi fames.*

I dined to-day at Pelouse's for the first time since they removed. Had written a note to Crede, and called to deliver it. He received me as usual, very cheerful and courteous ! Home at seven, and have been reading the melo-drame of Paul and Virginie.

Called this morning at Fonzi's, having my whole fortune, sixteen sous, in my pocket. He was making change with a customer, and asked me to lend him sixteen sous, which I did, and have twice gone round by the Pont Neuf because I had not the sous to pay my passage over the Pont des Artes.

11. At half past nine to Griswold's. Then to Vanderlyn's by his appointment. He had forgotten the appointment; had engaged to go out, and was not very glad to see me. Home. Stopped a few minutes at Pelouse's, where met my inmate, and engaged to dine to-day with her and husband, chez nous. Got home at half past three. Warm, and rain all day, but this evening a little hail and something colder, but the thermometer is still above frost. We have had one very pleasant day. I think the day before yesterday.

What do you think they had the conscience to offer for Caroline's picture? but I may as well tell you, for you'd never guess; eighteen francs, about three dollars and a half. So took it back, and left my new watch to be pawned, of which I shall hear to-morrow. Vanderlyn called on me at four, and, having just received some money, lent me twenty francs. Paid my translator three francs, and gave Jul. five francs on account.

Crede has not called on me, nor answered my note. Think of calling on him to-morrow for an explanation. We are now in the midst of Carnival; during which, people are permitted to go masked and disguised. Men in women's clothes, and women in men's. You meet some harlequins and other ridiculous figures in the streets; but, I am told, far less in number than formerly.

12. I have, as always, a great deal to tell you, and, as always, sha'n't tell you a word of it, only where I have been. The rest is withheld for our chat.

At ten, I believe, for have no watch, to Griswold's; he was engaged with company. To Fonzi's, and there till two; then to Valkenaer's. He had sent for me, but I had not re-

ceived the message. At last, a letter from Amsterdam. Nothing, however, decisive, nor very satisfactory. But as the speculation is ruined by the perfidy of Crede, I have less solicitude. I am yet in hopes to make one thousand dollars out of some of them, but how easy a million ought to have been made! To Griswold's. Out. Home.

Dinner a bouillon gras. Tea and topin ambour, which last you never heard of. It is a root of exactly the taste and flavour of artichokes. I shall enrich you with some seed, and also with estragon, the only two vegetables of use for the kitchen which I find here and not with us. All those with which you are acquainted we have in much greater perfection than here; and we have many of which you have no knowledge.

After dinner took a stroll. Paid my washerwoman this morning five francs, and have nearly six left. Home at half past nine. Sat half an hour with my inmate. Have had my hot sangaree; so bon soir.

Raining all day, and chilling north wind. What impudence to boast of their climate. A note from Fenwick asking me to dine to-morrow.

13. A brilliant morning. Sun shining bright for this hemisphere. Went out without my umbrella. Before I got one hundred yards it began to rain. Went back for the umbrella. At ten to Fonzi's, and there till one. Home. At two to Vanderlyn's by appointment. On the way called to leave note in reply to Fenwick, who being at home and alone, sat a few minutes. Found Vanderlyn engaged, and asked me to call in half an hour; during that half hour amused myself by walking in the rain and a most tempestuous wind. Then found him, but indisposed for work; but his friend had pledged the watch for twelve louis, which was much beyond my hopes. The money could be had at eight in the evening; but John thought it too far to walk to bring it to me, so I agreed to call for it at nine. Then home, and, after a little change in dress, to Fenwick's. Off at half past

seven to Griswold's, having learned that since morning he had sent three times to know if I were at home. He was out. Left word that I would be at home till half past eight. At eight he called and sat till near nine. All about the Holland Company affair, which I think is totally spoiled, as well for Crede as for me. Then to Vanderlyn's to get my 300 francs. Since my foot-accident all my boots hurt the left foot. Having walked a great deal to-day, was quite lame; and, not having thirty sous to pay a cabriole, put on an old pair of shoes and off to Vanderlyn's, raining, snowing, and hailing, with a storm of wind. Got the cash; for this and the 120 on the ring-watch, was deducted the interest for one month at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per month, making about seven francs fifteen sous. Paid Vanderlyn his seventy francs, and got safe home with the rest, being very tired, and wet half leg high, having walked about five miles since dinner. After making a good fire, was hungry, and finding a bouillon gras, disposed of it, and concluded by smoking, and drinking a pint of wine.

14. I do not find that Saint Valentine is in any particular estimation here. None of those love-messages to which the day is sacred with us among the youth. A sunshiny morning. Sor. at ten, and before I got to Fonzi's it was raining, and, while there, it was snowing and hailing. The wind as yesterday; indeed, it is never weary with blowing. Was at Fonzi's till one; then home; then to Vanderlyn's, whom found disengaged. Stayed till four. We then took dinner chez lui. Bought bottle wine, forty sous. After dinner we went to the theatre, Port St. Martin, where saw "Le Jugement Supreme," a pantomime. I always buy for you the pieces I see, which saves describing. Was very much amused, more with the absurdities and extravagances than with anything excellent either in music or dancing. The horses, the stag, and the dogs were the only actors who did not overleap nature. The bear was evidently a bear who had been educated in Paris. He stepped to the music and expected applause. The negro, with black gloves and black

mask, scarcely covering his face, and exposing his white ears, and neck, and chin, gave great satisfaction. Ah, *qu'il est drole*. Home at ten. To beggars seven sous.

15. At the Port St. Martin theatre last night bought an opera-glass. I did not mean to buy, though of fifty which I have tried it is much the best. I had with me one from Rochette on trial, for which he asked thirty francs; for this the man asked thirty-six francs. Intending to get rid of him, I said I would not give him more than fifteen. *Eh bien*, said he, *il faut que je vend c'est pour rien, mais prenez le a votre prix*. I had no money. This was no objection; he would call in the morning. I gave him my address. He called and got his fifteen francs.

At ten to Mr. Griswold's. Then to Fonzi's, where worked with Gaudoine till two, and thought we had done; but this evening I discover that there are yet some alterations to be made.

Dinner chez moi. Jul. had provided a bouillon and fish. I added potatoes and *topin ambour*, and drank a whole bottle of wine—fifteen sous wine. After dinner to Rochette's to return his opera-glass, and thence to the opera. Went first into the pit (*parterre*); but, finding it very crowded, and seeing a place in the amphitheatre, back of the pit and just below the front boxes, I paid the additional sum, three francs eighteen sous, and went there. *Anacreon chez Policrates*, an opera, was the first piece, and it lasted till quarter past ten. It was dull beyond expression, and not relieved either by scenery or dancing of any merit. I was so weary that I left the theatre and came home, though I wished much to see *Persée et Andromède*, which was the other piece, and which had before amused me. I paid thirty sous for the *Anacreon chez Policrates*, so that my evening's ennui cost nine francs ten sous, including twenty sous of which I was cheated in change.

How and why you are imposed on by commissioners, who hawk about tickets, shall be told another time. Paid

Jul. being since the 2d of January, twenty-five francs, which can't be half what is due to her. Cannot get my thirty francs of my inmate, of which you shall hear a story. Fog and mist, with a gale of wind. Raining since noon, and now raining; wind and storm.

16. This is the anniversary of my happy advent to this holy city. The wind continued a perfect hurricane this morning, with fog and mist. Was engaged to breakfast with Vanderlyn. Got there at nine. Cold, chilling weather. Had a detestable breakfast of the coffee which is bought ready burned and ground, being one half chicory and the residue some other drug. Vanderlyn was not disposed for work, so walked home again. On my way called on Mr. Pelouse and paid sixty francs, being two months rent, ending 22d inst. Found note from Fenwick referring over till Monday the dinner proposed this day. Glad of it. Have not been abroad since four. That infernal breakfast had so destroyed my appetite that I took no dinner. Supped on stewed prunes.

Note to tell Theo. of the pleasures of walking in Paris. No sidewalk. The carts, cabrioles, and carriages of all sorts run up to the very houses. You must save yourself by bracing flat against the wall, there being, in most places, stones set up against the houses to keep the carts from injuring them. Most of the streets are paved as Albany and New-York were before the revolution, with an open gutter in the middle. Some arched in the middle, and a like gutter each side, very near the houses. It is fine sport for the cabriolet and hack drivers to run a wheel in one of these gutters, always full of filth, and bespatter fifty pedestrians who are braced against the wall.

The gutters or conduits for the water from the eaves of the houses are carried out a few feet from the roofs, and thus discharge the rain-water over your head. In most places there are no such pipes, and then you have the benefit of the water from the eaves. This was a great ridicule against the city of

Albany about twenty years ago; but Albany has reformed the evil.

17. I did not tell you last evening that after dinner I slept an hour. Nevertheless, I slept from one till ten this morning. For six weeks past my sleep had been reduced to six and seven hours.

Took my leisure, and did not go out till two. To Pelouse's. Out. But, before going out, wrote a letter to Pluym and Bacher, which Mr. A. took to the postoffice for me. From Pelouse's to Crede's. Out. Then leisurely through the Tuileries to see the gay folks en promenade. There were thousands, but not one of those figures or dresses which are exhibited in the little pictures which I shall buy for you. Those things are taken from the theatres, and it is very rare that you see one such in the streets, or in any promenade. Now and then one among the filles (which is a term appropriated to public women) of the Palais Royal.

After passing an hour in the Tuileries without seeing one beautiful woman, along the Boulevard with no better success for two hours. Much folk, but little to remark. You must know that this week is the height of Carnival. Home at five. Dinner chez moi. Sent to Pelouse for some wine which had engaged. It did not come till seven o'clock, so would not open a bottle; but Vanderlyn coming in at eight, we drank one.

The day is less warm than for the week past, but cloudy and foggy, with chilling wind. Nevertheless, you see hundreds sitting in the open air in the Tuileries to observe the passing. This evening more calm and clear.

Received, on returning home this afternoon, a note from Mrs. Robertson, that she had made a "parti quarrée" for me to-morrow, and asking my attendance at dinner. I was engaged, as you know, with Fenwick, and so wrote Robertson.

I have been this evening for two hours preaching econo-

my and industry to Vanderlyn. The spirit is willing, but the flesh, I fear, too weak.

18. Very grave, and philosophic, and full of good resolutions. Have lost my umbrella! But it is better to begin in the usual form. Rose early, got my breakfast, and was at Fonzi's at nine, and there till twelve, having, I hope, finished one piece. Thence to my tailor's to pay his account, fifty-five francs, including ten francs for trifles. To Pelouse's a few minutes, and then home. Vanderlyn came in at two and sat an hour. Nothing material. At five to Fenwick's, where dined and stayed till eight. Have arranged to go together to the bal masquerade on Mardi gras.

Having made a full dinner, took a repast at Auge, and my part of a bottle of wine. At Fonzi's this morning met Falri, who asked me to dine, which declined, thinking it were compliment. He urged and I persisted. He called to make me a formal visit, to justify the invitation. I was at home, but dined. Shall return his visit to-morrow and accept his invitation. He is a friend of Vanderlyn, in whose honour is the dinner.

In the Palais Royal met the domestic of Mrs. Robertson with a note, asking me to-morrow, to which assented verbally.

[From the 18th of February until the middle of May, 1811, the journal is missing. This is unfortunate, as the period was interesting; and it is to be regretted that his correspondence, so far as it is preserved among his papers, does not afford a satisfactory explanation as to the manner in which he ultimately obtained a passport to leave France: It is, however, known to the editor of these volumes, that he was greatly indebted to Mons. Denon and to the Duke de Bassano for their unceasing aid and kindness on the occasion. The latter of whom, through the agency of the former, voluntarily and generously advanced the necessary funds to enable Col. Burr to discharge all his debts, and to leave the country with credit.]

FROM ERICH BOLLMAN.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1811.

Your letters of the 20th and 26th of September have come duly to hand. I regret extremely that you are not here. Your presence and your society would be an indemnification for many things mortifying and unpleasant. The renewal of the charter of the United States' Bank has been the principal business before Congress this winter. Perceiving that the subject was so little understood, I published a small book, entitled "Paragraphs on Banks." The first edition of seven hundred and fifty copies was sold in three days, and an improved second edition is nearly sold. It has been well received everywhere. Some think it would not dishonour Adam Smith. Others, that it will be read by those desirous of information on the subject many years hence as well as now. And those who affect to be least pleased agree that no treatise extant is more clear, concise, and full. Notwithstanding which, the federalists have not dared to recommend, nay, to name it; the booksellers hesitated to advertise it. Duane, to whose opinions and editorial workings it was opposed, forced to speak respectfully of it, has brought it into notice. The charter has been lost in spite of sense, and reason, and interest, and Gallatin, who is said to be going to resign.

In the House of Representatives the indefinite postponement of the question was carried by one vote. In the Senate, a bill for renewal lost by the casting vote of the vice-president. The non-intercourse with England passed last Thursday morning at five o'clock. All sorts of distress seem impending. Commerce, revenue, facility of negotiating loans have disappeared. Confidence begins to be impaired, and everything looks gloomy. Some thorough revolution in men and measures, I should conceive, cannot be far distant.

On the Spanish Main and in Mexico all is confusion. The

party of the European Spaniards hold out for Ferdinand. The Creoles declare themselves independent. Everywhere, except in the Caraccas, the parties have come to blows. The former, having the regular troops with them mostly, continue still victorious. Men of talents, leaders, are wanting to the latter. In the Caraccas the Creoles lead, and have shipped off the European Spaniards. Miranda has been received in triumph.

Lieutenant Pike has published an interesting journal of his Excursion up the Mississippi and Missouri to the Rio del Norte. All that part of New Spain bordering on Louisiana, the Provincias Internas, have thrown off their allegiance. Priests head the armed force. The president at Washington studies the law of nations, but cannot make out the case. He has, however, come to a decision as to West Florida, of which Wade Hampton, now commander-in-chief, has taken possession.

Wilkinson moulders at Washington, and writes, or, rather, has written a book, for which, I believe, no printer can be found. Duane still ventures, sometimes, a vindicating word; but it is a dying word, and, except on such an occasion, his name is no more heard.

I am toiling on for subsistence, often thinking it is a pity, yet knowing not how to help it or how to do better. A faint hope remains of seeing again you and better days.

Walsh has begun to publish an American Review. A work of some merit, and creating sensation. I need not to mention how much I shall be gratified to hear from you, if I cannot see you.

E. BOLLMAN.

TO JONATHAN RUSSELL.

Paris, March 9, 1811.

Mr. Burr asks the *of chargé des affaires* a passport to return to the United States. To prevent a circuitous proceeding, Mr. Burr takes the liberty of recalling to Mr. Russell's recollection that the consul has declined to act in regard to Mr.

Burr; that the question has been referred to Mr. Russell, who has been pleased to decide that Mr. Burr is entitled to the passport above requested. He now wishes to avail himself of this decision.

## THEODOSIA TO MR. GALLATIN.

Oaks (S. C.), March 9, 1811.

Though convinced of your firmness, still with the utmost diffidence I venture to address you on a subject which it is almost dangerous to mention, and which, in itself, affords me no claim on your attention. Yet, trusting that you will not withhold an opinion deeply interesting to me, and which your present station enables you to form with peculiar correctness, I venture to inquire whether you suppose that my father's return to this country would be productive of ill consequences to him, or draw on him farther prosecution from any branch of the government.

You will the more readily forgive me for taking the liberty to make such a request, when you reflect that, retired as I am from the world, it is impossible for me to gather the general opinion from my own observation. I am, indeed, perfectly aware how unexpected will be this demand; that it places you in a situation of some delicacy; and that to return a satisfactory answer will be to exert liberality and candour; I am aware of all this, and yet do not desist.

Recollect what are my incitements. Recollect that I have seen my father dashed from the high rank he held in the minds of his countrymen, imprisoned, and forced into exile. Must he ever remain thus excommunicated from the participation of domestic enjoyments and the privileges of a citizen; aloof from his accustomed sphere, and singled out as a mark for the shafts of calumny? Why should he be thus proscribed and held up in execration? What benefit to the country can possibly accrue from the continuation of this system? Surely it must be evident to the worst enemies of my father, that no man, situated as he will be, could

obtain any undue influence, even supposing him desirous of it.

But pardon me if my feeling has led me astray from my object, which was not to enter upon a discussion with you. I seek only to solicit an enlightened opinion relative to facts which involve my best hopes of happiness.

Present, if you please, my respects to Mrs. Gallatin, and accept the assurances of my high consideration.

THEO. BURR ALSTON.

FROM B. LANE.

Paris, March 25, 1811.

I saw my friend, Mons. Legé, this morning. He was good enough to go to the person who is charged with the passports when they are sent from the secretary's, but there was not anything for you. I then consulted him upon the means which you ought to adopt to obtain your passport. He was of opinion with me, that you must obtain a letter from our chargé d'affaires to the minister of police. I observed to him that this might be attended with some difficulty, and that you would prefer another channel, if one could be pointed out. He persisted in his first opinion, upon the ground that General Armstrong had no doubt taken steps at the police to prevent your getting a passport; and as his letters have not been done away by anything posterior (except the passport granted by Mr. Russell), he did not see any other mode of acting than that which I have just mentioned. I observed to Mr. Legé that, if you could not obtain your passport to quit France, you had a desire to travel in the interior. To this he replied that you must demand a passport ad hoc for the different places that you wished to visit.

I am extremely grieved that it was not my good fortune to succeed. I need not add that it would have afforded me great pleasure. I called in the Rue des Petits Augustins

with a hope of finding you there; and I wrote this lest I should not have the pleasure of finding you at home.

B. LANE.

TO THEODOSIA.

Paris, April 1, 1811; or }  
*April Fool's Day.* }

No such epithet is attached to it here, nor any such application made of it. On Mardi gras, indeed (if, from your ecclesiastical science, you can discover when that is), follies and tricks are practised here similar to those which are tolerated with us on this day. With me every day for the last eight months has been fool's-day; for almost every day I have been cajoled by some new device. A passport is all I ask, and thus far refused. As usual, however, there is just now a new source of hope, not very animating. But, to console you, know that Vanderlyn will sail for the United States some time in May. By him you shall know everything, and by him you shall have your books. In the mean time I have nothing to tell you which can be told by a casual opportunity.

My health continues uninterrupted. In fact, I eat more and sleep more than at any period of my life. Whether this is increase of health or increase of stupidity, you must solve.

The only important event which has occurred to me since the date of my last is the receipt of your two letters of the 20th of April and 21st May, 1809. Only twenty-three months old. These are all which have come to hand since that which was acknowledged from Gottenburg in October, 1809. They nevertheless convey a great deal of news, and I am quite proud of the manner in which they are written. Tant mieux, for they both came open. It is not worth while to reply now to your inquiries. They will be noticed by Vanderlyn.

My last letter, about six weeks or two months ago, an-

nounced a parcel containing a few plays, but the person who took charge of the letter could not (would not) take charge of the parcel. Doubtless you have scolded enough about it, and denounced the infidelity of your New-York friends.

• A. BURR.

TO JONATHAN RUSSELL.

Paris, April 23, 1811.

It is with regret that Mr. Burr finds himself obliged to trouble Mr. Russell for another passport. The loss of the former, and the manner of it, will be disclosed and verified to the satisfaction of Mr. Russell by the certificate which will herewith be shown to him. This application is in pursuance of the advice of the respective chefs des bureaux, with one of whom the negligence has happened.

It is requested that the place of embarkation may either be left blank, or that Dunkirk and L'Orient may be added to Bourdeaux and Bayonne.

FROM THEODOSIA.

Oaks (S. C.), May 10, 1811.

This morning, and not until this morning, did I receive your letter of the 10th of January, 1811. In this way has our correspondence been maintained for the last two years. Now I hear that you are coming immediately; and while wondering that you have not arrived, I learn that you will be detained much longer. Then my hopes are again awakened, and, when again almost exhausted, they light up with a stronger, though a trembling brilliancy. The icy hand of disappointment falls upon my heart to smother every spark. Do not frown at these complaints. You do not. I will not believe that you do. Your image, kind and indulgent, is my guardian angel. From how many follies, how many faults, does it preserve me. It was accorded to me as a talisman, to cheer my prospects, to strengthen my resolutions, and incite me to noble efforts.

The refusal of your passports by the agent of our government is a most overbearing and insulting outrage upon the common rights of a citizen. Who erected an American chargé d'affaires into a supreme judge? Who invested him with the most important prerogatives?

I have written to Luther Martin, but have received no answer. I shall write again forthwith. Surely my letter must have miscarried. I have immutable faith in the strength and sincerity of his attachment to you. You, perhaps, have not heard that Robert Smith is removed from office, and Munro created secretary of state in his stead.

The removal of Eustis is expected, according to our newspapers. A late paper mentioned that the postmaster-general was soon to yield his office to a steady friend of A. Burr. Who that friend is, or whether there is any truth in the assertion, I cannot tell.

The corn-doctor is afraid to correspond with me. He was even very neglectful in giving his advice. 'Tis said he trembles at the great name more than any pious Hebrew ever did at the consecrated and mysterious title they had for the Deity.

I have frequently mentioned the fate of my letter to 85-87. There is evidently no hope from that quarter. If the mind is negative, of which there is no assurance, it may be directed to anything by those nearest, most in confidence, and most prominent in business. I say *come*; land in New-York. This advice is disinterested on my part. But I am incapable of the affection which would sacrifice its object to any selfish gratification. I would, therefore, oppose the plan of embarking for South Carolina. Nothing can be done here. Your arrival will be known. The news of it will reach New-York long before you. The fervency of surprise and delighted friendship will have time to cool, cabals to be formed, and measures to be taken. Go to New-York. Make your stand there. If you are attacked, you will be in the midst of the tenth legion. Civil debts may

be procrastinated, for a time, by confinement to the limits. There you can take breath ; openly see your friends ; make your arrangements ; and soon, I think, you will be able to throw off those momentary shackles, and resume your station.

I confess I augur ill of government, principally because the newspapers most devoted to it endeavour to keep up feelings of irritation against you. But I believe differently of the citizens generally. At all events, it is better to brave any storm than to be leading your present life. It is better that things should be brought to a crisis you cannot entirely sink under ; and, the worst once over, you will be free from all restraint. You may be situated as formerly. It cannot injure you more than this long-continued threat. *If the worst comes, I will leave everything to suffer with you.* Should you determine on this plan, give it a fair trial. I repeat it, nothing can be done for you here, in South Carolina. To land here might ruin all.

Would you believe it, Blennerhassett has written the most insulting letter to my husband. In this letter he accuses you and him of plans which never entered the heads of either ; and says that, unless Mr. Alston pays him thirty-five thousand five hundred dollars, of which, to use his own phrase, he demands fifteen thousand by August ; unless these sums are paid, he (Blennerhasset) will publish a pamphlet containing documents which must ruin him (Mr. Alston) for ever. He concludes by saying that his work is ready for publication, and adds—

“ If you do not prevent its appearance, you may rest assured I shall not, to save the trouble of smelting, abandon the ore I have with such expense of time and labour extracted from the mines both dark and deep, not indeed of Mexico, but of Alston, Jefferson, and Burr. Having mentioned Mr. Burr, I wish you to observe that I have long since ceased to consider reference to his honour, resources,

or good faith in any other light than as a scandal to any man offering it who is not sunk as low as himself," &c., &c.

His language to Mr. Alston is in the same style. Such, in short, as a low-bred coward may use at the distance of many hundred miles. Did you ever hear of such an audacious swindling trick? Mr. Alston has not deigned to answer him. Thus we are to have a new scene, which will make great noise, and end in the confusion of the author. The debt you had contracted is paid.

I have nothing of interesting import to tell you of ourselves. We go on as formerly; the family make me endure frequent vexations, but my husband is not to be swayed by their machinations, or moved by their endeavours to persuade him that, the more dear he is, the more hateful must I be; I, who have occasioned him so many hours of pain. This is not directly and openly expressed, but often insinuated. He is kind, attentive, and considerate towards me. My health is good; it would be very good if my mind were at ease. But cares corrode my heart and undermine my constitution, although my spirits are apparently excellent.

We have purchased a farm in Grenville, where we are building, and where I spent the last summer. Our house is comfortable, and the situation pretty. But, now that we are located there, we begin to think that Burr's education cannot be properly pursued in such entire seclusion. We have procured a private tutor, and my son makes good progress, but at times he is seized with a singular kind of torpor; a heavy listlessness, which it is impossible to remove, because every weapon strikes without effect, and becomes incapable of producing any sensation. These fits do not last above a day at a time; and, as he is naturally lively, I can attribute them to nothing but seclusion. He needs companions to excite emulation in labour and hilarity at play. I am glad you intend sending him a little present. L. P. neglects him entirely. Adieu. Heaven guide your steps and direct your plans. Adieu.

THEODOSIA.

## JOURNAL.

*Arras, May 14, 1811.* A neat town. Little doing. The houses at the entrance and going out of mud or clay, with thatched roofs, very low. The hamlets or villages through are all thus built. The town is brick, generally one story.

At three leagues from Arras you open on an extensive plain. All cultivated. Very few trees. No fences, or hedges, or walls. This plain continues without a sensible elevation to Lille, where we arrived at seven P. M. Tarragon or Arragon and wife parted from us here. The sour old man left us at Arras. A smart young Flemish militaire got in at Arras, and came thus far. The Flemish jeweller and the young horseman go on, but I believe we shall go in separate carriages. Nothing lost. The country is in high cultivation and fertile since coming on this plain. Passed a canal about four leagues back. Intended going to the theatre this evening; but my medicine of yesterday, which was very severe, and the jolting, to which I am not yet accustomed, have disposed me for bed. Had tea, which is my supper, and then took half an hour's stroll about the town. At nine to bed.

*Gaud, May 15, 1811.* We have been steadily employed, from six this morning till seven this evening, in making about thirty-eight miles (the distance from Lille to Gaud) on a fine level road, a temperate day; six horses, with three relays, to draw six persons. At two leagues from Lille took breakfast, coffee, bread, and butter, fifteen sous. (For the like breakfast at Arras paid yesterday thirty-six sous.) After two leagues from Lille everything is Flemish. The language, the people, the manners. The contrast in point of neatness is most striking.

Took milk after breakfast on the way, four sous. Made supper. The bill, a pint of Rhenish wine included, four francs; bed, one franc seven sous. A large handsome town, very neat. The canal sufficiently large for sloops.

The long black cloaks, and very full, gives a matronly appearance to girls of fourteen. The cloaks of the young are generally calico. Sent note to Spruyt, but he was out.

As the diligence went off at nine this evening, and would be twelve hours in going to Anvers, eleven leagues, one of my fellow-travellers and myself have taken a cabriole for four in the morning, at one louis, which is forty sous each, more than the diligence fare. Have had my bed warmed to the great surprise of the Gaudeans, and at eleven turn in.

*Anvers, May 16.* The women of St. Nicolas have fine teeth and fine complexions. The soil from Gaud to Anvers generally sandy and meager. Few trees; none of fruit till within two leagues of Anvers. At the fair at St. Nicolas was amused with a little girl of about ten years old on horse-back, en cavalier, selling needles and pins. Her wares were in pockets, like pistol-holsters, on each side the pommel. She sat with great ease, is pretty and well made, surrounded by customers, whom she served; received and changed money with wonderful dexterity.

The soil sandy; till within about two miles of the Scheldt (Escaut), you descend a very little on to an extensive meadow, Anvers full in front. The majestic turret (steeple) of Notre Dame is an elegant and imposing object. On this plain not a tree or shrub; and here, in opposition to Anvers, is now laying out a new city. We left our cabriole, and were put across the river, about one mile and a half wide, without delay. Parted with my companion and came to the "Laboureur," the host speaking English. No questions had been asked me about passport. Dined in my room, eel, salmon, carp (a sort of flounder), and potatoes, with a bottle of Rhenish.

Went to the diligence-office and paid thirty-six francs for passage to Amsterdam; to start at four to-morrow morning. Went to the bureau of passports; got mine viséd without delay, or cost, or question. Walked an hour about the town. The domino or capuchin cloak is still the mode. It must be

a residue of Spanish manners. Had thought of going to the theatre, but deemed it more important to take my tea, write you this, and go to sleep. Now nine o'clock.

*Rotterdam, May 18, 1811.* The diligence left Anvers this morning as the clock struck four. There being much baggage, and more persons than the coach would hold, a curricule was provided, in which I rode with a French captain, his wife, German, with three children, a boy and two very beautiful and lovely girls, eight and nine years old. The lady is sensible and well bred. The children presently attached themselves to me. We drove rapidly, and at five P. M. were at Williamstadt, where we left our French captain and his family, of whom I did not take leave, being hurried into the boat by the joint efforts of the boatman and Madame D., the only remaining *compagnon de voyage*.

But, before noticing the events at Rotterdam, let us go back to Anvers. The places in the diligence are numbered, and, on paying your passage, you receive a certificate specifying the number of your seat. I had No. 2; Madame D., also for Amsterdam, had No. 1. At the moment of leaving Anvers, a fat, well-dressed, ill-looking Flemman took possession of my seat in the diligence, and I was thrown out into the curricule. The morning chilly, and my surtout not *come-at-able*. At the first stop, Madame D. asked me if I were not the person who had taken a seat for Amsterdam. Yes. "Well, why don't you claim your place?" "Madame, I never enter into altercations about trifles; yet I am not satisfied with such presumption." Nevertheless, I was so charmed with my little companions that I continued in the curricule. At the second relay madame renewed her remonstrances. I determined to assert my rights. I took the seat in the diligence by the side of Madame D. The Flemman came to claim his place. I informed him that it was my seat, and should not surrender it. The coachman was called, and he desired me to go to the curricule. I refused,

and asked him to look at his register. The Flemman, perceiving that I was not very docile, retired to the curricule.

During this stop one of the little girls tumbled out of the curricule, jumped up, laughing, and got in again, without having sustained the slightest injury. I took two breakfasts of coffee, bread and butter, this morning, which cost me about twenty-five sous each. At Bergen-op-Zoom (how I hate garrisoned towns) the hostess refused to give us anything, lest it might delay the diligence. Had like to have gone off with two of the captain's children, and without father or mother.

At Williamstadt the captain and his family remained. The Flemman and two others we had left at Bergen-op-Zoom, so that the last stage Madame D. and I were tête-à-tête. Mad. D. is about twenty-two, the wife of a c. d. noble, who enjoys a place of some consequence under the present government. She may be described in one line—the very image of Caroline Senat, and from the same quarter, Gascoin, perhaps two inches taller than Caroline promised to be. The hair, the complexion, the eyes, the form, the physiognomy, the wit. From Williamstadt the ferry is about three miles. Then across two islands, about four leagues; a third ferry landed us at Rotterdam.

On landing, the directeur des diligences, who was on the wharf to receive us, told us a carriage would be ready in five minutes; but that, if we preferred to pass the night at Rotterdam, another carriage would go at seven in the morning. I referred it to madame to decide. After a little hesitation, she resolved to stay. The directeur showed us into the tavern; but, as not a person in the house could speak either French or English, we determined to go to one for which I had a written recommendation from De Veer. Went to Mr. Annakie's. He expressed great regret that he could not receive us, but he had not a single vacant bed. He recommended to us another, to which we drove and were received. The sign, a boar's head, supported by two cupids in bas-re-

lief. We were shown into a very large, elegant room, with two beds, one at each end. I remarked that we wanted another chamber. There was no other.

Had breakfast at six. Was sitting in the parlour below, reading a newspaper. Received a smart click on the head. It was Madame D. It was raining. I ordered a coach, and drove to the diligence, and off.

Last evening, there being yet an hour of sun, we walked through the town (Rotterdam), which is about as large as New-York was when you were married! It is very beautiful, neat, well-built, everywhere rows of trees on each side canals of running water, and in different places large basins, for the reception of vessels of all sizes.

We had an open curricule, there being no other passenger. Appearance of industry. High cultivation. Not a single house in ruins or denoting misery. The road lined with trees, and always, on one or both sides, a canal. Passed through two villages before arriving at Gonda. One of them a small town of such neatness as you can form no idea of. You might sit down or lay down in any part of any street without danger of soiling your clothes. All paved with small, yellow brick, set edgeways. At Gonda had time to visit the church remarkable for the painted glass windows. Bought for you a description. I have inquired of all my acquaintance, but can get no account of *la Pucelle de Dordrecht*, in whose honour is one of the windows.

At eleven A. M. we embarked in the *Tracht Schuyt*. Hired the after cabin for our use, seven francs. There were in the common cabin about twenty passengers. We are drawn by one horse, who goes usually on a small trot, at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. The boat is extremely neat and well-contrived. You will see by the map the towns through which we passed. Breakfast at Gonda, for two, four francs ten sous. Wine, &c., to take on board, five francs fifteen sous.

A French gentleman, bearing a badge of knighthood or hon-

our, asked to be received into our cabin, which I refused. Afterward Madame D. said it was more prudent to receive him. I invited him in her name. The scenery is constantly varied by cultivation, and by the towns and villages through which you pass. Everywhere houses; all perfectly neat. Arrived at Amsterdam at seven, and went with madame to the hotel to which she was directed. I have never been able to teach *ma belle* to say *Amsterdam*. She will have it *Misterdam*, or something near it.

*Amsterdam, May 19, 1811.* At eight *sor.* to hunt a map or plan of the city. Madame accompanies me. Did not get a map, but got a hat and other things to the amount of sixty-five francs. At ten called on Mr. Pluym. Received civilly. Talked of my business. He went with me to the house of Valkenaer, to see Vanderhoeval and Mr. François, whom saw. Was courteously received. Mr. François asked me to dine to-day, which declined, being engaged with Madame D., but agreed for to-morrow. Home. During my absence madame had engaged a passage for herself to embark at seven this evening. Got our dinner; a very good one. Paid our bill, thirty-five francs. To domestics, four; carriage, five; sundries for the passage, nine; total, thirty-five francs. Put all our baggage in the coach, and, after seeing madame on board, drove to my new lodgings, M. Van Ham. Found there Vanderhoeval waiting for me. Am much pleased with the good humour of my host and his children.

In my walk to-day with madame, went into two or three churches; all Protestant, and as simple as ours. Mr. Vanderhoeval and I took a stroll. Then called on Mr. François, who walked with us till I was quite tired.

20. Called on Pluym at eight. He sent a commissionaire with me to Zilver, successor of Nakuy's, but the papers of which I was in search have, since the death of Nakuy's, been deposited in some public office. To Valkenaer's, where took up V. D. H., and we strolled about the town till three,

when I came home to dress. At five to dine with Mr. François. She is modest, sensible, moderately cheerful, polite, a good form, and interesting countenance. We were quite at ease, it being understood that I am in confidence. Off at eight.

21. To Pluym's at nine. Out. Then to Vanderhoeval's, and we walked to Zilver's, who recommended me to call on Studniski and Van Hekelonn for the information I required. We strolled about the town, and drank gin, and stared at strange things.

At six to Pluym's, where dined en famille; roast beef, with various vegetables; among them green pease which had grown in the open air. Asparagus has been for some days in abundance. Remember that we are north of the 52d degree of latitude. Mr. Vanderhoeval and Mr. François came after dinner, and then two young ladies; one of them very handsome, but speaking only Hollandois. Off at eight.

22. To Pluym's at eight. Note, he is distant half a league. I breakfasted at seven. Passed half an hour talking of Holland Company affair. Then to Valkenaer's. Took Vanderhoeval with me to Studniski and Van Hekelonn's. After waiting quarter of an hour, one came who announced himself as Mr. Van Hekelonn. Without giving him my name, I showed him one of the Holland Company's obligations, and, as a proprietor, claimed the right of being informed, &c. Asked him several questions. He could reply to nothing without consulting the trustees, and tomorrow being holyday, it might be several days before he could have their advice. He begged my questions in writing, which was what I wished. Left him my address. Strolled with Vanderhoeval two or three hours. We parted, and I took my host to show me to the Plautatic; a charming quarter. All houses and gardens of amusement. Sent off my host and went to the bath, where, after bathing an hour, took coffee. Bath, coffee, and domestic, six francs. A stuyon is a little more than two sous of France, and you pay

here in stuyons as much as of sous in Paris. By way of deception, they say thirty sous, meaning stuyons, about sixty-three sous of France. Home at seven.

In our walk to-day, Vanderhoeval took me to see some ladies of his acquaintance. Seltzer water is the only cheap thing. I drink a bottle a day, six sous; meaning thirteen sous of France. This afternoon sent messenger with a note enclosing my queries to Van Hekelonn. 'This being Gam-py's birthday, I celebrate it, and drink his health in a whole bottle.

*May 23.* At eight to Pluym's. He had convened, last evening, a few of the Holland Company proprietors, who were discontent with the administration of the trustees and directors. I then related my interview with Van Hekelonn. To Valkenaer's. Took up V. D. H., and we strolled. Went into the Persian Church. The only Persians were the three performers, magnificently dressed, that is, all over gilt and embroidered. They were singing very loud and in the most horrible discord. If God be fond of music, he would not be propitiated by this. The three actors had their faces turned to the altar, where were burning seven tall wax candles.

Called at a rendezvous of Americans. Saw only Captain Combes, a New-England man, whose vessel has been confiscated and bought in, and yet he cannot get leave to depart. Dined at home. Had a bottle of wine. The twelve sous wine of Paris is here at three francs, which is unreasonable, the transportation being not more than six sous the bottle.

This is high holyday. All the churches open. The street amusement is dancing, jumping the rope, at which they are wonderfully expert.

24. Took my host to hunt American vessels. There is not one except Combes's, who will be obliged to sell his ship and get home as he can. To Van Hekelonn's. A reception the most froid—"Sir, I can't answer you anything."

I did, however, get from him the number of actions which have been bought in; a very important fact for me. Then to Pluym's. Talked over our Holland Company affair an hour. Yesterday deposited with him 7000 francs to lay out in Holland Company actions.

To Valkenaer's. Met at the door Mr. Pluym, Mr. François, and Mr. Vanderhoeval; with the two latter walked a little way. Then took a stroll to hunt a dinner. Though there are many hundreds of eating-houses here, could not find one. Came home. Took my host for pilot, and got a good dinner of fish and potatoes, with a bottle of common wine, six francs twelve sous. More than double what I should have paid in Paris. Home.

At seven V. D. H. and François called at my lodgings, and we walked together till eight. On the way, V. D. H. took us a circuit. Home at nine and took tea.

27. Embarked at Amsterdam for Hardywycke at eight P. M. The passage is about fifty miles. Wind ahead. A very pretty cabin, with large stateroom, and two large beds, neatly furnished, for fifty-six stuyons, about six francs. Ceded a bed to a respectable old man. Arrived at Hardywycke at seven A. M. Paid for sundries on board the packet, six francs. Got breakfast, and at eight was in the diligence; a Dutch wagon without springs. Five habitans fellow-passengers. From Hardywycke, very gently ascending through sand one half hour; then an open barren plain. No tree, nor house, nor cultivation. Two hours from Hardywycke, the chateau of Westerfelt, and three or four houses in the vicinity. Then one hour of barren heath to the village Elspilt. Neat, comfortable houses and gardens. Then one hour barren heath to a few scattered houses. Assailed by hosts of beggar children. Barren plain half an hour to the plantations about the palace of Loo; formerly the favourite hunting-ground of the Prince of Orange; afterward of King Joseph; now the property of the emperor, but uninhabited, except by servants. The palace, a square brick

building, nothing striking. Observe that the plain descends, in the rear of the palace, southwestward. About eight miles of naked heath brought us to the village of Appeldoorn. Many handsome houses and gardens, and hence to Deventer, about three hours, continued culture and good-looking gardens, having the air of ease and comfort. Approaching Deventer, you ride on the bank made to keep out the Issel. This, being raised ten or fifteen feet, gives a fine view of extensive plains under fine culture. Pass a wooden bridge, built on boats anchored in the river. A fortified town, without the wall. A park of large trees, perhaps fifty acres. The conscripts were in squads, training. A very handsome promenade. The Cathedral is one of the largest. I think more than four hundred feet long.

28. My direct route is through Osnaburgh. No diligence, or public conveyance of any kind, goes hence on that route before Friday afternoon. A dire dilemma. Posthorses cost about six francs a German mile. Had serious thoughts of abandoning the journey and returning to Amsterdam. This morning have found that the courier (the poste aux lettres) goes to-day by Bremen, about twenty-five miles out of my way, and in an open chair (curricule); have resolved to take his course, and we go all night. My hostess (a la Laine) is the kindest soul; has taken as much trouble to provide me the means of getting off as if it were her interest.

Have walked through the market; *strawberries*. Among two hundred women, not one comely; but two handsome in this house. At the village, also, two gardeners, well dressed, very tall, very fair, very comely. The Cathedral bells chime every quarter of an hour, and a grand chime every hour, besides occasional ones. A perpetual jingle.

*Lingen, May 30, 1811.* Left Deventer at eleven with the courier, in a cart drawn by two horses. On the way took up two more passengers. Paid twenty-six francs for a passage to Lingen; nineteen leagues. Arrived here at half past two in the morning. Were three hours coming the last three

leagues. Rain, tempest of wind, very dark. Overset; bruised my arm, but not materially.

On the way learned the vexatious fact, which the very polite postmaster, or his commissaire at Deventer, had concealed from me, viz., that the mail goes forward from this place on horseback; so that I am left here to provide ways and means, having come about eight leagues out of my way. Fortunately, my host proved to be a most complaisant, good-natured man.

*Osnaburgh, May 31.* Left Osnaburgh in post extraordinary, i. e., a phaeton and two horses. You cannot have less than two horses. Hilly to Ostercappel; then a plain to Bohmte (where this is written), a town on a side hill, in a hilly, cultivated country. Arrived at half past twelve. The distance *paid for* is three miles or six leagues, being in fact about four leagues. Slept half the way. This is the best place in Osnaburgh. We now enter Hanover. Through the Osnaburgh territory, on the roadside crosses with inscriptions. Also, inscriptions on most of the houses. At Osnaburgh the women handsome. The paysannes of all ages wear red petticoats; the large hat or cap, with broad flowing border.

At Lemfurde, called four leagues, in fact about six miles, paid for horse and carriage fifty-two groshen. To wachmister, a fellow who is supposed to look on while the horses are harnessing, four groshen. To Lemfurde the country is champaign, and the greater part through a barren. Had a distant view of the lake, which is about five miles long and two wide, abounding in fish, as is said. From Lemfurde to Dieppolz, four leagues. The country still flat, but of a totally different character. The whole way cultivated. We pass within a mile of the lake; on the other (west) side of which the land appears a little higher. Lemfurde is a wretched-looking town. One long, narrow, ill-paved street; a long canal of stagnant water; but on the other side of that canal is a large house, gardens, park, walks, &c. Formerly

George III., now General Bertrand, by gift of the emperor. At present occupied by le juge de Paix.

*Sulingen, June 1, 1811.* Arrived at half past one this morning. Little Rudolph got up and knew me, but would not let him wake any of the family, having occasion for nothing but rest. Lay on a sofa, not undressing, but got little sleep. The postboys began with their horns. Then (about three) came into my room some travellers to search for things they had left. Gave up the business of sleeping, and got up at eight. A most kind reception from all the family, which is still composed exactly as when I was here eighteen months ago. The youngest daughter has grown much, and is very beautiful. My friend D. is established at Gottenburg in commerce. And now, after all the fatigue, the mental troubles and vexations, *the expense*, find—what I might have known; what, in fact, did know—that I had no business here or at Bréine; shall nevertheless go to Bréme, and thence heavily to Amsterdam, and thence to Paris, and thence to Bourdeaux, and thence to thee.

Did not much notice the country from Dieppolz to this. The first part seemed a barren; the whole plain. Paid my postillion, who drove at the rate of about six leagues in six hours. Now let us see what this tour has cost. We'll put the whole for you in francs and sous.

*Groosander, June 8, 1811.* Arrived here at eight this morning, and underwent an examination of baggage at a bureau, this being (before its union with France) the frontier. We passed the line of Oldenburgh about a league back, and are now in Friesland.

We left the city of Oldenburgh at ten last night. Ten hours steadily employed in making eight short leagues in tolerable roads. Sandy, as usual, but not quite so deep. Our vehicle is the same kind of open coarse wagon. A little this side Oldenburgh we took in a smart, pretty Friese girl; chere amie, as would appear, of our conductor, perhaps of all the sex. The tender kisses she gave were quite

provoking. I had a quantity of straw put into my part of the wagon, and slept pretty well from two to seven. On waking, found a fertile, well-cultivated country, with a due portion of trees. All perfectly level, though we must have passed a hill in coming from the waters of the Weser to those of the Ems.

I may as well now tell you that I left Bremen at nine o'clock yesterday morning in a very coarse, open wagon, and arrived at Oldenburgh at eight in the evening. We were four. A Frenchman, settled at Oldenburgh, the only one with whom I could speak. At one long league (three miles) from Bremen we leave the territories of that city and enter those of Oldenburgh. Thus far the road is paved, but very roughly. Then a heavy sand, and the country generally has a barren appearance. At one league this side Oldenburgh we come upon a small river, which forms its port; a branch of the Weser. This league is over a wet, low meadow, which extends south and south-west as far as the eye can reach. Oldenburgh is pretty and neat. The houses generally small and low. At every window, flowers. The palace I did not see. The walks and gardens in the town are like those of Hanover.

The fine weather continues without interruption. Green pease and strawberries have been eaten at Oldenburgh for more than a week.

*Schantze, June 9, 1811.* We were detained four hours at Groosander, waiting the convenience of a clerk in the post-office at Leer, for which place he proposed to take passage with us. By this delay we arrived here at midnight instead of eight in the evening. No, it was at Nassel or Issel, or some such name, that we were so long detained. Two or three leagues this side Groosander, another douanier and inspection of baggage. Met there a French lieutenant of douane, who knew intimately Mr. D., the husband of my friend Madame D., and spoke of him in terms of the warmest eulogy and strong attachment; but I shall

never know him. From Issel to Leer, three hours. Here the postoffice clerk and the other passenger stopped. The remaining four leagues I came on alone, of which I was glad; for, though he speaks French freely, and is, I believe, a Frenchman, he did not say a word to me, and even replied to questions, which once or twice I put to him, in a manner nearly rude. My disorder increased to such a degree that I was in the utmost misery. Several times I feared to faint from the pain. It occurred to me that, on such an event, my companions would probably have thrown me out into the high road as a useless encumbrance, and taken possession of my trunk as fair prize.

To increase my distress, the road from Issel is all the way a hard chaussée (turnpike). The pavement in Leer (like our street pavements) was worse, and I thought it would never end. It appeared to me that Leer must be longer than London; but, on reflection, this cannot be true. I would, however, ascribe to it from 800 to 1000 houses. The street in which I was so tortured cannot be less than a mile in length. At twelve we reached Schantze (Note—These places, Hazel, Schantze, are not on any map. I write them as they are pronounced, and are, doubtless, very far from the true names); we waked up the family, got a dish of tea and a pail of water, and went to bed at two. Rose at five, having slept little; not a person in the house speaking a word of French or English. The landlord not up. Got breakfast. Hired for three francs the roof (the back cabin is so called) to myself; a comfortable little room, about six feet by ten, with four windows and cushioned seats. Took out my inkstand to write to you; lay down on the cushioned bench to repose. Got asleep, and slept sound for three hours, i. e., till we arrived at Winschoten, three and a half leagues. Here we take another trackschoup, and I had to pay for the cabin (the roof) thirteen francs, an imposition which, if I had had any wit, I might have escaped. Slept again till Shudbrouk, about two hours. Being detained here

for half an hour till a gate (lock) in the canal should be opened, went on shore and had full opportunity to see the singular Friesse dress.

A white cap close to the head, and coming down on the forehead nearly to the eyebrows. To the crown of this is attached a piece of gauze or muslin, according to the taste, of about half a yard long; set on very full all round, and flowing loose. Instead of ear-rings, a piece of metal, silver, gold, tin, brass, or lead, about an inch in diameter, sometimes larger, is placed on the temple, generally in a line with the eye, and brought near to the corner of the eye on each side. These ornaments are in a form approaching that of a shell, but very much varied. Ornamented sometimes with pearls or stones, with pendants. I could not imagine how these things were made to keep their place. At length saw two at their doors with the metal ornament, but without the cap. A piece of metal about an inch broad goes from each temple round the back of the head, and is made elastic, so as to compress the temples near the eyes. To the ends of these are fixed the ornaments.

This headdress is said to have continued without change from the remotest period of which any account is preserved in tradition or history. The rest of the dress is equally peculiar. A *long shortgown*, reaching about a foot below the hips; a sort of apron, going nearly round the person, but open a few inches behind, to show the skirts of the shortgown. This apron is of blue or black, and some I saw of silk, but invariably the upper part, about six or eight inches, of calico, stamped with various colours. From five years old to ninety, the cap, the temple-ornament, the shortgown and apron, are universal.

The men of all orders have very sharp-toed shoes, such as our beaus used to wear ten or fifteen years ago. At about two leagues more pass through Sappmere. Here many vessels in the canal, some of more than one hundred tons.

*Gottingen, June 10, 1811.* While I was writing to you

yesterday, came into my cabin one of the passengers who spoke a little French; he was followed by another; both seated themselves without ceremony. Then a third was coming in. I addressed him in English, but with an air of inquiry which he could not mistake, and he paused at the door. I desired my interpreter to ask him what he wanted. The man replied to him that he wished to come in and sit down, as the place was much more comfortable than the other. I bid the interpreter tell him that it was for that reason I had hired it, and paid for it so much money to have it to myself; but the man came in, placed himself in a corner, and in two minutes was snoring lustily. The first began to ask me many stupid questions about America, for he had learned my name from the gens d'armes, and then would repeat in Holland to the other. They lighted their pipes, and I left them the cabin to themselves and did not again go in. They were as much at their ease as if they had been proprietors. We landed in Gottingen at five. The tower, turret, like a church steeple, but for what use know not, is lofty, and makes a handsome appearance. The city might, I should conjecture, contain 20,000 inhabitants. All brick houses, one or two story, the parapet lined with large trees. Canals intersecting the town at right angles. The place of embarkation for Strobos being on the other side of the town, without the gate, distant nearly half a league, I preferred to go directly thither, to be ready to depart at four in the morning. Got a boy to carry my trunk for eight stivers, about sixteen cents. He most impudently tried to extort from me eight more. The master of the trachtschuyt too, notwithstanding the enormous sum I had paid for the cabin, demanded for the freight of my trunk, which I peremptorily refused.

I got a decent room at the tavern on this side; had dinner and tea; a clean bed; three gigantic, good-natured servant girls were very attentive, and greatly pleased to receive five stivers each. The walk of half a league over a rough pave-

ment gave me pain. Nevertheless, I walked and stood a good deal in the street to see what was passing.

This being Sunday, and also the feast of the King of Rome, every one is dressed and abroad. The temple-ornament, of which I forgot to learn the name, is universal here. I saw only one exception; but I have not well described it, nor can I. Will buy one for you, and dress you and A. B. A. à la Friese. At each end of the metal band which encircles the back of the head is a plate as big as your little hand. To this are fastened the ornaments on the cheek bone. The maids of the house permitted me to examine theirs.

My host invited me to go with him to the city to see the illumination; but I was in too much pain. Couché at twelve to half past three. Took coffee and embarked for Strobos, five leagues. Paid for the cabin (the roof) twenty-eight stivers.

When I speak of leagues here, the hours of going of trachtschuyt is meant; this is, I think, something more than three English miles. Slept the whole way to Strobos, where arrived at nine and got breakfast. Tea. Was asked, and fool enough to pay, six guilders, twelve francs, and ten sous for the calhuyl, and intended to write you some pages; but the passengers interrupted me so rudely that I wrote not a line. All the time on deck, admiring the rich cultivation and excessive population. At Dookum, a smart town (city), determined not to hire the cabin, but to take my chance with the herd. Paid eighteen stivers for the four leagues to Leewarden, the capital of West Friesland. It has several churches and a theatre. A very good-tempered Friese belle was passenger. She was in full costume of the country. Not only a splendid golden oorgzat, but earrings and large pendants of the same; also, a gold necklace set with stones. The cap as before described. First, the hair is all concealed under a black silk cap, sitting very close to the head; then the oorgzat, over which is a pink riband

(fillet) to keep it steady; then the cap, of which the head-piece is worked muslin; the part pendant, gauze, about one foot long, bordered all round with a lace of three inches broad. She told me that her headdress cost 250 stuyons, about 520 francs. The pendant part of the cap covers each side of the face, and may serve as a veil, admitting of much coquettish management.

One may take a single place in the calhuyt, which has no fixed price, but is about three stivers. The common cabin about two stivers.

At Leewarden was great holyday. There were thousands of people in the fields just without the ramparts. Among other amusements, horse-races, at which the dignitaries of your sporting-club would laugh. It is a trotting race. The distance about a quarter of a mile. The belles were dressed and walking on the border of the fosse. Met several very pretty and graceful forms. The ramparts or parapet is lined with double rows of large trees, and, being elevated about ten feet above the common level, forms a beautiful walk and affords extensive views. On the outside of the fosse, where we were obliged to walk about half a mile to reach the place of embarkation for Harlingen, also double rows of trees, but not yet full grown. Embarked at five; the boat very full, being about thirty passengers. Paid again nineteen stuyons for a single place. Paid boys five stuyons for bringing over my trunk and sack from the last landing. Arrived at Harlingen at ten, being yet broad daylight. On this last passage, a well-dressed young man addressed me in French, and, after some conversation, *mais n'est ce pas que vous parlez Anglois? Oui, monsieur, un peu.* Well, then, let us talk English. He is English or Irish, and established at Amsterdam as professor of—I know not what branch of science; Thomas Coles. At Harlingen we had tea by way of supper, good rooms, and clean, comfortable beds.

Couché at twelve to five. Slept not an hour, having drank

too much strong tea. Several French officers are quartered in this house. The captain-commandant amused us by relations of his disputes with the mayor and burgomasters. Paid for supper, breakfast, and bed, about three francs five sous. Very moderate. Embarked (with my professor, who is an amusing companion) at nine. Intended to have taken the calhuyt, as there is probability of being out all night, but it was already taken by an elderly lady. In the common cabin, which is about ten feet square, we have twelve passengers. A pretty, well-dressed girl was of our party, but the old lady has received her in the calhuyt. Our cabin admits of sitting up, but not of standing. It is impossible to be more uncomfortable. All round is a narrow bench, not covered, bare board, and in the middle fixed a small table, which, by stretching, you can just reach from the benches. No chairs, so that the table cannot be used for writing. Every one has his little store of provisions. The professor and I had only bread, milk, and brandy. We got cheese of the captain, but his butter is stale. Wind ahead. Have been out all night, and now, at ten A. M., Wednesday, the 12th June, in sight of Amsterdam, these three pages are written. Our supper and breakfast, tea, bread and cheese, no sugar; fortunately, I had a little. The professor is on good terms with the proprietors of the calhuyt, and had a good bed. I had also engaged a bed before embarking; but the captain thought proper to give it to one of his countrymen, and so I consoled myself on the narrow bench.

Never cross the Zuyder Zee, nor ever get into a trachtschuyt, without engaging the calhuyt; and, as in the trachtschuyt, there is neither latch nor bolt to the calhuyt, I advise you to go to the expense of a hook or button to fasten yourself in, or, rather, to shut your neighbours out. In the packet-boats they are neat and well fitted.

In the common cabin of the packet-boat and of the trachtschuyt, you always find two articles of furniture to us unknown—a *feer potche* and a *speere potche*. A number are

always smoking vile tobacco, and using the speer potche (spitting cup); but at tea, either morning or evening, all smoke perpetually while they sip their tea. Imagine the odour of the atmosphere, with a dozen people in a cabin ten feet square and five feet high.

*June 12.* On board packet-boat. Last evening, about nine, we passed near the town of Enkhausen, on the coast of N. Holland, formerly wealthy and prosperous, principally by the herring fishery, now in decay. You will wonder that a town well built of brick and stone can be in ruin in the course of fifteen years. It is thus explained. When their fishery and commerce were destroyed, the more wealthy, deprived of all resource, were obliged to sell their fine houses; but there were no purchasers. At length arose a new profession, that of demolisher (slooper); they buy houses, you may suppose at what price, in order to *demolish* (slooper) them, and to transport the brick, timber, iron, and glass elsewhere for sale. This unfortunate town has furnished much employ to this new trade.

While we were embarking at Harlingen two gens d'armes came to the boatside and examined the passengers, but asked no questions. I have not been required to show my passport since leaving Oldenburgh, except by the gens d'armes on Monday.

The wind has been light and direct ahead the whole way. My friend Neptune has, for the first time, forgotten me; or, perhaps, he don't trouble himself with what passes on a mill-pond like this. We have seldom found more than eight or ten feet water. They have no lead, but sound with a pole. Even the channel does not admit of vessels drawing more than eleven feet. Such is the Zuyder Zee. Large vessels are (formerly were) brought to Amsterdam, being buoyed up by what is called, in English, camels.

From Leer to Harlingen the land is generally from one to four feet above the water; in very few places any bank to resist inundation. In winter, the whole country is covered

with water. Approaching the town, we have been twice brought to by vessels having custom-house officers on board. At three P. M. we are moored about one hundred yards from the dock, and a boat comes off to take us on shore.

*Amsterdam, June 12, 1811.* This evening I am at my old quarters at M. Van Ham's. On landing, walked home, about half a league; paid six stivers to a man who brought my trunk. Found my little room vacant and took possession. Wrote and sent notes to Pluym and to Vanderhoeval. The former reported to be sick abed. The latter called on me this evening. Shall go early to bed, for am bruised to a jelly. About twelve last night got so much of one of the benches as enabled me to lay down, but not to stretch out, on the larboard side. Every time we tacked to go on the starboard tack, I rolled off on to the floor. This operation was repeated about once in a quarter of an hour.

13. Received last evening a letter from L. Menard, in answer to one I wrote him from Sulingen. He could find no letters for me; so the packet of your letters, which was sent to De Netzel, is finally lost. No letter from Denon in reply to that which I wrote him before leaving town.

At nine came in Captain Combes, of the ship *Vigilant*, to say that he had got permission to sail, and that, if I chose to take passage, he would do all in his power to accommodate me. I forgot to say that the captain had called during my absence, and had desired Van Ham to let him know of my return. Agreed to call on the captain at three to see the ship. At eleven to Pluym's; sick abed. To the doctor's; out.

Went this evening to that same secretary-general of police. He received me a little better than before, and said nothing about turning me out of town.

14. Do you know, my dear Theodosia, that this overture of Captain Combes's is a most interesting circumstance? A ship of near 400 tons, in fine order, sails well, and the cap-

tair, as he says, anxious to serve me. He has often kept awake, he says, whole nights about me, though he had never seen me. He will fit up a cabin to my own caprice, and appears to think he can never do enough. Now my passage is taken, I hasten to Paris. What need I to go to Paris? Indeed, I can't exactly tell you; but a thousand nothings, of which, probably, the most important are to buy Gampy some beautiful marbles, and you some silk stockings, and father a pail to water his horses on the road. A pail that you may put in your pocket. All these will cost perhaps seven or eight louis, and the journey will cost at least twelve. But, then, there is your watch which I have ordered, and one for Gampy, if I can squeeze out the money; and some books, and some garden-seeds. I think all these matters would be left to the hazard of being badly executed or omitted. But two articles are a little difficult. First, to get my passport changed from Bourdeaux to Amsterdam. Second, to get another operation of Fonzi, which he has promised.

Called again on Pluym. Still abed. Got from his partner the address of a notary whom he recommended for my affair with the Holland Company. Messrs. Fabrius and De Man. Called on them and opened my business. They both speak English. De Man is very handsome, and has an intelligent countenance. Handed him a copy of my note to Studniski of 22d May, and another which I wrote last night to Studniski and Van Ergin. My coachman dumb and lost his way, and, as I could not speak Dutch, we had some trouble to get home again.

At five called on De Hoeval and sat an hour. Received a note from De Man, that he had met and conversed with one of the partners, Studniski, who assured him that I should have answers to *all* my queries to-morrow. This is a most wonderful change. I employed Messrs. Fabrius and De Man merely to call on the Studniski's, &c., and to certify formally that they refused to answer. So resolve

to stay to-morrow. This afternoon to V. D. H., and then to a limner, where was to meet la belle Mannette; as she did not come at the minute agreed, I came off. Home, and took coffee for dinner. Wrote letters to Denon and to Vanderlyn, both in French. Forgot to tell you that the Vigilant cannot be ready to sail before the 15th July.

15. Waited at home till twelve before I had message from Pluym. Went at one and saw him. Received my money, except one thousand francs, which left in his hands. Then to Fabrius and De Man's. Saw De Man; he had seen Van H., who requested that I would wait till next week, and I should certainly receive answers; which I refused, and left the affair with De Man.

To Captain Combes, who offers to do everything for my accommodation. I had enjoined secrecy as to my going; but he says that his mate and three of his sailors knew me the moment I came into the ship. Home; M. had got me a nice little dinner. La p. Thérèse made me four nightcaps, and I gave her a ducat, about thirteen shillings New-York money. Paid my bill to Van Ham.

16. Mitje and Thérèse were up at five. Got me breakfast. Left all my baggage, with my keys, in care of Thérèse. Took only my little sack and umbrella. At half past six a hack took me to the Port de Harlaem, and at seven we were under weigh. Now, as we had no anchors, we could not be under weigh, but we were off. At about one hour came in sight of the Harlaem Lake. At one and a half hour, change boat, in sight of Harlaem Cathedral and the dunes, like a range of little mountains. Paid for passage twelve stivers; for cushion to sit on, two stivers; for carrying my sack across the town to the place of embarkation, ten stivers.

Harlaem is like all the Dutch towns—neat. It is well built. Much ornamented with trees and open squares. Very quiet. Had, as is said, formerly, sixty thousand inhabitants; now sixteen thousand. The wood (Bowery) without the town on the side of Leyden; the rows of trees; the view

of the dunes ; the neat, well-built houses, denoting wealth and ease (olim), render this part of the way quite picturesque. The calhuyt was taken. I was just as well in the common cabin and on deck. There were many women on board, several very pretty. Fine arms, fair skins, good complexions, and sound teeth, are characteristics of the sex in this country. From Harlaem to Leyden is four hours. On the way a shower, but cleared off. On landing at Leyden, got my sack and coat transported for one stiver, and could have had it for half, though the distance is much greater than that for which I paid ten stivers at Harlaem. Always make a bargain.

The dunes are sandhills supposed to have been thrown up by the ocean, against which they serve as a barrier. Some of them appear at least one hundred feet high. They extend about a league in width ; a barren, dead sand. On the other side is the ocean. You pass through a small part of them on the way to Leyden.

From Leyden to Delft is still beautiful, by the cultivation, the trees, the excellent houses, and the beautiful pavilions which border the canal. A gentleman with a French wife and a boy of thirteen proposed to associate with me, to take posthorses from Rotterdam to Anvers, to which I agreed ; but, separating, we did not again meet in time to make the arrangement.

June 17, 1811. On board trachtschuyt from Delft to Rotterdam. My good host Walter has lent me pen and ink (with which this is written), to be returned by trachtschuyt. There is so much confidence in the skippers of these trachtschuyt, that the innkeeper will give you breakfast with the table furniture on board, &c. Sailing in the trachtschuyt, every time you change your vessel comes a little fellow with his cap and whip, and asks you to please remember *the postillion*.

The pavilions, country houses, barns, and shaded walks ; the various forms given to trees, canopies, parapets, obelisks,

pyramids, &c., are worthy of notice. Question.—Of what nation are the people who sit on the roof, their feet and legs hanging down into the cabin, where are a number of ladies? Who stand in the doors, depriving those within of light, of prospect, and of air? Who talk of trifles, of nothings, but always of themselves, with voice loud and important; if several of the ladies sleeping, no matter?

*Rotterdam, June 17, evening.* After writing the preceding, went to sleep and slept till our arrival. Paid six stivers for carrying my sack to the tavern, Le Maréchal Turenne, which they say is the *taxe* for carrying *one* pound or a greater weight anywhere within the city. Went immediately to the bureau des diligence and took my place for Anvers, about nineteen leagues. This is to be land travelling. Paid thirty-five francs, and lost two francs in the change of a half doubloon. Stepped into a shop to buy a pair of gloves. A beautiful brunette, resembling Madame Gilbert. She was speaking Holland to a customer, and answered me in French. If I mistake not, madame, you can speak a little English. She was English. Stayed half an hour, then home. Lay on the bed. Refused dinner. Slept till five. Had tea, and then to Madame Foster's, where sat an hour, and engaged to call on my return. Then walked an hour through the town, and along the Meuse (in Dutch, Maase). It is beautiful, it is magnificent. Ships of any burden can come up to the town, and into the canals and basins. The streets are *now* about ten feet above the water. In many high floods of the Rhine the water has covered some of the streets. The canals appear, generally, one hundred feet wide. Rows of very large trees and sidewalks paved with yellow brick. I have seen no city so finely accommodated for trade. Its position, too. Look at your map, master Gampy. It had once more than sixty thousand inhabitants; how many now have not learned.

On returning to my lodgings, the servant brought a paper ruled in columns, with printed heads, which the traveller is

required to fill up. Your name, occupation, place of birth, whence and where going, &c. This is universal wherever you lodge at night. I have procured one of these papers, and will fold it in this. The diligence goes at five; have ordered my breakfast at four; and now, at eleven, shall smoke my pipe and go to bed.

The gentleman who was so anxious of travelling with me called to arrange, but I had already taken my passage, at which I was quite mortified, and so was he; for we would have saved twenty-five francs.

At nine last evening, as I was on my way to the secretaire de la police, which my host thought necessary, the little son of Dr. S. came running after to say that his father had gone to my lodgings. Returned, and we met and went to his house. Passed an hour with him; a sensible, amiable man. I happened to recollect that he was the inventor of a machine for determining the depth of the ocean at places beyond sounding. He explained with pleasure, and showed me a model. I praised his children, another little boy and girl, all three beautiful. He has a son of twenty at Leyden, and a daughter married. These two by a first wife, whose picture he drew from his bosom and showed me. A fine face. We agreed to meet at ten to-morrow morning. My host is exceedingly like our good Dr. Browne, and speaks French. His daughter also, a fine, plump, healthy, round-faced girl of eighteen. Had a good bed, and slept till six from twelve, but very illy, my headache having returned.

Walked half an hour in this fine town, richly built, and formerly 44,000 inhabitants, to buy a pair of gloves; but saw not a shop but of soap and candles, tobacco, and bread. It is said there are now but 10,000 inhabitants, and that five of them are on charge. Formerly forty-eight breweries, now two; six thousand persons employed in manufactures of Fayence (the ware we call delf), now one hundred, &c. At ten called on Dr. S.; saw the big and the little boy. Gave to one a pretty crayon, to the other bon bons. The

doctor came and walked with me to show their academy, founded by the bounty of a lady who died about fifty years ago. The philos. apparatus; an air-pump on a new construction; model of machine by the Montgolfier for jet d'eaux. He gave me a copy of his memoir explaining the bathometer. Off at eleven, and on board trachtschuyt in the calhuylt. Have paid ten stivers for my passage to Rotterdam, two and a half leagues. A fine, clear, brilliant summer's day, and not warm.

*Anvers, June 18, 1811.* Arrived here at nine this evening, having been sixteen hours coming about forty-five miles, the distance from Rotterdam to this place, not halting either to breakfast or dine, and relays of excellent horses about every eight miles.

The passage across the Meuse is about half a league, which is made in a small skiff. The tide rises here about five feet. The water fresh. Then over an island or islands, three leagues, crossing on the way two small ferries in scows drawn by ropes. Passing several villages. The country in high cultivation; perfectly flat, riding often on the dike (bank), which gives a view of the surrounding country. The three leagues brings you to the little village Buitensluys, opposite Williamstadt. The passage over the Hollandsche duse, a large bay here formed, is about four miles, made also in a small skiff. At this vile little village of Buitensluys, surrounded by beggars; an idiot female, a most shocking object, and several monsters\*and deformities. Here is a rigid examination. Our trunks and sacks were rummaged to the bottom. Even the little bundles in my sack were opened. On landing at Williamstadt, the same examination was repeated.

From Williamstadt to Bergen-op-Zoom, famous by many sieges, must be about seven or eight leagues. We stopped at a village about half way, where got hastily a *tartine* (piece of bread and butter, and a cutlet, and beer). Bergen-op-Zoom is so covered by its fortifications, that, on approaching, you

see nothing but trees and one or two spires. On coming out the carriage we were again examined by the douaniers, but no delay or opening of trunks. This town seems to be on high land, as its name imports, and on going out you see small hills on the left like dunes. On the right a large sheet of water, a sort of bay. Looking S. W. seems like the ocean, the water forming the horizon. An officer who was in the carriage said all that space was formerly covered with villages and under cultivation, but, by the rupture of some dike, had been regained by the water. He showed us an old map which verified the fact, and from this place to Anvers there is scarce a tree, though the land is in pasture or cultivation; but the other part of the road, hence to Rotterdam, is lined with trees; sometimes three, four, and even six rows.

We rode to-day in a sort of phaeton, with two or three benches. The back seat only has any support or leaning place. I was in front, and was greatly fatigued, the carriage being hard. From Bergen-op-Zoom we were eleven, and had two carriages, and I had a back seat; but I might have had it before, as it was occupied by two young men.

We had difficulty here to find beds, the town being very full. A gentleman and wife from Bruxells were in the carriage from Bergen-op-Zoom, and we made some acquaintance. He and I went to the police to get our passports viséd, without which you cannot get out of town. Took my tea in the evening, and went to bed at eleven quite out of order. No appetite, and in pain all day. A sort of dull headache.

*Bruxells, June 19, 1811.* Had a bad night's rest, i. e., little or none. The house was very noisy till two o'clock, and at four I was up. Off at five; the carriage extremely convenient and well hung. Had a back seat. Went to sleep. At two leagues from Bruxells, my companion waked me, and said I must view the country for the rest of the way, as there was nothing in Europe more beautiful. He was right. We rode the whole day along the canal; pass

the palace of — Luc, and continually elegant houses, parks, and other improvements.

At Malinos got very hastily two dishes of very bad coffee, for which paid a florin. My headache has pursued me all day without intermission. Resolved to hasten on to Paris, and back to Amsterdam, and on board the *Vigilant*, even if it were certain that I should die on the passage and be thrown overboard. Weary of Europe.

Walked to see the Park. There is nothing in Paris equal to it. The richness and variety of the shops and stores surprised me. They have no need to go to Paris for pretty things. What pity that I have not fifty guineas to buy you lace here. Oh! what a quantity you could have. Bought only a map of the city and another of the Austrian Netherlands. Lay down and slept an hour. Had a bowl of soup and slept again; and now have had my tea, and have written you this whole sheet, and am obliged to begin another; and, lest you and Gampy should scold at me for using paper of different sizes, have cut down a quarto sheet to this.

The fare from hence to Paris is sixty francs. You go day and night; that is, are two days and one night on the road, or two days and two nights, forget which; but we stop not, except to make a hasty meal. I have got number three, which entitles me to a corner. Shall write you nothing till I arrive and get settled in Paris. Have given up my old quarters and made no provision.

There is a play to-night, and I should have been very glad to have gone, that I might have told you something about it; but must lay quiet and nurse myself. Adieu, mes enfans. No, it is two days and two nights; about fifty-five hours to go one hundred and fifty miles.

At half past eleven to-day were guillotined in this city three women and four men. A very calm observer of the ceremony told me it lasted just sixteen and a half minutes. That the first executed were the women; of whom one, a beautiful girl of twenty-two. The crime alleged, assassi

nation and robbery. I did not go to see the execution, but the account of it made me sick.

Mons. la tour du Pin, who was with his wife in the United States, and at Richmond Hill, is prefect of this department, and settled here with his wife. I did not announce myself, having so little reason to expect civilities from my French American acquaintance.

*Paris, June 22, 1811.* Arrived at eight this morning, having been just fifty hours on the road. The distance, however, instead of sixty leagues, as I told you, is estimated at seventy-two leagues, or one hundred and seventy-five or one hundred and eighty English miles. Our route was through Mons, Valenciennes, Peronne, Roije. (See the map.) I forgot to tell you that you may compare seasons. When I passed through Groningen and Friesland, eighth, ninth, and tenth of June, they were harvesting rye, &c. Cherries and pears had been common for ten days. On the way from Anvers to Bruxells, nineteenth of June, they were harvesting rye, &c. The weather, since I left Paris, has been uniformly fine; not a rainy day. Now and then a shower, and frequently at night. Not a fog or mist in all the low countries, so proverbial for fogs. Observe, however, that such a season is not in the recollection of any man living, nor one so forward by three weeks.

My travelling companions were a decent young Dutch man; a young Dutch Frenchman who sought my acquaintance, proposing himself to return to Amsterdam in ten days, an English or Irishman, formerly in the French king's service; le General Chevalier Jerningham, concealed from me for twenty-four hours that he could talk English; a French West India planter, who had been taken and carried into England as a prisoner; was detained eighteen months; got exchanged on his arrival in France; made prisoner on this side, and confined six months. This is his account. That of his travels is truly wonderful. An old gentleman and wife, about seventy-five; their friendship and tenderness to

3

each other pleased me much. They got in at Mons. There being no room inside, the old gentleman was obliged to go outside, to the great distress of the wife; but presently the young Dutchman gave up his place, for which the married couple were sufficiently grateful. The details would amuse you, but these we always reserve for chat.

Through Picardy we saw scarcely any but ruined houses indicating wo. The torment of the beggars was distressing and unceasing. Throwing in roses was a pretty way of calling our attention.

The first day and night had a distressing headache and much pain from my disorder. The second, a bleeding at the nose relieved the headache, and I arrived in tolerable order. But eleven o'clock, mes enfans; I must quit you to night, and to-morrow will try to get a better pen.

Have got a platina pen, but rather stiff. My Dutch Frenchman proves to be a Portuguese, settled at Amsterdam, and of respectable connexions. We went together from the diligence office to take lodgings at a hotel known to him, but it was full, and could take neither of us. We separated. He gave six sous to the boy who had brought our sacks. I asked the fellow for how much he would go with me to Rue St. Augustine. What I pleased. Offered fifteen sous. He demanded thirty; having no doubt but I would give anything, as no porter was to be had at that hour; I consigned him over to all the devils, took my sack on my own shoulders, and engaged the first hack I met. It was well I did so, for we ran about more than two hours before I could get any sort of room, so full is Paris by reason of the fêtes for the Roi de Rome. At length got a room, about in the style of that I had left, and am actually at Hotel de Normandie, Rue des Boucheries St. Honore, number three, where I should be very glad of the honour of a visit from you.

Got a bad breakfast from a coffee-house, and went forth in cabriole, not being able to walk without pain, and fearing to do me harm. To Denon's, who received me very kindly,

and promised to ask the duke for an audience for me; to Madame P.'s; she had left town yesterday; to Vanderlyn's; he has neglected your enamelled watch, and the picture is not yet finished by the enameller.

To Pelouse's, my old quarters. The family is broken up. Mad. Pelouse gone with her sister, he to the country. The house let to other tenants. Jul. and M. were very glad to see me. To Fonzi's, who is in bad health. Note—he loves the table. Home, and got a bowl of soup for my dinner from the restaurateur, but so execrable that I could not eat it. Wished for a cup of tea, but in the whole hotel there is not a teakettle, nor any machine for heating water. Vanderlyn came in. Sent him out to buy tea and sugar, and to the coffee-house to get the hot water.

23. Slept till seven, and am refreshed, but the walking yesterday done me no good. Went to Fonzi's to breakfast. Thence to see Albertine, who is always belle; quarrelled with her friend. To Pelouse's, to get my cooking and eating tools; got none; all out. To Madame Fenwick's, who received me like a friend. Asked me to call and dine at five, when she would have something to propose to me. Agreed. To Bonnett's, to see about your watch. Out. Left note. To your hosier. Your stockings are done, but not quite to my mind. Home. On the way got a new hat; paid twenty-four francs, and two francs for an oiled cover to my cap, a leathern jockey cap, in which I travel, much the mode over all the Continent.

At five to Fenwick's; met M. Layons, formerly militaire, and wearing the cross of honour, settled in Illyria; with some valuable immunities in commerce. A man of education and talents, of frank, unassuming manners. Am much pleased with him.

But that you may know the extent of my discretion, I must tell you that, to relieve me from some of the evils of my journey, I took medicine in the morning, intending to have stayed at home and drank slops. At Fenwick's I was

obliged to eat a little and to drink a little, both very bad. Then the weather threatened rain ; the evening was chilly ; I was thinly clad, and had no surtout. Again the number of carriages was so immense that, though we had tickets of admission from the commanding general, there must be a great deal of walking, which is most pernicious. Nevertheless, at half past seven we got into the chariot. Passing les Champs Elysées, voilà, says Fenwick, la maison ou fait les meilleurs glaces ; allez M. L. commandez des glaces. The carriage stopped ; Mr. L. went and brought us ice-creams. I swallowed a whole one, and we drank water after. Going on, I felt a strange numbness at my stomach, which brought to my mind the fate of my friend General G., who, having taken a dose of medicine, some time after drank a glass of cold water, and in an hour was dead. It seemed to me that I was about to follow his example ; and, being in good company, and feeling no pain, there could not be a more charming occasion for an exit. I became very gay ; and Fenwick said I was never so amiable. The affair, however, took a very different course, and I was obliged "to do as people do in France."

The sky was clouded, but no rain. The night was perfectly adapted to exhibit fireworks and illuminations to advantage. The romantic position of St. Cloud afforded the opportunity of varying the exhibitions. They were beautiful and magnificent. After the fireworks were done, Mr. L. proposed that he and I should walk along the river and about the palace, to see the various illuminations. Fenwick recommended this ; we saw her in the carriage, and she went off. We were to take our chance for a hack. Mr. L., not being well acquainted with the ground, and the confusion produced by the variety of light, led us astray. It now began to rain hard ; we had no surtouts or umbrellas. When we reached the bridge, there was nothing to be seen which we had not before seen from a better point of view. We therefore took shelter in the first house we could get

in; but the crowd was so immense that even this was difficult. At length we found room to stand up under cover. Mr. L. then went out to hunt a carriage. All were engaged. He went in another direction, and, after an hour, returned without success. He was not to be discouraged. Out he went again. A guinea was asked for a seat to town, about six or seven miles; and then you must be crammed with six or eight drenched people. At half past one he returned with a carriage; at what price I know not, for he would not let me interfere.

During the two or three hours that Mr. L. was coach-hunting, I amused myself in the crowd. It is supposed that there were at least *sixty thousand women* on foot. The rain continued without intermission till sunrise. The women had a gown and chemise only. They generally drew the gown over their heads, to protect their bonnets and caps, artificial flowers, &c., and raised the chemise up to the knees to keep it from the mud. A lady thus caparisoned was walking just before me, her chemise adhering to the skin, and rendered transparent by the wet; a gentleman near me and behind her said, *Madame, en voit des linéament tous les traits de votre visage, qui est tres beau* (it was, indeed, very large), but, Lord! how she did abuse him. There were constant sallies of this kind, which the distressed women always took very ill. We arrived in town between three and four, broad daylight. There were five lines of carriages abreast, generally walking, and often stopping for fifteen or twenty minutes; so that we were nearly three hours on the way. The way was yet full of pedestrians, and there were many thousands behind us. The time was by no means tedious. My friend was not sleepy, and we were (I believe) mutually amused.

It is supposed that there were out upward of 250,000 people and five or six thousand carriages, cabrioles included. I heard the cost and loss of the female inspection estimated

as follows. If there were another fête to-morrow at the same distance, they would all be out again.

50,000 pairs of shoes (they will always be well shod), at two francs ten sous . . . . .	150,000
Hats, caps, ribands, artificial flowers, gauzes, &c., ruined or deteriorated, twenty francs each . . . . .	1,000,000
Washing, &c., 200,000 pieces, the cost of fuel and soap, only add three sous each . . . . .	30,000
Contingencies . . . . .	20,000
One million two hundred thousand francs . . . . .	1,200,000

24. In this sketch of the fête of St. Cloud I have not told you a fiftieth part of the incidents and spectacles, which, if written, would amuse you. Enough, however, to show you how impossible it would be for me to undertake to write you details. I should do nothing else. It is necessary, therefore, to confine myself to the single article of the places where I have been and the persons I have seen. And, again and again, I pray you to recollect that this is not a journal to read, but mere notes from which to talk or to speak, like a lawyer. It is my brief, from which I shall make you and Gampillo many and many a speech.

Rose at eight, having slept very little. The lodgers were continually entering with great noise. Mr. De Veer called just as I got up, and sat an hour. A young Hollander, of extraordinary talents and energy of character. Called on Fonzi; very ill, abed.

25. Bonnett called at ten to talk about your watch. He was in such a hurry that he had not time to sit down. Being a great talker, though very amusing, he sat till half past twelve, and till I told him I was engaged and must go out.

To Denon's, *who* had seen the duke, *who* will give me audience incessamment, which may come in three weeks. Denon advises me to write to him, and told me what to write. Walked over to Vanderlyn, *who* was busy with his beautiful *model*, *who* consented that I should assist, and in I came. At three took Vanderlyn to the enameller's. He

will make a horrid thing, and I fear you will be little pleased, except with my endeavours to please you.

Dinner with Vanderlyn at a restaurateur's. Made a very bad dinner on things which, if differently dressed, that is, tout simple, and not dressed at all, I should have feasted. Drank no wine. In the evening to Fonzi's. He is something better. Wants nothing but an emetic, and to be put on short allowance for a month. Found Blauw's card on coming in.

26. M. Layons called early and sat an hour. He has been urging me to make a tour through Italy and Illyria, and set no bounds to the kindnesses and facilities which he offers; and, when I may wish to depart, has a ship at my command to take me to Malta or Gibraltar, where may always be had passages to the United States. He is so zealous that he has engaged Fenwick to join in solicitations; but her good sense sees too justly to approve of a waste of time so alluring. I have promised Mr. L. that, a few years hence, I will make this tour with you and Gampillo.

Wrote Duke Bassano demanding audience.

Last night slept very ill. A burning heat and headache. Had locked my door to prevent intrusion. At half past seven a violent and repeated knocking. Got up in a rage to repel the insolence. It was the valet of Fenwick, who was at the door in her carriage waiting to speak to me. A summons to breakfast at eleven with Layons, the general commanding the artillery, and another. Said I would go. To prepare for the occasion, took a dish of coffee. Threw it off my stomach in five minutes. Tried a dish of tea; the same result. Then a glass of water, with eau de Cologne and sugar. This was followed by vomiting and violent retchings. Then lay down. At twelve a little less pain in the head, and the stomach quiet. Dressed, and went to Fenwick's; but the party was gone. Madame engaged me to dine to-morrow. Walked about to do errands, but quite ill. Vanderlyn called and made similar complaints. Have no

doubt but the green beans we had yesterday for dinner, and of which I ate the greatest part, had been cooked in a copper to brighten the colour, and, like enough, had stood in the vessel twenty-four hours, and then been warmed for us.

27. Slept perfectly well last night. The copper has passed off. Called on Bonnett this morning, and, in spite of all I could do, he kept me nearly an hour talking. Bought me a silver repeater for seven louis. Fear I shall not be able to buy a watch for my dear little boy. To Layons's. He was out. To Mr. Griswold's, where an hour. A wonderfully analytic head. To Denon's, to get tickets for the grand review to-morrow. Out. To Nané's. Out. Met him on my return, and went home with him. He said he had come from my house. N. has been cold the last three months, but is now in trouble, and thought I could be useful. Shall most cheerfully use my endeavours. Of some errands, and then home.

At five to Fenwick's to dine. Met le general and a cousin who had been to Mexico, to Louisiana, to Cuba, and had seen and known a thousand things which I neither knew, nor had seen, nor had heard. Was much surprised to hear of a nation of anthropophagi within 200 miles of New-Orleans, who every year devoured whole crews of American seamen, who, through ignorance, put into St. Bernard's Bay. Madame took a promenade with the general on horseback. Saw her mounted, and then came home. Crede called in the evening. I wrote you till bedtime about the St. Cloud's day. Have done nothing for my disorder, but, in spite of all my irregularities, it is passing off.

28. At seven this morning came in Mir. These frequent visits seem to have no motive of interest, but merely for the love of God. Note, Madame Gardell, the celebrated operadancer, is tres dévoté. After dancing and showing her form for half an hour, she immediately says her prayers. Then another turn on the stage; and thus the account is kept and balanced.

La belle Recamier is also devoté; but, with her religion, is lovely. Gods, what proselytes she would make if she would turn apostle and preach. Pray, madame, ought the business of religion to be wholly in the hands of women as preachers and teachers? Madame R. is an angel of benevolence.

De Veer came in at nine. At eleven to Denon's. He was closeted with the ministers, and invisible. Wrote in his audience-chamber a note and sent it in. He came out. Got two tickets for the review. Wished for four, for Fenwick and her friends, but was too late.

Called at Crede's. Out. At Paschaud's; with surprise, with joy, with rapture, received your two letters of January and March, 1811. 'The bad things you relate are not half so bad as you think. I will set them right. You give me more information and light than you supposed; yes, I hasten to your relief and comfort. Alas! poor A. B. R., he loved us sincerely.

Gampilla's letters are all lost. A greater loss to me than the works of Menander or Tacitus. My dear Theodosia, how well you write. Pos. you must write a book. I have got the subject, but have no time to talk of this now.

To Fenwick's. Gave her the two tickets for her and Layons, whom met there. For certain reasons, refusing myself to be of the party. But Fenwick has ordered me to call on her on Sunday morning at half past seven. After Layons went out, she said something had affected me; she was right. I told her of A. B. Reeves, and made his eulogy. She mingled a tear with mine.

To Fonzi's. He is better. Engaged to eat soup with him to-day. Home for an hour, which passed in writing this and the preceding; for now I have caught you up, and I may tell you a secret, viz., that I have been behind-hand ever since my return, having written you nothing since last Sunday till yesterday and to-day, and will try hard to keep up, but fear not, for I have got many things to see for you,

and some to buy, sixpenny things only; and then to run after the ministers and the police-officers about my passport, for I tremble every hour lest something should transpire to detain me.

Have been to Fonzi's to dine. Madame was there, having come in from the country; and we were, contrary to late habits (for she thinks I don't like her), extremely amiable to each other. I have promised to go and pass Wednesday next in the country with her. Fonzi's goodness and patience are not exhausted by fifteen months of vexation and importunity; he anticipates (this platina pen is too stiff; see what scrawls it makes) and proposes to do all I would desire.

Home at seven. Vanderlyn came in to report what he had been doing, for I am obliged to scold him (how much better you would do this) to keep him at work, in order that he may go with me. If he does not go to the United States, I anticipate much trouble for him in another year. And now please to let me read again your letter, and a very interesting one received at the same time from Erich Bollman. How they came I do not know; but since their landing, through the French postoffice, and unopened, which gives me pleasure, as it shows they have come to a better way of thinking of me.

29. Passed the whole day at Fonzi's. Dined with him at a table d'hôte. Tres bien. He paid. Home at half past seven. Had just undressed, and had set down to write to you, when in came Vanderlyn. In half an hour came Layons, who sat out Vanderlyn, and stayed till half past eleven. He is to call on me at two. We are to take an early dinner, to call on Fenwick at four, and thence to the Louvre, from the windows of which we are to see the review, which is to be very magnificent, and now must prepare to work.

30. Extremely grave, with a face wrapped in pudding—a pudding of bread, brandy, and pepper. Rose at six. At eight to Fenwick's. She renounced the sight of the review, and puts me in the hands of the chevalier, and returns

me the tickets of admission. Thence to D.'s, to excuse myself from dining with him. It was quite unnecessary, for he had forgotten it, and was just going to the country to pass the day; so kept my apology for the next occasion. Home to breakfast. Out on several errands, but home at two to receive the chevalier, who was punctual. Went to a restaurateur's au Palais Royal, which you observe n'est que deux pas de mon logi. Had a great dinner, of which, except the potage, I scarcely tasted, and excellent wine. At half past four to Fenwick's, who engaged us to pass the evening and sup with half a dozen or more of the militaires. At five to the Louvre, but we should never have reached it without his riband and star, for we were at least twenty times stopped by sentinels, the troops being already paraded in the square, through which we had to pass. Got in, and then another embarrassment. Every window was occupied. But his star and his eloquence relieved us again, and the —— (chose) gave us a nice little cabinet with a window to ourselves, in the best possible position. But this window would not open, which obstructed the light, and, besides, we wanted air. He called the —— again, but there was no remedy; the window was not made to open. What a pity.

I observed that, if we should break one of those immense large panes, it would be only an accident, for which we could pay, and then we should have air and prospect. He seized a billet of wood and demolished the pane. It made a great noise, and the glass fell down among the military; but the thing was done, and we enjoyed the benefit. There were about five or six thousand horse, and seven or eight thousand foot. My dear Gampillo, to answer all your questions about dress, there are ten pictures, which you may examine at your leisure.

At the moment his majesty appeared, came on, contrary to all custom, a smart shower of rain, which lasted a full hour, and his majesty and his suite, and the troops, must

have been wet to the skin. After some of the regiments had passed the review and gone off, the artillery, and about thirty-two pieces, drawn each by four horses, and followed by 135 carriages and wagons, with furnaces, &c., entered at one side, passed near the arcade of the Tuileries, where his majesty then stood, and out at the other side. The whole exhibition was magnificent and imposing.

After the review, eight o'clock, which was not yet sunset, we came off. I apologized for the window, and gave the Mr. (chose) a piece of gold, with which he seemed happy. I imagine the glass will be charged to his majesty's account. The chevalier led me au Palais Royal; after strolling an hour, into a caffè in a cellar, which I will describe as well as I can. We took ice-creams. There was music and a ventriloquist.

We agreed to neglect Madame Fenwick. At half past ten I got home. The chevalier would see me to my quarters, and set half an hour. I had been for two hours in torment with a toothache, and by this time a swelling. The pudding has already (twelve o'clock) relieved the pain, but I much fear that the face will not be in condition to exhibit to-morrow.

Found, on coming in, a very satisfactory letter from Fabius and De Man about the Holland Company affairs.

*Paris, July 1, 1811.* Slept perfectly sound till half past eight, and then waked by the entrance of the servant of Mir., whom, for this time, I wished to the ——. To my great joy, the swelling and pain are both entirely gone. Bonnett came in and sat two hours; he is extremely amusing. Agreed to walk with him this evening.

At twelve to Fenwick's, who did scold me at a round rate for not coming to sup last evening, and really told me things which made me regret. I laid it all to the chevalier, and said nothing of the toothache. To the chevalier's, whom met at his door. Went in and sat two hours. We were led to talk of Mexican affairs, of which everybody who

knows me has heard. I do believe that, if we had known each other fifteen months ago, I should have done something in that business. But now I am resolved that nothing shall deter me from joining you this autumn. He engaged me to dine with him, and proposed to call on me at half past four. Thence to Fonzi's, where half an hour. To D'Alberg's. Out. To Denon's. He had company to breakfast, and they were just setting down to table (four o'clock), so I did not go up, but left my name. To Crede's, and then home.

The chevalier was already waiting in my room, and also Jul. The latter I dismissed as soon as possible. The chevalier had brought a carriage, and said that, as I was indisposed, he had thought a ride would do me good. We rode an hour through les Champs Elysées, &c., then to dinner at Mandit's au Palais Royal, where we had a cabinet. Yesterday we dined, as is the custom here, in the public room, where are twenty, or thirty, or more small tables. The chevalier renewed, with great interest, the subject of Mexico. He has a great many good ideas; some new ones. But don't be alarmed, mes enfans, I tell you I will embark for the United States. But why had I not known the chevalier eighteen months ago?

I regretted much my appointment with Bonnett, but came home to observe it. The chevalier came with me, and sat till Bonnett came.

After sitting an hour with Bonnett, we went au Palais Royal, where, after strolling an hour, we took ice-creams and strolled again. Went for five minutes into a famous gambling-house. Many stars and ribands. When the number of the house is transparent, i. e., on a box where is a lamp, it is the signal of a gambling-house. I contemplated with pity the anxious faces. My guide proposed to take me to another of celebrity, which opens every night at half past eleven, and lasts till a late hour in the morning. But I declined, and came home at eleven.

The Palais Royal, built by Orleans, has never been fin-

ished according to the original design. It is—but we will describe it the first evening we have nothing else to do at Grenville.

2. A dish of strong coffee, which I drank with the chevalier, kept me awake till five. At six came in Jul. Notwithstanding my drowsiness, was really glad to see her, and received her most cordially. Got up, made my breakfast, and went forth. To Fonzi's for a few minutes. Then took cabriole and went over to Vanderlyn's on an errand. On my return called on Denon. He had seen the duke, who excused himself on account of extraordinary occupation (which is really true), and asked Denon if he thought my affair was pressing. Par dieu; I shall satisfy him on that head by a letter. Home at eleven to meet De Veer. He had called at half past ten and gone off. This is as *unpunctual* as if he had called at twelve, for eleven was his own appointment. Went to his lodgings. Out. Left note, which had written in case of not finding him.

The chevalier came in and sat an hour. Engaged me to dine, that we might have a talk. De Veer came in and sat some time, being kept by the hardest shower I have seen in Europe, with heavy thunder. To Fonzi's; nothing done. He is just such a careless fellow as Dr. B. To Crede's. Home. Found the chevalier waiting in my room. We dined again in a cabinet at Mandit's. The dinner was very good, but I had no appetite, and everything I eat does me harm. Pos. I will starve it out.

After dinner we called on Fenwick, who received us in bed, being quite indisposed. Sat an hour debating various comical things. Wish you could have been present. Agreed that French women are of cold blood, and have love only in the head. Hence, never carried away by passion, but always by calculation.

Home at nine, and at half past ten was going to bed, when — came in. He has always something to tell me about his chere amie, who is one of the most beautiful women I

have seen, and who loves him most ardently, and not, I think, from "the head." All this is written to-morrow.

3. Was waked at seven by a woman who brought me a pound of coffee burned according to my instructions. Slept an hour and a half longer. Copied some queries relating to the Holland Company. Wrote letter to Duke Bassano. De Veer, who was to have called at eleven, came at half past twelve. Got him to mend my letter. He has procured me a rendezvous with le Senateur Comte Schimmelpennink for Friday next. He is one of the trustees of the Holland Company.

At two to Fonzi's; nothing done. Met there the femme with whom I had engaged to dine to-day in the country. Got that put off till to-morrow, for I had just received summons from Fenwick to meet the chevalier at her house. Home. Took cabriole to Duke de Bassano's. Left my letter, and went into le Bureau des Passeports Etrangères. Le chef received me civilly, as in this department I have always been received. He promised to communicate my affair to the duke on Friday, and begged me to call on Saturday. Thinks I will meet with no delay or embarras.

To Vanderlyn's, where the beautiful D. C., who has deigned to sit for the head, neck, and arms, all which, I suspect a great deal more, are very fine. Home. Paid cabriole-man three francs ten sous. To Fenwick's, where met the chevalier. Had more comical discussion. The chevalier came home with me after we had walked an hour in the Tuileries. He sat another hour with me, and so good-night.

4. It was past one when I left you last night. After breakfast, wrote Fabrius and De Man, and copied several papers for them. At twelve came in Crede, and sat an hour. He is full of trouble. Sor. at two along the Boulevard to buy Bayle's works and Dictionary, eight vols., elegantly bound, and very large volumes. You will see ruin in such a purchase. Hold a little, madame. I can buy them at *eight*

*sous a pound.* Yes, *a pound*; but have not bought. Hope to get them for seven. To Vanderlyn's, where an hour. Thence to Fonzi's, and with him to dine at his campagna. We rode part of the way; the residue, about half a league, on foot; all the way up, up, up—called Bellevue. The view would, indeed, be fine if one had ever a clear sky. After dinner played at shuttlecock. Walked home, about a league. Found Bonnett had called, and the chevalier twice. Vanderlyn came in and sat an hour, and now, at eleven, must prepare for bed, having given orders to be called at six.

5. Rose at six, and sorti at eight to Bonnett's. My silver repeater is ready. Bonnett was in a great hurry, just going out; but talked an hour. To the chevalier's; out. Left note that I would call again at four. Home. De Veer came in and took me out to a coffee-house, where he breakfasted and I read newspapers. Home, and then to Schimmelpennink's. Had heard of him many years ago as ambassador to England, and knew that he was now senator and blind. Supposed he must be at least an octogenaire. He is a handsome man, and would pass for forty-five, very cheerful, and well bred. From the appearance of his eyes you would not suspect he was blind. Passed half an hour talking of Holland Company affairs, and agreed to call again. Home. Le chevalier came in and sat half an hour. How unfortunate that I did not know him fifteen months ago! He goes to-morrow. To Fonzi's, where till four. Home.

De Veer had called twice during my absence. Called on him and left note, acknowledging the loss of a dinner (a silly wager), and offering to pay him to-day. Home, and made myself tea. Bonnett came in at seven, and soon after De Veer. As Bonnett had been in Dutch service and speaks the language, they became acquainted. De Veer sat till nine, and Bonnett till eleven. His stories are generally very good and well told. Remind me to tell you that between the governor, De Veer, and his secretary, Van Aanen, about a certificate of baptism. Wrote last night and this morning to Fabrius and De Man.

6. Rose at half past four. Copied some papers for Schimmelpennink, and wrote him a note to accompany them, which sent by a commissionaire. At nine to Crede's, and with him to Vauquelin's, to learn about wood vinegar. To Denon's. He will see Duke Bassano to-day for me. Gave me very civil note to Mr. Lammonnier, administrateur de la manufacture des Gobelins. To a coffee-house, where had rendezvous with De Veer, and there met him. Walked home with me. Found a note from Fenwick commanding me to dinner, and for the play to-night. Answered "Oui." De Veer came in with him to go to the Gobelins. He had given rendezvous to three other of his countrymen, to meet us there, and to profit of my note from Denon. We all met there. One of them had served with Bonnett in Curacao, and was delighted to hear he was in town.

The degree of perfection to which tapestry (if such it may be called) is brought in this manufactory, is matter of admiration and astonishment. The establishment belongs to the government, and works only for his majesty. A piece, not of the largest size, of which I inquired, had been four years in hand, and it was expected would be finished in two or three years more. I will explain to you and Gampillo the mode in some of our long evenings.

Home at five, and to Fenwick's to dine. We were tête-à-tête; but the chevalier came in while we were dining. He leaves town this night. Madame and I went to the François to hear Talma and D. in Manlius. We heard Talma, but Valeria was played by —, something having prevented M<sup>lle</sup>. D. We sat near M<sup>lle</sup>. de Lille, a very famous opera-dancer. The price of the orchestra seats is six francs twelve sous. From the theatre went to the chevalier's. Walked half an hour. Home and to bed at twelve.

7. At ten came in the chevalier and passed half an hour. His carriage was then waiting for him. We took leave, but shall not forget each other. Then De Veer and a young Hollander for a few minutes. At eleven to Bonnett's. Found

him very happy with the friend to whom I gave his address yesterday. To Fenwick's to breakfast. Strolled and bought you two pictures of his majesty, which I thought more like than any others, and some small engravings; for the whole, six francs. Home. A grievous headache had been coming on, and was by this time very troublesome. To Fonzi's. Gaud. had gone out, and Fonzi was sick. Passed two hours rummaging among my papers, which left in his care when I went to Holland. Vanderlyn came in and walked home with me. He then went out to dine, and I made fire. The last three or four days very chilly weather. Drank hot vinegar punch. At seven V. came in and we walked till nine, and he sat with me till ten. My headache no better, and at half past eleven am going to try the effect of sleep.

8. Still some headache and no appetite. Took tea and a small piece of bread. At half past ten to Denon's. He had seen the duke, who apologized as before, and says he will see me "*le premier jour*." Denon advises me to write again, and tells me what. He made me present of his "*Voyage in Egypte*." To Bonnett's, from whom I had a note this morning, telling me he was sick. We had consultation about your watch, which I perceive will ruin me; and, to enhance the evil, have got another whim in my head which will add several louis to the cost, i. e., to enamel on the other side the picture of —.

At twelve to Fonzi's. Instead of doing our work, we passed two hours in ridiculous philosophical experiments—the important object of which is, a new mode of making fire (allumettes). To the bookseller's about Moreri, which am determined to buy. To Duke d'Alberg's; out. To Mr. M.'s, who tells me that Madame R. is in exactly the same state of indecision. Took Vanderlyn in cabriolet to the enameller's to consult about wasting more money. He agrees to assist me to his utmost in such laudable disposition. Thence home. Found a note from Fenwick to dine at five. It was now within a quarter. Being within two minutes' walk, went

and asked to delay the dinner a half hour. Agreed. Improved the time to do some errands.

To Fenwick's to dine. Met, but not for dinner, the secretary of the high court of prizes. Ate only soup. Home at half past seven. After smoking my pipe, to Bonnett's to get the watchcase. He is sick, but not too sick to talk. Showed me a beautiful watch, which I itched to buy for Gampillo, but fear for the gold. My dear little Gam., your Juno of a mother has ruined me.

To De Veer's. Out. Left note. He was to have called on me at nine this morning, but came at half past ten. Have taken tea and am better. A sort of dysentery has pursued me ever since the poisoned feast. Have already written my letter to the Duke de Bassano, at Fenwick's, who helped me.

9. After leaving you last night, I wrote Captain Combes. To bed at half past twelve. Lay sleepless till four (effect of the tea), and rose at eight. De Veer came in at ten and sat an hour. Drank my coffee, but ate little, the headache having returned. At twelve to the postoffice, to deposite my letter for Combes. Met Bonnett, who walked with me. To Hahn's; got your ring-watch. To Fonzi's an hour; did nothing but talk. To hunt dictionaries for you. Bought Moreri, ten volumes; Richelet, three volumes; Colmel, three volumes; Martinier's, six volumes. In all, twenty-two great folio volumes, for eighty-four francs; about sixteen dollars.

To the Bureau des Passeports Etrangères au Ministre des relations Extérieures (Duke Bassano's). The chef de cet department told me he had mentioned my affair to the duke, who said he would see me "au premier jour," and would answer me personally. Left with his Suisse the note written last evening. Don't like this. Why not grant my passport and see me at his leisure, or not see me, as he pleased? To Badolet's to get the case of your watch. Tired, for this vile disease weakens me. Took cabriole,

and to the enameller's to give him the watchcase. Having rode an hour, was set down on the pont Notre Dame. Walked up St. Martin's to Boulevard, and on to a store where I had seen a good edition of Bayle, but did not buy. To the hosier's, and home at half past six. Made fire and coffee, not having dined nor having any appetite. Just as my coffee was made came in Vanderlyn, and then O'little Mr. B. Was greatly pleased and astonished at this visit. Sat till past nine, and was driven off by the arrival of De Veer, who sat till eleven. From O'lit. I learn that every American vessel which has sailed from France the last four months has been taken, and that everything is confiscated, save a small allowance of clothes. My books, therefore, may as well be burned; for to sell them, unless by the pound, would be impracticable. The watches, too, may as well be given away. I regret now the additional expense. All the little things, too, which I have bought, all—all must be left. But the most serious part of the business is the delay of my passport. It augurs ill. Sixteen days have elapsed since my return from Amsterdam! Dull, dull prospect.

Learn, also, that the messenger for the frigate John Adams goes off to-morrow, and I have not written you a line; fear I shall not now be able to get a letter on board, for this must be done circuitously. But my passport—my passport. Fenwick told me yesterday that she had a presentiment that, if I did not go forthwith, I should ever go. Kiss Gamp., and bon soir. You will dream of me to-night.

10. Rose at seven, and ate my breakfast with great appetite, for the first time these ten or twelve days. At ten came in De Veer to take breakfast with me, but I had breakfasted, and was going another way; agreed to meet him at one au caffè. To Denon's; he had come home at two in the morning, and was yet asleep. Wrote him note and left it with his valet, who is as civil as his master. To the caffè, where met De Veer, and passed half an hour in reading the gazettes. To D'Alberg's; he was abed; but the valet, know-

ing he was awake, announced me, and I was received. Sat near an hour at his bedside. Talked to him of Crede's affair and of my own. He also engages to push Bassano for me. He has rendered Crede an important service. Home, which is now within two minutes' walk of Fenwick's. Thence to Fonzi's; took with me pen, ink, and paper, to write to you. Made a chi., and wrote what I think, for once, will please you, except the dire embarras about your books and pretty things. Wrote also H. Gahn, and was going to Vanderlyn to get him to take the letters to his friend; at that moment he came in, and we took cabriole and went near that friend, and Vanderlyn gave the letters. To-morrow I shall make duplicate. Your letter took me four hours, and I'll swear there are no errors; and, if you can't read it, it must be owing to the thickness of your scull. Why did I not teach Gamp. to read such things? He would not have boggled so, and forgot No. 20.

Vanderlyn and I took dinner at the little chaumiere. The dinner and cab. hire five francs. On my way home bought two books which will amuse you, for five sous each. Have read one through, only seventy pages, about Malta. Last evening Madame B. hurt her hand in descending my vile little staircase. Wrote her a pretty note of inquiry and apology this morning. But now, madam, open your ears and eyes, and thump your thick scull. On coming in this evening, find a most friendly note from Denon. He had seen the Duke Bassano, who says he will positively see me very soon, and that he will forthwith give orders to the chef du cet department about my passport! Heighho for the United States.

My dinner, which was temperate, disagrees with me, and I have been taking coffee, which has done me no good. Must come back to rice.

11. Slept well and rose at seven. At nine to Fenwick's, and then away to the Boulevard du Temple (see the map) to get some plays, of which I had left a list with a bookseller, who

promised to get them all for me. He had forgotten the commission and lost the list; fortunately, I had a copy. These are the best of the plays published during the revolution, to show you the scenic temper of that day. Home to meet Vanderlyn, who was to call at three. He had been, and gone an hour before his time. De Veer came in, and then Vanderlyn. Went with De Veer to Palais Royal to a bookselleress of his acquaintance, who undertook to get the plays, and also nineteen vols. of novels of De Veer's recommendation. Home, and dined on rice and milk, which I cooked myself. To Crede's (who had called and left card to-day). Out. To near Luxembourg to get an umbrella which some one, unknown, left in my room a fortnight ago, and which has, therefore, become my property by prescription. Paid for mending it, three francs. Round by Rue Arbre to look at a "fourneau economique," newly invented, and much vaunted. It is inferior to what has been more than twenty years in use with us. Home at half past seven. Fairep. came in to invite me to see B. at a neighbouring coffee-house. Went and passed an hour. Home at ten. De Veer came in and sat half an hour, and now must write something for B.

Not a word of or from Bassano to-day. Forgot to tell you that I made a very long course this P. M. to see Mr. Apput, and to examine his mode of preserving all esculent substances, even milk, eggs, and fruits, in their natural state, without alteration, for years, and without the addition of salt or any other substance. Found that his manufactory is four leagues from town. Will go there and see it, that I may teach you.

12. Rose at eight with a bad cold, acquired I know not how. To Fonzi's at ten and till twelve, then took cabriole and went to the bureau des passeports. The chef told me he had no orders from the duke to grant me passport; but, if I would wait, he would try to see him and mention it (being in the same hotel). He went, but could not see the duke. I told the chef of Denon's note and the duke's prom-

ise. What does he mean by promising so often and doing nothing? On to Vanderlyn, to give a letter which I had written for his friend (was up till two last night writing that letter). Thence back to Fonzi's, and there till three, doing nothing but reading Chateaubriand's *Int. to Jerusalem*, which believe I shall buy for you. Home. Crede came in by appointment. Then back to Fonzi's, but he had gone out to dine. Met Vanderlyn, and we went together and dined at a restaurateur's, three francs and ten sous each. Home at seven. Bonnett came in at eight, and sat till eleven. Vanderlyn from eight to nine. His friend came back; but, hearing I had company, did not come in.

This morning run over from Fonzi's to see Schimmelpennink, being directly opposite. He was not up, though half past ten, and the hour he had himself named.

We, you and I, have had a great desire to know how the political changes of this country for the last twenty years have affected their theatres and dramatic works. After much trouble I made out, principally by the aid of Barrère, a list of the best tragedies and comedies during that period, amounting to thirty-five. Of these I had obtained six at a very cheap rate, and De Veer added to my list nineteen volumes of novels, and told me of —; indeed, took me to a bookselleress au Palais Royal, who, he said, would furnish the whole at the cheapest possible rate. Gave her the list, and this afternoon called to see if she had executed the commission. She had, in fact, and presented me a bill amounting to eleven francs more than the sum for which I had been offered the whole in another shop; but there was no remedy, nor any other consolation than that of denouncing heartily De Veer and his amie.

Bonnett, among other stories, told me one of Muilman (the rich banker who shot himself in London a few years ago) and his wife; and another of the Foundling Hospital in Geneva, which I will repeat to you and Gamp.

13. Rather a triste day, for I have advanced nothing.

and begin again to be in despair about my passport ; but let us go on chronologically. Couché at twelve, for Bonnett kept me engaged till past eleven, and then writing to you, for you have no mercy on me—you and Gamp. Come, Gamp., tell us where you have been. What have you been doing all this long, hot day ? No matter how fatigued or how sick, no peace till I tell something. I shall quit you in a rage one of these days, and not say another word till in proper person.

Rôse at four. Got breakfast, and was out at seven. To De Veer's, who was just getting up. He scolded me most heartily for suffering myself to be cheated by his Palais Royal woman in the books. To Fenwick's ; she is always up at six. Engaged to dine with her. To Fonzi's, where till eleven, doing little. Then to Bassano's to see the chef. He had not seen the duke, and had no orders about my passport. Showed him Denon's note, and told him what the duke had said to me personally. All he could do was to express his regret and surprise. There must be some cursed thing in the way, and which I shall never discover. Back to Fonzi's, quite overcome with the heat and fatigue ; for this dysentery, which still pursues me, has weakened me. Sat and slept an hour. There being a draught of air on me, increased my cold.

Home at half past four, and at five to Fenwick's, where ate soup and nothing else, having no appetite ; escorted her au François, where we parted. Went two or three errands, and home at half past seven. Shall go early to bed if no one comes. For the last fortnight I have not eaten a mouthful of fruit, though the streets and markets are full, and very cheap ; nor of fillebouka, nor more than three ounces of meat, nor drank a glass of wine. All these things disagree with me. Coffee blanc, tea, and rice are the only articles that go well. Just as I was getting into bed, half past ten, comes in Vanderlyn. He begins again to talk of going with me.

14. No progress. Nothing done. Nothing even attempted. Fenwick advises me to write still stronger letters to the duke; but, if those I have written have been read, others are unnecessary. Slept from eleven to eight. Waked so stuffed with my cold that I could scarcely breathe. When la ——— came in to bring me milk, discovered that I could not utter an audible sound; at least, an articulate one.

Sor. at ten, while Gaud. worked for me till three, doing very little. I amused myself reading Chateaubriand *Iteneraire* to Jerusalem, and in pondering on my affairs. Resolve to get another passport from Russell, if he will give one, and to try my luck once more through the beaten channel. But, if this should succeed, there is little room to hope that I shall be ready in time for Captain Combes.

Home at three. Have made myself coffee blanc for dinner, and have taken it, and now, at half past four, am writing this. On coming in, find a note from Fenwick, enclosing ticket for the opera, of which I shall profit to take leave. Shall not, probably, return before twelve, when it would be too late to write you, and then such a hurlybeloo!

Home from the opera at twelve. Was in the box two hours alone; but in the adjoining was again Madame de Lille, who was very civil in answering all my inquiries. She is also pleasant in conversation. At a quarter before nine came in Fenwick, with three gentlemen and one of his majesty's pages. The pieces performed were *Iphigenen Aulide*, and *Le Dansomanie*, a pantomime. The grand opera, particularly the chanting in dialogue, fatigues me mortally. I have no taste for French music. To relieve it, we had three fine scenes and some dancing. The *Dansomanie* amused me much. I bought both pieces. You observe that I buy all the pieces which I see performed. Sometimes make scratches or notes in them to assist *our* memories when we shall talk them over.

15. Rose before six, and at eight was at Crede's, to engage him to go to Russell's about my passport, which he

cheerfully undertook. Then to Fonzi's, but so many people came in that I did nothing but read Chateaubriand. Crede came in to report. He had called on Russell, but could not see him, being much occupied in despatching the messenger, whose horses were at the door. This is the messenger who has got your letter, about which I had so much solicitude.

Left Fonzi's at three. To the bookseller of whom I bought lately all those huge folio dictionaries. I had paid, but had taken no receipt, and both Fonzi and Vanderlyn were sure I should never see books or money. He had sent the books this morning to Vanderlyn's, where I ordered them. Home, to see if anything good or bad for me. Nothing. To Fonzi's again (but on the way took a bouillon, twelve sous). All busy. Nothing to be done to-day. To Dubois's, away Rue du Ponceau, who has the "roulage"—transportation of heavy baggage to Amsterdam. My books alone will cost at least four louis. It is eighteen francs the hundred weight. Home. Bought Gampy a pretty seal, on which I will have his initials engraved. Bought you also six pretty stones for seals or rings. All ten francs. Home and made coffee blanc for dinner. At half past six au Français. Hamlet imité de l'Anglois, and Le Coutun. Both pieces were extremely well supported. Talma is really sometimes great, and M<sup>lle</sup>. Duchenois has much merit. But we will read the pieces together. I laughed a great deal at the comedy, and cried a little at the tragedy. De Lille did not come. But I was near some of the same corps, who are all social. A place in the orchestra costs six francs twelve sous. Home at half past eleven. It is now half past twelve, and I must be up at six to-morrow, that I may be at Russell's at eight, for I have resolved to go in person.

16. At eight to Fonzi's. Then to Russell's. The secretary who does the business had not come in. To Fonzi's. All too busy to be spoken to. Over the river to Crede's, to

get him to go again for me to Russell's, a mode which I preferred, there being at Russell's several persons in waiting when I was there. Went on an errand, and then to Fonzi's again. There till near three. The work has advanced a good deal. Finished Chateaubriand's *Itinéraire*. Home to meet Crede, who was to call between three and four. On the way, took a bouillon, twelve sous. Crede came in. He had been to Russell's office, and saw Le Ray, his secretary, who promised to do the thing in an hour. Crede, not being able to go at that time, sent his son, to whom Russell said, in the most peremptory manner, that he *would not*, and he forbid his secretary to do anything in the business. Thus this just hope is gone. On coming in to-day, received a message from the prefecture de police, saying that I was not en règle, requiring me to send my passport forthwith, and to present myself at the prefecture to-morrow, with some menacing words. Sent my passport by the porter. So far written at four P. M.; am now going to Fenwick's by appointment. She asked me to dine, which I refused.

Went to Fenwick's at five and stayed to dinner, i. e., to see Fenwick dine, for I ate nothing. Home at seven. Vanderlyn came in, and we took a walk on the Boulevard. The dust was suffocating. I will describe to you the amusement of the Boulevard promenade another time—that is, *viv. voc.* Called on Fonzi, and he proposed a walk au Palais Royal. We strolled an hour and took ice-creams. Fonzi explained to me a great many things, and a curious new vocabulary. The appropriation of one of the walks or alleys in the Palais Royal gardens, &c. Home at half past ten. Found a very formal note from De Veer, enclosing a letter which had come to his care from Holland.

Omitted to tell you that at ten this morning called on Denon. He was abed, but received me. Told him my story; the duc's silence; delay of passport. He took up the matter with the most friendly zeal. Proposed that I should write him a letter, stating these matters. Wrote ac

cordingly, at his bedside and with his aid, and left it. He will show it to the duc to-night, and make me a report to-morrow. So you see that all hope is not yet gone.

17. To Bonnett's at nine. To Denon's at ten. He had seen the duke, who replied that he found great embarrassment in *originating* a passport in his office for a foreigner to return to his country. It will be wholly without "precedent"—*est ce que, Mr. B. ? trouveroit de l'inconvenient que je commanderois moi un passeport pour lui de Mr. Russell.* I replied at once that I would hazard all the inconveniences, and would be greatly obliged to his excellency if he would forthwith make the application. Monsieur Denon, in my presence and under my dictation, wrote the duke my assent to the measure. In fact, this mode is extremely disagreeable to me, for I perceive the use that will be made of it in the United States. To Fonzi's, where till three; poor good soul, he is in the utmost distress.

Thence to the prefecture de police, where, after an hour's delay and great difficulty, got my old passport renewed, and gave a note of my demand to passport to return to the United States. To Vanderlyn's, where he was with his model. He quitted work, and we took dinner at a restaurateur's. Then took him with me to the enameller's, to see about your watch. The copy of Fenwick's picture is nearly done. Am to have it Monday morning. Then by Notre Dame, St. Denis, and the Boulevard to Fonzi's. At least a league. He was out. Home, very tired.

On coming in, a letter from Fenwick, containing a most unexpected and extraordinary request, but no way disagreeable. Shall assent. Also another letter, from Captain Combes. A deadly blow. He will sail from the Texel on the 23d. No hope of getting my passport before that day, and to Amsterdam is five days' journey, going day and night. My dear Theodosia, I am afflicted, sadly afflicted, to lose this ship. The only American ship now in Europe which will go as a cartel, and thus be secure from capture. The finest and

largest American ship in Europe. The captain friendly to me. Has fitted me up a room according to my instructions. To lose all this is sad indeed.

18. A day of great exertion, and, it is believed, of some effect. Rose at six; but let me first tell you that, after we parted last night, I wrote a long letter to Denon for him to show to Bassano (because, you see, I can write much more freely to him than to the duke, and then am much more sure that the duke will receive and read it), telling all the benefits (but see the copy). Wrote also a reply to the request of Fenwick, for the affair is of such moment that it must be all in writing. At nine to Fenwick's to leave my note; then took cabriole for sake of despatch, and to Duc d'Alberg's. He had walked out. Home to get Captain Combes's letter. To Denon's, to whom told my story and received my letter, being in the most barbarous Anglo-French. He approved; said the duke should have it in an hour; and gave me hopes that it would produce some effect. To Fonzi's, where did a little, and then to D'Alberg's again; found him, and told him my tale. He thought my success altogether improbable. To the prefecture de la police. Saw Mr. Leger, told him my distress for an immediate passport. He sent me down to —, who is, I believe, secretary of this department; he said I must forthwith apply by petition to the Duc Rovigo, but could form no conjecture about the time an answer might be expected. To Fenwick's, who engaged me to dine, and to the play this evening. To Fonzi's, where dismissed my cabriole, having rode at least twelve miles; paid five francs. At Fonzi's till three, Gabriel working and I writing my letter to Rovigo. It is necessary, on such occasions, to state the details of your motives and your business. I added—nonsense, see the letter of two pages. Sent commissionaire. Bought you Treveaux, six, and Bayle, four volumes in folio, in good condition, for fifty francs. Home at four. A letter was handed to me. A letter from Denon, enclosing one from Duke Bassano, saying that he would set about the thing in-

stantly, and hoped I might have the passport to-morrow evening. This was to me matter of very great surprise, need I add, of pleasure. Went to Fenwick's to tell my unexpected progress and hopes, and then home, and have written you all this, and now I go to dine. Vanderlyn has just come in, which is lucky, as I want him to do me fifty errands, though I shall not feel great confidence till I have the thing in my hand.

More wonders; instead of going to the play with Fenwick, came home at half past six. Another note from Denon, enclosing another from the Duke Bassano. He has got the passport from Russell; has given his sanction, and has already passed it through the bureau of Rovigo. That bureau of delay and dismay. Now, indeed, I may hope. Now I feel as if I was embracing you and Gamp. Shall run over to Fenwick's, and do a dozen errands to-night. But no more to you till I am on shipboard, unless a return.

19. Have been running since five this morning. Have got my passport. Shall go to-morrow. Have your watch. Have bought you nothing, nor for my poor, dear little Gamp. Shall bring you nothing but myself. Have nobody to do anything for me, and shall regret a hundred negligences the moment I am out of Paris. Shall set off at four P. M. to-morrow in a sort of cabriole, with the courier at my side, and thus, without resting, to Amsterdam.

This will now go into my trunk, which am going to *begin* to pack, that it may be done. Adieu for a week.

*Vaugh's, July 20, 1811.* Have made eleven leagues at half past nine. Good coffee for dinner and supper.

21. *Ems.* About six in the morning, having slept well. Here the famous chateau, now a state prison. Arrived at St. Quintin at eleven o'clock. They are demolishing the fortifications, which must have cost many millions; but much less than will cost Anvers, where about fifteen thousand men are at work daily.

At Valenciennes at eight. Took here a bouillon gras.

At about two leagues before arriving at this place is the comical triangular monument in honour of Marshal Villars's victory.

*Malines, July 22, 1811.* Arrived at one. The turret of the Cathedral, a square, lofty Gothic tower, has a picturesque effect. Also the two steeples of the gate on the Brussels side.

*Anvers, July 22.* Arrived at four P. M. My courier, Paquin, got me a room for the night. The courier which goes hence for Amsterdam, being a smaller carriage, cannot take my baggage. All the diligences were full, but got a place outside in one of them, which has also agreed to take the whole of my baggage.

*Anvers, July 28, 1811.* Took my usual round to Lombards and the stage-offices to inquire for the sack, and with the usual success. At ten to Bellemare's. He was just coming out to call on me, and, as evidence, drew from his pocket and gave me a bundle of segars. Passed an hour with him and madame, and he then walked with me to my lodgings and sat an hour. He proposed to show me the chantier, where strangers are seldom admitted. It is very extensive, and, when completed, will be a most magnificent establishment. Among the thousands who work here are about one thousand of the state prisoners in chains—those who were formerly condemned “aux galères.” We went thence into the castle which is their place of confinement. The chef of this establishment took me through the various apartments of this immense prison. A great number, perhaps fifty or sixty, are condemned “aux doubles chaines.” These are chained down to the spot where they lie, and can only move about four or five feet. All descriptions are mingled together; lawyers, notaries, officers, gentlemen, servants, labourers; most of them of diabolic countenances. The powers of the chef or keeper are very great; he can mitigate the punishment at discretion. Some who, by their good conduct or from accidental circumstan-

ces, are entitled to favour, wear, instead of the enormous chain round the ankle, only a slender ring, whose weight cannot be perceived. The prisoners are permitted to receive money from their friends, and to spend it as they please; so that, while one is half starving on the coarse bread of the institution, his neighbour is, perhaps, feasting on roast mutton. Out of twelve hundred of these criminals, two hundred are sick and in the hospital. At the intervals of labour the prisoners are permitted to work for themselves, and to sell what they can make; of those we met on their way to the chantier to work, several offered to sell us small articles. Those aux doubles chaines are generally, if not all, condemned to this additional punishment for escapes or attempts to escape. They appeared to me to be better looking, better countenances than the mass. They are in one large room; can converse without restraint, and read, write, or work, as they please.

*Rotterdam, August 3, 1811.* Left Anvers at five this morning, in diligence, with M. Lasagnia, Italian opera-dancer, and four males of the same country and profession. Came through that infernal desert and bog Moerdycke. Arrived at Rotterdam at eight. Your whip (which was left at Moerdycke with other loose articles) was nearly spoiled by the curiosity of the family. Have had tea in my room, and shall not go out, even to see la —, who is vis-à-vis. How sage.

*Amsterdam, August 5, 1811.* Left Rotterdam, la plus belle de tous les belles villes d'Holland, at five. Arrived at Delft at eight. Immediately called on Van Stipriaan; but he had already been abroad three hours, and not expected till eleven; so that I lost a day by not coming on to Delft the night of our arrival at Rotterdam, as I ought to have done. My dancing companions went on to the Hague, where they are to exhibit. Madame L. promised to write to me from thence.

Saw Van Stipriaan and his beautiful children at eleven.

The little boy of three years old, to whom I gave some bonbons two months ago, recollected me and jumped into my arms. Van S. insists that nothing ails me nor has ailed me; but he lies, and I will be sick. He gave me, however, a great deal of good advice in case anything should ever ail me. He is a learned, sensible, amiable man, of great goodness, frankness, and simplicity. Such a man in such a profession is a blessing to any country he may inhabit.

The young Van Stipriaan would escort me to the trachtschuyt. Found it would not go till one. Employed the interval, first in taking coffee, and then in visiting one of the churches, where is the tomb of Hugo Grotius, native of Delft; a plain and elegant monument. That of William the First is magnificent, and in fine taste. The church is without other ornament, but of very handsome structure, and large.

At one found myself in the trachtschuyt, with a French gentleman and his pretty wife, both very decent, and a tall, comely young woman, widow of a Flemish officer. Attached myself to the latter, who spoke French very fluently. Arrived at Harlaem at eight.

I left Harlaem at six this morning. La veuve stayed to see some friends, having formerly resided some time in that city. In the trachtschuyt met again the French couple. They complained bitterly of their fare and its dearness—very usual complaints of the French in Holland. They were more shy and cold than yesterday. Arrived at twelve. Went immediately to Krutz's. Found there a bundle of clothes which had been left in Paris, and some small articles. Also, letters from Vanderlyn, from Bonnett, and a charming little note, with present of an elegant perpetual pen, from Madame Z.

Came on to Van Ham's, who had received my letter, and had provided me a room. The family all delighted to see me, and we had a deal of kissing. Got shaved and dressed, and went to hunt Capt. Combes, and to see about the ship.

He had gone on board to take the ship to the Texel. Wrote note to De Rham to advise him of my arrival. Then to deliver a letter from Bellemare to Fougier, com. de police. He received me with the utmost cordiality. He was formerly a planter in St. Domingo, and had been some time in the United States, where he had heard something of one A. Burr. Asked me to dine, which I declined.

6. A letter this morning from Lasagnia, inviting me to come and see her exhibit on Thursday.

At eleven came in Fougier to see what he could do for me, and to ask me to dine. Declined the dinner, but took him to introduce me to le directeur general, for whom I had also a letter from Bellemare.

16. Gerritzi came in at eight this morning, with a letter from Captain Combes, requesting my influence to get him a passport to go to United States with us. Being exceedingly solicitous to oblige the captain in this particular, went immediately to find out in what arrondissement she was, and who was the commissionaire. It is the twelfth, and Mr. Coffin the commissionaire. Then to my friend Fougier's to get a letter to Coffin, which Fougier gave cheerfully and in handsome terms. Back to Coffin's, but he was out. To the secretary general de la police, M. Cagniard, who dined with us yesterday. He undertook to make the application to the director general for me; but, from the tenour of orders lately received, doubted of my success. Called on the captain, and told him and Gerritzi of my doings. Drank coffee with him. Home, and then to Fougier's to dine. After dinner we walked to see —, who has the sick wife. Then strolled along the parapet, now partly demolished, to a botanic garden of a friend of Fougier. Here parted at seven.

Fearing that Cagniard's representations to the director general might not be sufficiently cogent, wrote him (the director general) a letter this evening. He reads and speaks English. At twelve, going to couché.

16. Have walked about five leagues to-day in endeavours

to get my baggage through the custom-house, which I should never have accomplished without the zealous aid of a young man in that department named Marie. \* Mr. Cagniard wrote him a line in my behalf. If the affair had been his own, Mr. M. could not have manifested more zeal and activity. The expenses were only a few sous. At five we got all on board a boat bound to the Texel, and then I took my young friend to dine with me at Cotti's. We had an excellent dinner and two bottles wine; bill, *one louis*. My sack of Indian meal caused a deal of embarrassment, to export flour being prohibited.

17. At nine to Pluym's, to get my account. He was still too busy to make it; but very civilly handed me my hundred Napoleons, not having disposed of one of them. Note, I must owe him several hundred francs. To Fougieri's, to get him to write to his friend, the commissionaire at Helder, to take care of my things. (But, before going out this morning, Captain Combes came in. He is nearly crazy by the vexations and delays. He has run in debt, relying on the passage-money of fifty passengers, of whom only twelve or thirteen have paid anything. Some of those have sued him to get back their money. Agreed to see him at four this afternoon.) From Fougieri's came round by the captain's; but he was out. Home. At four, back to the captain's, where met a Mr. Henderson, said to be of Baltimore, but apparently Irish. He has permission to go in the Vigilant, and is the only one except Ahrens. After canvassing the subject, the captain resolved to go off to-morrow morning; a resolution which I greatly approved. We went together and took passage in the packet-boat bound to Helder to-morrow. The captain then went to make his preparations, and I home to make mine.

At seven this evening, in the midst of my bustle, came in the captain to say that he could not go till Tuesday.

Poor Gerritzi fainted on being told that the captain would

go to-morrow morning, and that she could not go. She lay some hours in convulsions, and I think will die.

30. Still headache.\* For forty-eight hours have swallowed nothing; but just now, eleven A. M., three lemons. Have called on the captain. Nothing about sailing; but a letter from the mate says that the douaniers on board refused to let my baggage be taken in, and that the skipper said he would leave it at Helder. Perhaps there to be rummaged and pillaged! Called twice on young Marie. He left word that *I might call at nine to-morrow morning*. To Cagniard's. He promised to send Marie to me, but could give me no advice about my baggage. Wrote note to-day to De Villiers, asking an *audience*.

At six this P. M. my headache went off, and I took a breakfast of tea, and for supper some rice boiled.

A letter to-day from Vanderlyn, enclosing a very civil note from Turreau, the late minister, asking to see me, and that he had much to tell me. Have a great mind to go right off to Paris in courier, and be back in eight days.

31. Rose at five to do nothing. At eight called on the captain. Then to Coffin's. He can give me no instructions about my baggage. To Fougier's. He promises to write to his friend V. at Helder to take care of it; and he will write, for he is honest. To Cordie's, where took coffee as usual, and played with the children, my daily amusement. Mr. C. made me a like visit this morning.

Wrote last night and to-day a memorandum explanatory of the Akker's negotiation. Succeeded pretty well, which has consoled me a little, for I thought I had become torpid mentally. Called on Fabrius and De Man to confer with them on that subject; out. Home. Wrote them a note, and went and left it. Received reply this evening, giving me rendezvous to-morrow morning.

*Amsterdam, September 1, 1811.* Spent the night in flea hunting. Had great luck. Killed five; but the friends and relations of the deceased revenged themselves on me most

cruelly. From my head to my heels there is not a square inch free of flea-marks. Rose at nine, much exhausted with the fatigue and suffering.

At eleven to De Man's, where an hour. He was greatly edified by my note (memorandum), and wanted a copy, which I declined. I see that nothing effectual will be done. A long letter from Vanderlyn this morning. He will now get out of Paris. Wrote him and General Turreau by this mail. No answer from De Villiers. No answer from Denon. None from Bellemare. My money nearly gone; thirty louis only! Wrote this P. M. to Cagniard. Mr. D. and la Borgue came in at four. Stayed an hour and drank me a bottle of wine. They proposed a party to-morrow, about which I now begin to hesitate; ça coute.

2. A note from the director general, giving me audience at twelve to-morrow. To the captain; nothing new. No answers from Paris, nor from Bellemare, which most surprises me. Passed the evening with Cord. and his wife. Fabrius and De Man have persuaded me to let them try to effect an accommodation with the Holland Company. Consented with reluctance, auguring no good; but F. and D. are men of sense and candour, if candour there be.

3. A sad day! My audience has had the most unfortunate issue; from what causes I know not, but have everything to apprehend. Saw F. and D. this morning; they had opened the negotiation, but no answer. Am ruminating whether to write to the director general, or what to do, but can form no resolution. Now half past twelve. Have been smoking an hour, and have formed my plans. Shall endeavour to-morrow (to-day) to seek explanation with the director general through some of those who see him most familiarly, and, when the way shall be thus prepared, shall write. But, before one step can thus be taken, I may be blown into air by his word or his frown.

4. At nine this morning called on Cagniard, and found him at home. He entered into the affair with great candour

and sensibility. Indeed, he had already heard the story told in a manner the least favourable to me. He promised his good offices, which consoled me a good deal. Called on Fabrius and De Man. That affair will come to nothing. On Pluym. Not home. Did not go to Fougier, determining not to say a word to him of my trouble, lest, by interfering, he might do himself mischief. Home, and found Fougier in my room waiting for me. He had heard the story in bad colours, and came for explanations, and to see what he could do for me; but, from what he had related, there is, I fear, no hope of accommodation. He will confer with Cagniard.

5. Called on Cagniard, but could not find him. On Captain C., who appeared not quite so friendly as usual. Fear somebody has put the devil into him too. To Fougier's, and had a long talk. He proposes to see Cagniard, and also the director-general, to-morrow, and, if he can find occasion, will renew the subject to the latter.

6. Early this morning wrote note to Fougier, and sent by messenger (we are near two miles apart), advising him of some suggestions to be made to Cagniard. Received a most friendly reply. Strolled about town, doing trifling and useless errands, and spending money. At four came in Fougier agreeable to promise. The affair is arranged. I am to see the director-general, who has promised to receive me with his accustomed courtesy. Fougier was a full hour in relating the story, which was, certainly, of the utmost interest. The zeal, intelligence, and delicacy which he has displayed throughout this affair merit my gratitude. We walked out, and he led me, without telling me why, to a tavern where was Pessonier, the secretary, with whom the misunderstanding commenced. We drank a glass of wine together and buried the hatchet.

7. Called on Fougier to arrange about the time of seeing the director-general; but, as I had determined to go to Delft to see Van Stipriaan, we agreed to defer it till my return, which is to be on Tuesday. Saw Fab. and De Man—a few

obstacles. No reply from Pluym. Called on Cagniard. Out. The captain called this evening while I was out. Wrote Bellemare to-day.

8. After writing you last evening walked out to see how the Keemes went on. Between twelve and one the streets were very full and shops open. Our place, the square on which I live, is the grand resort; will endeavour to describe to you how the Hollanders amuse themselves. The captain called this morning. My apprehensions were just. He demands of me four hundred and fifty guilders immediately, or that he should break up the voyage and sell the ship; by which I understand that, if I do not pay the four hundred and fifty, he will go off without me. Heretofore he professed to be so proud to have me, and would not hear me talk of money. I have not one third of the sum he demands, nor have I any hope of getting it. News came last night that not one of the Dutch passengers can get permission to embark. Called on Cagniard. Out. On De Man. He has answer from the Holland Company gentlemen that they will hold no conference, nor have any intercourse with A. Burr. To Pluym's. Out. About five miles' walking for naught. Stayed at home the rest of the day. Dined on boiled rice, as for all the week past. In the evening called at Pluym's and Fougier's again. Neither at home. Another four miles' walk for naught. Mr. — proposed meeting at noon to-morrow. Declined on pretence of going to the country.

9. Rose at five. To Cagniard's at eight, and found him; thanked him, &c.; but says Marie must help me about my baggage. To Pluym's. He cannot give me my account; says to-morrow or next day; but readily consented to give an order in favour of Vanderlyn for one hundred francs. To Fougier's. He will write this day to the director-general, demanding audience for us (himself and me). To Fab. and De M.

12. We shall certainly—certainly! that's a word which ought not to be used here—yet it seems we shall go. I have

paid the captain 480 guilders, which is equal to about fifty louis. But how did I raise this? The reply contains a dreadful disclosure. I raised it by the sale of all my little "meubles" and loose property. Among others, alas! my dear little Gamp's; it is shocking to relate, but what could I do? The captain said it was impossible to get out of town without 500 guilders. He had tried every resource, and was in despair. The money must be raised or the voyage given up. So, after turning it over, and looking at it, and opening it, and putting it to my ear like a baby, and kissing it, and begging you a thousand pardons out loud, your dear, little, beautiful watch was—was sold. I do assure you—but you know how sorry I was. If my clothes had been saleable, they would have gone first, that's sure. But, heighho! when I get rich I will buy you a prettier one.

*Helder, September 14, 1811.* We left Amsterdam yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at nine this morning. My baggage is all embarked. I have been on board the *Vigilant*, that ship which is to bear me to thee. We should have sailed this afternoon, but Mr. Henderson, my fellow-passenger, has not arrived. No doubt he will be here in the morning, and within an hour after his arrival we shall sail. I feel as if I were already on the way to you, and my heart beats with joy. Yet, alas! that country which I am so anxious to revisit will perhaps reject me with horror. In the midst of these mingled emotions, a slight apprehension comes across my mind, lest, in this short interval, something should occur to retard or defeat our voyage. But I reason that off; for there is no real ground of doubt. I have done my best to induce the captain to go this evening, leaving Mr. Henderson, for his negligence is inexcusable; and the captain had once resolved to go, but, hearing that Mr. Henderson had actually left Amsterdam this morning, determined to wait till to-morrow. The wind is favourable, the weather is fine; what pity to lose an hour.

Helder is about forty-five miles from Amsterdam, at the

entrance of the Zuyder Zee, on the south side, and on the seashore. My windows look over the ocean; that ocean which separates me from all that is dear. With what pleasure I did greet it after three years' absence. I am never weary of looking at it. There seems to be no obstacle between us, and I almost fancy I see you and Gampy, with the sheep about the door, and he "driving the great ram with a little stick."

I forget that the little island of Great Britain lies between us, and, what is worse, their ships; there are now four of them in full sight not two leagues off. But, as we have neither merchandise nor Frenchmen on board, I think they will let us go on.

Now past twelve, a beautiful clear night; no moon, but stars and the comet, which is a beautiful object. Since writing the preceding pages, I have been several hours at my window musing; gazing at the comet, the stars; and the ocean; lulled by the beating of the waves on the shore, not one hundred paces from the place I sit. But what a long, long night this will be. The captain swears that, whether Henderson come or not, he will sail to-morrow. But ah! with such wind and such weather, and free permission to go! twenty-four hours is an age.

15. My dear children, I am dying with vexation and impatience. Henderson has not come; and, after wavering and wavering, and resolving and re-resolving, the captain has determined to wait till morning; but he has pledged me his honour that he will go on board at nine and make sail immediately.

What a weary day this has been. Even the ocean could not attract my attention. I have done nothing but look up the road for Henderson. I have walked out in these sands, much like yours near Charleston, near two miles to meet him, but I did not meet him. The wind and the weather continue the same. Everything invites us to depart, and here we remain.

*Amsterdam, September 16, 1811.* It is no mistake in the date, my dear Theodosia; you need not stare so, and repeat over Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Sept. 16, and then you look back to the last sheet, "Helder, Sept. 15." It is really so; I am at *Amsterdam*. Our voyage is retarded for at least ten days, if not quite broken up.

At the moment I was writing to you yesterday afternoon, an express from Amsterdam was announced. My blood chilled at the mention of an "express." Almost at the same moment came rushing into my room Blommestein, his face illumined with joy. He embraced me with cordiality, and handed me a letter from Cagniard, advising me that his majesty's permission has just been received for all the Dutch and other European passengers to embark, and *hoped* we would *consent* to a short delay to allow them time to come down. There are about fifty of these passengers, which will give about 10,000 florins more to the captain. He determined at once to go to Amsterdam, to receive his money and renew his stock of provisions. I thought it best to stick to him. Blommestein invited me to take a seat in his carriage, and at eight last evening we were on our way *back*. We lodged at the Zande. Passed through Alkmaer and Berwyck, the latter a beautiful little town, and the only one I have seen in Holland which is free of stagnant water, there being no canals. Arrived here at three. The captain had a separate carriage with the Gerritzi and her sister, who had come to Helder to see us off.

Blommestein says they are all ready, and will be on board on Wednesday; and the captain swears he will sail on Thursday; but I know better. We are stopped, I tell you, for ten days, if not for ever. During ten days, how many political events may occur to retard anew or to defeat our voyage!

On board the *Vigilant, Yarmouth Roads, October 9, 1811.* I came at one this morning, and I slept till nine. Had my coffee, as usual, in my cabin with J. Helder. Our bread is

still unexpended, and is much better than that which is got on shore. At twelve we got under weigh to go round the point into the harbour, but it was discovered that our ship drew too much water, and we came to anchor very near the place we had left. Then came on board three more custom-house officers, for the purpose of taking an inventory of the passengers, i. e., description of their persons, their age, destination, &c., &c., &c. We all passed under the standard to ascertain the height; men and women; all above fourteen. This ceremony lasted till six o'clock, and then we had dinner, with rather more than the ordinary confusion, there being keener appetites and less room than usual, on account of the late hour and the addition of the custom-house officers to our number.

La V. spelt hard for an invitation to my cabin; but J. had possession, and she shall maintain her privileges whoever else may pretend. She has just now gone to her berth. Fortunately, the weather is mild and clear, and the wind at W.; if it were E., we should suffer and be much exposed.

Our captain has been ashore to-day, but cannot get permission to go to London. We hope for replies to our letters to-morrow. We hope, also, to get into the harbour to-morrow; and, when there, it is said we may have the privilege of going on shore. No great privilege for one who has but two ducats for his whole fortune. Still the privilege is something, even if no use be made of it.

The captain swears that after to-morrow he will not give an ounce of provisions nor a drop of liquor to any passenger. They must go on shore or find themselves.

*London, October 16, 1811.* Left Yarmouth at ten A. M. yesterday, and arrived at seven this morning. Distance 114 miles. We were six inside (part of the way seven) and ten out. Great quarrelling about places. Captain Johnson and Julie were of the party. The roads perfectly good. The Paysage Riante. The villages neater than I had before seen in England. Perhaps, however, I see with different eyes,

fresh from the decay and misery almost everywhere exhibited on the Continent.

Wrote William Graves, who called immediately. Learn that I shall be, am pursued again by White about those unfortunate books. So must change room and lodgings. Jul. wrote to her sister, who called and took her off. Randolph called, and we went out together. To Reeves's, who received me with his usual kindness. Assures me that I shall meet no trouble from the government. He gave me note to Mr. —, under secretary of state, whom saw about Blommestein and others to get them on shore. Delivered Sello's letter to his friend Henniman. Home. Lay down at three and slept two hours, being much fatigued by two nights' vigils. Tea at six. Then called on Mrs. M. J. Godwin. They all knew me, the wig *malgré*. Graves has offered me a room at his house, which I shall accept till I can know when and how I am to move. Had just money enough to pay my expenses on the road and two shillings over. The ship *Vigilant* like to be detained for trial. The *Louisa* about to sail for Charleston. But how to pay, and how to get on my baggage in time, are grave questions. Found a note from Koe in behalf of Bentham, who is still at Barrow Green, saying they will be delighted to see me Home at nine, and at ten am going to bed.

TO MONS. DENON.

Amsterdam, June 14, 1811.

Agreeably to the letter which I had the honour of addressing to you on the 26th of May, I left for Sulingen and returned to this place on Wednesday last, having been delayed several days by an accident.

Despairing of being enabled to complete my business with the Studniskis, &c., I was about to depart for Paris, when, contrary to all expectation, I received a letter from these gentlemen stating that on the following day they would give

me written answers to all my questions. This is a new delay, but I cheerfully submit to it.

On my return the secretary general of police received me with more kindness, and spoke freely of the prince's uneasiness at my long stay at Amsterdam. Although I have not had the pleasure of receiving an answer, I am, nevertheless, assured that you or the Duke of Bassano will be there, for many reasons. I thank you both in advance. I leave tomorrow, and hope to salute you on Sunday the 23d. This will be my first duty and my greatest pleasure on my arrival in Paris.

In this country, so famed for fogs, I have seen nothing but a clear sky. Not even a *pattern* of a cloud. Is this the happy consequence of the reunion? It is no longer Batavia.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA.

Paris, July 11, 1811.

The day after writing you in April (about the 1st), I was advised from authority that I could have any sort of passport at pleasure. Took one for the United States, to sail from Bourdeaux. A passport to leave the empire must pass through three offices. Mine passed the first and was transmitted to the second; from which, after the delay of a fortnight, I received a certificate that it had been transmitted to the third. Thither I went, and received a certificate that it had never come there. After five weeks more of delay and fruitless courses, it was agreed that the passport was lost, and I must get another. Did so; and, contemplating six weeks more of delay, improved the interval in a journey to Holland and to Bremen, where I had business. Returned to Paris; found the affair of passport just where I left it. Have been urging it now for eighteen days without having advanced a step. What to conclude is beyond my ken. But Vanderlyn will go out in a few weeks. It is also equally certain that 60 will be out this autumn. By both of these you shall hear, particularly the latter.

Your letters of January and April last have reached me. I will not plague thee any more with that infernal No. 20; but the letters of my dear little Gamp. have not come. They will come, however, for I will ransack all Europe for them. By Vanderlyn will write to him. It is greatly to be feared that your dictionaries, amounting to twenty-two volumes folio, five quarto, and six octavo, will never find their way to South Carolina. The British take everything, and plunder, as is said, to the very chemise. My health always the same. Write to me, through no other channel, by the consul, Henry Gahn.

A. BURR.

TO THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Paris, July 18, 1811.

In the month of May last, having been advised that his majesty had granted me permission to return to the United States, I procured a passport from the legation from my own country, and had it countersigned by the minister of foreign relations; it was transmitted to the secretary general of the police. On the 15th of June following, the secretary general, by letter, informed me that my passport had received the sanction of your excellency, and that it had been sent to the "Prefecture," where I immediately repaired. I learned, with some vexation, that my passport had not reached the office. Mr. Leger gave me a certificate to this effect. After several useless efforts, I was definitively informed that there was no other remedy than to begin anew.

I have obtained from Mr. Russell another passport to return to the United States, by the way of Bourdeaux or Bayonne; but learning, some days afterward, that the only vessel by which I could have procured a passage had sailed, and having no knowledge of any other that would sail in less than six or eight weeks, I took advantage of the interval to repair to Holland on some private business, the nature of which I had the honour of communicating to his excellency at the time I asked permission to go there.

While in Amsterdam, Captain Combes, of the American ship *Vigilant*, received permission from his majesty to sail in ballast. He offered me a passage, which I gladly accepted. On my return to Paris I applied to Mr. Russell to change my passport or to give me another, which he refused to do. Last evening I received a letter from Capt. Combes, in which he informs me that he shall leave on the 23d of the month. If I can possibly procure my passport by Saturday morning, by leaving the same day I should be at Amsterdam on the 24th. I, in consequence, beseech you to forward to me the said passport to the United States, by the way of Amsterdam.

A. BURR.

FROM MADAME Z.

Paris, July 20, 1811.

I regret exceedingly that indisposition prevented my accompanying you to Jobenlin's, and I learn, with equal disappointment, that you are so soon to leave Paris. We had hoped to have you with us in our new abode, and to let you see the uncertain dependance to which the injustice of your persecutors has reduced Mr. B. and his children.

I send you, sir, a "traveller's pen," said to be *without end*. I know of nothing which more exclusively belongs to you. May this metallic one be instrumental in showing to posterity how much you have been the victim of the envy and injustice of your countrymen. It will be serviceable to *you*, and will be useful to men of every other. Be pleased to accept this trifling testimonial of my esteem and respect.

— Z.

TO MADAME Z.

Amsterdam, August 28, 1811.

It is quite impossible for me, madame, to express, in a language of which I am ignorant, how much I was surprised and flattered by your charming little note, and the pen which accompanied it. Could I write the French like a Parisian,

it would even then be equally difficult. I have read and re-read the note at least twenty times, and examined the pen. This was my amusement for one long day, which still appeared short.

The next day, having to write to the minister, I determined to test the inspiration of this pen. At first I had much difficulty in persuading myself to use it, it was so beautiful, so brilliant. At last I filled it with ink, and sat myself down to write; but all my ideas (if I had any) were wandering. I could think but of you. Having in vain ransacked my brains for half an hour, I gave up the business for the time. The same result followed the second attempt. I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that the pen ought to be consecrated to friendship and sentiment, and never should be sullied by appropriating it to matters of business. The most interesting service in which it ever will be employed will be to express to you the devotedness with which I am your friend.

Our voyage is postponed to the 11th of September. I will take advantage of the interval to repair to Paris. Remember that you are to be there for many reasons.

A. BURR.

FROM MONS. DENON.

Paris, July 18, 1811.

Enclosed, my dear colonel, is the letter from the duke; you will perceive by it that your business is in train. If you call on me to-morrow, we will consider what is to be done at the police. A thousand times your friend, DENON.

THE DUKE OF BASSANO TO MONS. DENON.

Paris, July 18, 1811.

The *person* through whom I could have communicated to Mr. Russell, that he should *not* have refused a new passport to Mr. Burr, was in the country. I wrote to HER\* yester-

\* Thus affairs were managed in France. The rightful claims of an American

day to return. SHE arrived at the moment that your note was received. I shall have the passport in the course of the day, and shall forward it immediately to the duke (Rovigo), and I am convinced that you will receive it to-morrow, to transmit to Mr. Burr.

THE DUKE OF BASSANO.

FROM MONS. DENON.

Paris, July 18, 1811.

My dear colonel, enclosed is a second note. Use despatch in reference to it. You have a friend in the police; make him act. I hope to have the honour of your company to-morrow. A thousand times your friend,

DENON.

THE DUKE OF BASSANO TO MONS. DENON.

Paris, July 18, 1811.

My dear Denon, I have received the passport from Mr. Russell for Mr. Burr, and have sent it to the Duke of Rovigo, requesting an immediate return of it. It ought to reach me this evening. Thus there is nothing to prevent the departure of the colonel to-morrow, unless the police should throw those obstacles in the way, which I think I have prevented.

LE DUC DE BASSANO.

TO GENERAL TURREAU.

Amsterdam, September 1, 1811.

Mr. Burr has received at this place the note which General Turreau did him the honour to address to his lodgings on the 20th of August. He regrets exceedingly that he cannot profit of the general's invitation. It would have afforded Mr. Burr the utmost pleasure to have passed a few hours with the general, but has now little hope of having

citizen for a passport were spurned for months by the *patriotic* Mr. Russell. But the French minister (Bassano) knew the influence which would control the American chargé (Russell), and, therefore, Madame ——— was desired to come to Paris. Her presence in a few hours changed the stern decree of this *pure patriot*, and the passport was instantly granted. See Journal, 16th, 17th, and 18th July, vol. ii., p. 216-219.

that satisfaction, being here for the purpose of taking a passage for the United States, and expecting to sail about the twelfth instant.

Mr. Burr would be greatly obliged to General Turreau for a few lines, communicating what he may know of Mrs. Alston, Mr. Burr's daughter, and of any other of his friends. Mr. Burr would be happy in being the bearer of any commands from General Turreau to his friends in the United States. He offers respectful compliments, &c.

TO J. REEVES.

Yarmouth Roads, October 5, 1811.

It is something more than two years that I was banished and transported out of England, and now, equally against my will, I am brought back again.

Having been detained in France more than eighteen months in a sort of *limbo*, called surveillance, constantly soliciting and denied a passport, I at length obtained one under an assumed name, and sailed from the Texel on the 28th September, in the American ship *Vigilant*, Captain Combes, bound for Boston. On Monday, the 29th, were visited by his majesty's frigate, *le Desirée*, who took possession of our ship and ordered her to Yarmouth; but the wind being ahead, and the *Vigilant* a dull sailer and badly equipped, after six days' hard labour, without having approached Yarmouth, Mr. Word, the prizemaster, thought it prudent to put into any port he could make. This afternoon we cast anchor in the mouth of the Thames, and I hasten to announce myself to you, as well to avoid all appearance of mystery as to ascertain the measure of hospitality which I may expect from the government.

My object was when I embarked, and still is, to get as soon as possible to the United States. If it be probable that the *Vigilant* will be long detained, I shall seek a passage in another vessel; but as her case is in every respect analogous to that of the *Maria*, Capt. Edes, captured on her way

from the Texel to the United States in September, 1810, sent into England, and immediately released, I am in hopes that we shall experience similar treatment.

In the mean time, I could wish to be permitted to go to London, as well to see you and two or three others from whom I have received hospitality, as to be able the sooner to take measures for my departure, in case of the detention of the Vigilant. Address to A. Burr, on board the Vigilant.

Imagine to yourself, my dear sir, on board a small ship, very badly accommodated, fifty-four passengers, of whom a majority women and children; thirty-one sailors, thirty-three hogs, and about one hundred other quadrupeds and bipeds. With this picture in your mind, I am sure you will hasten to reply and to furnish me some sort of passport or privilege of locomotion.

A. BURR.

FROM HUBERT KOE.

Barrow Green, October 16, 1811.

Your letter, my dear colonel, has this moment arrived, and there is only time to say that we shall, all of us, be most delighted to see you here as soon as ever you can be with us. Affectionately,

HUBERT KOE.

TO THEODOSIA.

London, October 29, 1811.

I sailed from the Texel on the 29th of September, in the American ship Vigilant, bound to Boston. On the same day we were taken by a British frigate and sent into Yarmouth. I wrote to the superintendent of the alien office for permission to land, which, contrary to my expectations, was immediately granted. I came hither, and, finding a very affectionate letter from Jeremy Bentham, who is still in the country, went out and have passed a week with him. By this visit I missed of the opportunity of Capt. M'Niel, who has just sailed for Charleston. You will be surprised not to have had a line from me by him. I regret it the more, as

there were persons on board who would, with good faith and good will, have taken charge of anything for you. If you knew how exceedingly vexed I have been at this negligence or misfortune, call it which you will, you would forgive it.

A. BURR.

FROM J. REEVES.

London, October 8, 1811.

I have only time to say that you alone are permitted to come up to London. The rest of the passengers are to proceed on their original voyage. I shall be glad to see you.

J. REEVES.

#### JOURNAL.

*London, Nov. 22, 1811.* J. B. vint at ten heure et nous allames ensemble chez. A. pour le presenter. He behaved so like a savage, that A. is firmly persuaded he is crazy, and she has almost made me doubt. Note.—A. is certainly a little cracked herself. Recollect, however, a similar instance. Peggy's mother, who was a known maniac, was the first to discover the insanity of her daughter.

*December 1.* At twelve to Reeves's, to get advice about landing my books without duty, and to ask passport to leave the country. To the first point he could say nothing; to the other, that I must address him a letter, which I did.

6. Paid a visit to renew my acquaintance with Lewis Duval, who is said to be making three thousand guineas per annum as a conveyancer. He was civil. Received me comme ça. The mother is dead about six months since.

7. Being without means, have resolved to offer all my books, your books, I should say, to some bookseller. The books are at Yarmouth, but I have the list here. Called on Madame Godwin, who asked me to dine to-morrow, to meet Amelia and Mrs. Fenwick; declined.

8. Had left my list of books with Jeremy Bentham; called for it this morning. He cannot find it. May set it down

as lost. Reading over Fonzi's pamphlet, it occurred to me that my knowledge of his art might be turned to good account here. Went off to see De Chemaunt, the most celebrated in that line, for the purpose. He had moved, and could not discover his address. Then took my two watches, for there are yet two. One an excellent and perfect piece, bought at the moment of leaving Amsterdam for Gam. self. The other a medallion. Offered them to Captain Johnson for twenty-five guineas. Am to call to-morrow.

Sir Sidney Smith is out of employ. The cause supposed is the displeasure of the Portuguese Prince Regent at Brazil, occasioned by some gallantries of S. S. S., who, it is believed, meditated a marriage with la princesse. Being recalled from that station, immediately on his return he married the widow of Sir John Rumbolt, formerly a British ambassador. A lady d'une certain age. Her children nearly grown up, and she without fortune.

*Yarmouth, December 14, 1811.* On Friday morning I learned that the trial of the Vigilant was postponed for a month. Immediately took place in the stage, to set off at two P. M. same day. Arrived at the place at ten minutes past two, and the stage was gone. Pursued it on to the Saracen's Head, about three miles from my quarters, and there overtook it, and so saved my money, thirty-two shillings; but was exceedingly fatigued and heated. The inside passengers were two corn-merchants (farmers) and one grazier, all very rich by their talk, and a lad about twelve or thirteen, whom the men treated with great deference. Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall; conclude his père is rich. There were also ten outside passengers, principally mariners. The talk of my compagnons was wholly of the prices of wheat and beef, and of their bargains; so amused myself in my own way. Arrived at the place of supper, the landlord put the *gentlemen* in the back room, and provided them a good hot supper. The vulgar, with whom I was assorted, in the common room, with cold beef and pickles. I procured the addition of hot

potatoes, and made an excellent supper, and was greatly amused with my new compaignon; paid one shilling and sixpence. Landed here at two P. M. this day; distance one hundred and twenty-two miles. Found at the inn my friend Captain Gales. Being too late to do business at the custom-house, have only got me dinner and coffee, and a good fire, with pipes and tobacco; but, having left the key of my writing-case, in which are all my other keys, have had an hour's occupation in vainly attempting (with the aid of a locksmith) to pick the lock. At length have forced it. Three shillings and sixpence for this inattention. Our first coachman is a most insolent and abusive rascal. A thing very common in every part of England, and tolerated by Englishmen as one of the rights of stage-coachmen. After insulting the passengers, they never fail at parting to demand their drink-money. I have resolved to take all my baggage to London, though the freight and duties will ruin me; it must be made up by selling off; for I shall never see you if I wait for this Vigilant. It is already within a few days of six months since I left Paris on my way to the United States, and then believing I should see you in six weeks; and now, on this fourteenth December, am farther from you than I was on the fourteenth July. A. came to see me the morning of my setting off (yesterday). It is a most interesting creature, of an exuberance of wit, of talents, and sensibility. This acquaintance and, I may say, friendship, is an indemnification for the vexation and delay of this capture.

Hostile, engine, interesting, are words which my learned friends J. B. and W. G. say I pronounce à l'Americaine, and not à l'Angloise.

*Yarmouth, December 15.* On board the ship Vigilant. As the repacking and gathering up of my effects required my presence for some hours here, I have taken up my quarters on board for the night. The mate is abroad; the only remaining person of all our crew and passengers is his brother, a lad of fifteen. He got me a dish of coffee, of which

I partook with him and three custom-house officers who are on board. All four have been helping me all the P. M. and evening. Captain Gales took me down this morning in his boat, and I dined with him on board his ship; another American, also under trial.

The principal motive to my journey hither was to get a pamphlet about a new mode of making vinegar. Happening to mention the thing to the celebrated Mr. Brunell, he thought it of great value, and offered to put it in practice for our joint benefit. That very pamphlet is, of all my effects, the only article missing. I have emptied my two huge trunks, and hunted over the whole ship, but no pamphlet. How vexatious, not only that I lose the prospect of getting some money, but Brunell and J. B. too, to whom also I mentioned it, will think I have been telling them a pack of lies.

16. Had a very comfortable sleep in my blankets last night. The mate came in at one o'clock, which was before I was abed. Rose early. Had Gales's boat. My old custom-house officer, Clifton, came down as agreed, and went off with all my things to the custom-house. After breakfast I followed on foot. Gave the little Frederic a couple of waistcoats. To one custom-officer on board, five shillings; to another, seven shillings; another, ten shillings and sixpence. Met civility and despatch at the custom-house. Dined at the tavern. Lost three more keys, which gave me some hours' very amusing occupation, and cost me, together with the other, five shillings. Have been all the evening overhauling and repacking, and have not been out of the house since noon. Now midnight. Dinner and tea at the tavern. Sold off my five bottles of gin and ten of wine for forty-nine shillings. They are worth five pounds. Shall send all my effects by water to London; and, by the time they get there, probably I may wish them back, and be obliged to retransport them. This is economy, and you will wonder what it means. Will tell you another time.

Have a headache. Must couché; and must first write a line to A., who pretends that she will be in great taking if I should be in London on Wednesday morning, as have appointed. Though I don't believe a word of it, yet I keep up the forms. She is full of talents, of genius, and fascination. But I forget my headache. Bon soir.

17. My headache prevented me from telling you with what regret I took leave of my little cabin, where I had passed eighteen days with so much comfort. You know that I was on board eight days before the ship sailed, lying at anchor off Helder. "How should I know anything about it, for you never wrote me a word all that period?" Now, however, you do know it, hussy; so don't interrupt me, but let me go on with my story. That eight days, I say, were employed in fitting up my cabin. I bought boards and nails. We had two carpenters and a joiner on board. I had shelves for my books, so that about 300 volumes were put up; a table to let down at pleasure; places for candlesticks, for my breakfast apparatus (as I always took breakfast in my own room), for bottles, &c. In short, for everything. Directly over my table, had a circular hole cut through the deck, in which was placed a patent light (a semi-globe of clear glass), which gave a fine light for reading or writing. We had rough weather, and were much tossed and rolled; not an article in my cabin was shaken from its place, though in every other all went topsyturvy. My little room was the envy and admiration of the whole. It was a great privilege for any lady or gentleman to be permitted to enter. Ma bonne pet Julie had always that privilege.

After bidding you bon soir, my headache returned so that I could not write. Slept till half past nine this morning, in spite of the efforts of the maid to wake me. Headache gone. My agent and douanier Clifton came in just as I had got up. He had already been to the Vigilant, and found and brought up a case containing fifty jugs Seltzer water which was missing. He had embarked this article and some oth-

ers on board the ship for London, with whose master I had agreed yesterday for the freight; but he had changed his mind and refused to take any. We were obliged to take out the articles shipped, and look for another vessel. Found one going next week, but can't take my things on board till Thursday. Voilà un retard, for I will see them embarked. Breakfasted and dined at the inn, and have been all day running to and fro after custom-house officers, &c., and marking my things. Wrote Am., however, by this day's mail, advising her of the delay, and nothing more. Wrote also to Homberg. Called on the Van Gralls, and took tea with them this evening. The news of the taking of Batavia by the British had just been received. This event rids the ship of twenty-two Holland passengers, who were on their way to the United States, thence to take passage for Batavia, which can now be done direct hence.

If the ship *Vigilant* should be released before my departure, I shall return with my luggage and take passage in her. It would be so charming to have to myself the range of a whole ship of 400 tons, and then my comfortable little cabin, which I had fitted up with so much trouble and expense. But having landed my effects, and fixed it in my head that they should be transported to London, thither they must go; and if the *Vigilant* be released on my arrival in London, I will come back with them the next day. This, to you, will have the air of insanity, considering the state of finance; but the missing so fine an occasion as M'Niel for want of my baggage has determined me to be ready for any other which may offer.

18. Have given away my steel pen to Clifton, the tide-waiter, and must write with a vulgar goose-quill. Have been all day getting my things out of the custom-house and on board the ship *Commerce*, for London. Paid duties and permits, twenty-seven shillings and sixpence; porters, five shillings; custom-house substitutes, five shillings and sixpence. Got all on board. Have taken a seat in the stage for

half past nine to-morrow, and paid fifty-two shillings for self and baggage. Called to see Jaquett, who called on me this evening, as did Sheffield, the mate; a good, hardy, intelligent youth. Jaquett has learned some words of English, and is doing very well.

Am much stared at here. Think of showing Gamp. for about two shillings each person; half price for children.

Have this evening changed my last bill, being one of ten pounds, to pay my host; voilà mes montres dija mangés, and encore je dois à ma hotesse à Londres. But, having made more than a million of guineas last night, as you shall know anon, feel quite easy, and give with great liberality to the domestics, &c.

When last in New-York, the steamboat had just got into vogue. Being in company with a man knowing in such things, I suggested (but very slightly, as became an igno-ramus) how the thing might be simplified and improved. He thought the hint of no value, and I said no more. My friend D. M. R., and another whom I met at Graves's, both great projectors, have each taken patents for new inventions on that subject. I examined their several models, but was not smitten with their value. My old idea run now and then in my head, but said nothing. Ruminating, after going to bed last night, on the state of the treasury, the thing came up again, and engrossed me for at least three hours. I found it perfect; applied it to sea-vessels, to ships of war; in short, to everything that floats. Sails, and masts, and rigging, and the whole science of seamanship, are become useless. My vessels go at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and am in hopes to bring them to thirty. From Charleston to New-York will be a certain passage of thirty hours; from New-York to London, of six days; but to tell half I did would fill a quire of paper.

Rose at nine this morning; the same project in my head, and have thought of nothing else the whole day. The moment of my arrival in London shall sell all my books; your

books, poor little Gampillo; and all my clothes, save two shirts, to put the thing in execution; and, so soon as I get this million, Lord! what pretty things will buy for thee and Gampillo. Laid out, however, a great deal of the money last night. Thought of the faithful in the United States. Then succoured the G.'s, and made an establishment for A. Bon soir.

Let me not omit to do justice to the civility and despatch which I have met from every person about the custom-house with whom I have had to do.

*London, December 20.* After the usual concussions, we arrived at half past twelve this day, being five hours later than the usual time, owing to the excessive weight of hares, partridges, &c., with which we were encumbered; presents sent to town friends for Christmas. My companions were three women and two men. A most vulgar and rude set. They would not even let me sleep. Wrote note to A. to announce my arrival. Called at Graves's to see for letters. None. Took dinner with D. M. R. at our eating-house. Home early. Have had my coffee.

21. Couché at eleven. Rose at nine. Wrote M. J. G., to inquire whether I had well remembered that that was the fête of her marriage. Received reply, Yes. To Jeremy Bentham at two; on the way calling on A., who was out. Sat half an hour with J. B., and engaged to dine with him *tête-à-tête* on Christmas-day. The young men are to be banished. At four to G.'s, to dine; met the family and A., whose birthday this is. Mary has come home, and looks very lovely, but has not the air of strong health. Passed a cheerful, pleasant day. Off at eleven. Home with A., and chez moi at half past twelve. Received answer to my letter to D. Williamson. Very friendly, like a Scotchman. Ann is married. Elton Hammond called and left note requesting me to dine to-morrow at Hampstead.

22. My young inmate, James Leith, a fine Scotch lad of about nineteen, left the lodgings on Friday evening, and has

not since been heard of. He took not an article of his clothes or property. He wrote to his uncle, *Col. Leith*, a letter of reproach and desperation. Will tell you the story at large another time. It is feared that he has put an end to himself. Called on J. B. Got answer from Arbuthnot; civil, and no more.

23. I being now the sole lodger, we make a common menage. To Graves's. Got a letter from Luning. Very kind. To my beer-house, where took dinner with D. M. R. His dinner was beef-steak and potatoës, and excellent. Cost tenpence. Mine, of fish, was two shillings and sixpence. An extravagance which will not soon be repeated. Called on the Godwins on my way home, and took tea. Then to see Jul. Huguenin. Chez moi at nine. Not a word yet of young Leith. His affair put it out of my head to tell you that I dined with Elton Hammond on Sunday. He occupies, at present, the house of Gen. Bentham (Sir Sam.), who is absent at Chatham. This E. H. is an enthusiastic admirer of J. B. Being a young man of fortune, and *born* a merchant, he has retired from business to devote himself to philosophy. Met his sister Catharine, also a philosopher, about twenty-one; belle, grande blonde. Mr. Polloke, a lawyer, and a very intelligent young man, and of prepossessing frankness and simplicity of manners. Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, aussi homme d'esprit. We were all offered beds, which were accepted but by me. On my way out this forenoon with five others, got so sound asleep that they all got out without waking me, and I should, probably, have slept till this time; but the coachman, happening to look in, called me to know what he should do with me. He had brought me half a mile beyond my station.

24. We had an early breakfast. M. Ayant affaires. It is an industrious, contriving, good little thing. Cheated by all the world and still cheerful. Made a toilet and called on ma bonne amie Madame Thorpe. All the children at home, and all glad to see me. She asked me to dine to-

morrow (Christmas), which I much regret I cannot, being engaged, as you know, to J. B. This pen is intolerable, and will plague you to death to read. Will hunt for a better. To Bartlett's. He was out. Saw Mad. B. and Span. To Castella's, where took porter and cheese, and then we returned together, talking of South American affairs. He is the nephew of that Castella who is at the head of the insurgent (patriot) force on the borders of Peru. Called on A. Out; for which I am very sorry, not having seen her since the birthday dinner, when she had not her usual gayety. Not a word of young Leith. Mr. F., who called on the uncle, thought him extremely calm and easy on the subject. Home at four. Took coffee for dinner. D. M. R. came in and partook, and sat an hour. Ma belle hoste came in at eight excessively fatigued. This is Christmas eve. I have no compliments to make or receive in this country, and you are probably at Oaks with Gampillo, and as little annoyed with visits as myself. Indeed, chere Theodosia, Gam. will make another effort to redeem you. Am now going to write a letter advised by J. Bentham. He is for ever plotting something for my benefit. Merry Christmas, pessa and pillo. The clock strikes twelve! The criers or watchmen are now ringing small bells, and repeating something which, by the cadence, is verse; but, though I have opened my windows, I can't distinguish a word. Will inquire to-morrow and tell Gampillo.

25. A fine, mild, clear day; clear, I mean, for England; not our sky. The watchmen chant out (at twelve, Christmas eve) some pious lines, to remind folks of the sanctity of the day. There are, I am told, other lines likewise chanted, to remind the good housewives to get up and bake their mince-pies. The shops are all shut and the churches open to-day as on Sunday. Did not get abroad till two. To the Godwins'; the three girls only at home. To Graves's; all out. Walked home again. Then at five to A. for a few minutes. Thence to J. B., where dined and sat till ten.

26. A few flakes of snow have fallen, but does not freeze. Lay abed till three P. M. Cause, *mal de tête*; not a proper *mégrin*, but a sort of Dutch headache, acquired, I believe, by breathing the hot, rarefied, disoxygenated air at J. Bentham's. He warms his rooms altogether by flues, which admit heated air, which, I fear, will shorten his life. At four called on A., who is to dine to day with J. B. Perhaps I have not told you, for it happened during some of those black weeks when I wrote you nothing, that I had brought them together.

Home, and lay an hour on the sofa below. D. M. R. came in. He is greatly distressed, and almost ready to *crêver*; finance too; I lent him forty shillings a few days ago, being exactly one half of my whole stock. Took my breakfast at eight this evening, and the headache passed off.

For some days you have heard nothing more of my navigation project. It continued to amuse me all the way from Yarmouth to London, and till the Monday following (last Monday), when, walking and extending the plan, suddenly an objection occurred to me; it struck me like electricity; my poor vessels lay motionless; it was just opposite Somerset House; I stopped short, and began to *sacré* and *diable* till awakened by the bustle of the passing crowd. The subject then lay pretty quiet till last night; during my vigils I found a complete remedy, and now away we go again. An experiment shall be made, very privately, however, and, if it fail, there shall be no one but you to laugh at me.

29. Dined with A., to meet a captain commander in the navy; his friend, also, I believe, a naval officer, dined there. John resembles much his father; is intelligent, and has marks of intrepidity and promptitude; other details will be told. Came off at eight, against the entreaties of the whole company; but seeing J. and A. both gape, began to think myself *de trop*; *old men* should be a little jealous and *prevoyant* on this head. Wrote letter to J. Bentham about Miranda, at the suggestion and to gratify J. B. Another

to D. Luning, to put him in the service of J. B. for certain little commissions.

30. Intended to have gone to Chelsea to-day about my vinegar, but lay abed till ten, and then too late. Then resolved to see friend Allen, but wasted time till too late for that also.

Last night, after quitting you, instead of writing another letter which J. B. desires, took a French comedy, "*Le Conciliateur*," which, though amusing, is not of the very first rate; but was so much amused that I read it through, one hundred and twenty-three pages, which took till three; by means whereof, lost the whole of this day. Made a resolution not to open another of them till on shipboard.

Have called on Julie. Got her brother to do something to a piece of Fonzi's work, and went to a jeweller to get something further done. Sent out, and got cold beef and cold potatoes, tenpence, for dinner.

A. came in just before my dining, and was astonished to find how uncomfortable I was, and repeated it over and over. There is no truth in it; I am more than comfortable. To be sure, of the nine chairs in my room, eight were lumbered with clothes, &c. The two tables, the chest of drawers, and the mantelpiece the like, besides about fifty articles on the floor. The fire had just been lighted and did not yet burn, the weather cold, and such little matters she supposed essential to comfort. As to the arrangement, it is my taste; it is order; everything is found without opening trunks or drawers, and I never suffer my room to be swept. These English maids, if they once get into your room, hide everything; and this they call neatness and order. After such a misfortune, which, through inadvertence, now and then happens, it is the work of some days to find the things most usually wanted.

31. Am ashamed to tell you that I have not seen either Brunell or friend Allen. At about twelve last night, took up a French novel, *Adele de Lenanges*, and read till three.

Lay abed till eleven, and had scarcely time to write the letter to Bassano for J. Bentham, and to get to the stagehouse by three to go to Hampstead, where I was engaged to dine with Elton Hammond. Met there only la belle Harriet, his sister, and his friend Mr. Rodney. His (Hammond's) friends are all intelligent and well informed. Passed a very pleasant day, and home at half past nine.

D. M. R., Castella, Don Rylance, and Mr. Bartlett, all called this morning.

Twelve. Happy Newyear! Happy Newyear! Don't scream so, Gampillo, you'll wake father.

TO JEREMY BENTHAM.

London, October 16, 1811.

Your letter of the 10th is received. I shall at present reply to that part only which relates to General Miranda.

There is not, to my knowledge, any hostility, nor any cause of hostility between us; nor is it easy to conceive how or why there should be. We never, to my recollection, met but once. Then at the house of a common friend in Philadelphia, and at the time he (Miranda) was preparing for his expedition. Nothing unpleasant passed at that interview; on the contrary, I was greatly pleased with his social talents and colloquial eloquence. It is true, however, that I did, from private considerations, studiously avoid anything which might afford him an occasion to disclose his views. The bare suspicion of any connexion between him and me would have been injurious to my project and fatal to his; a circumstance of which he must have been ignorant. He afterward complained to his friend of my coldness and reserve, and he had reason; but I did not dare to explain, not having sufficient assurance of his discretion. As, however, there never has been, nor, in any probability, ever can be the smallest collision, political or other, between us, I did not suppose that any sentiment approaching to enmity existed on his part; none certainly on mine.

I heard with great pleasure of his return to his native country, and of the consideration in which he is held. My heart and feelings are, as you know, wholly and warmly with the patriots of Venezuela. His advent is, unquestionably, a very great boon to them. His experience in political and military life, and his literary acquirements, justly entitle him to pre-eminence among his countrymen. But that part of Miranda's character which constitutes his greatest eulogy is the purity of his political creed, and the constancy and consistency with which he has persevered in it. On this head he has shown no caprice, no backsliding, that I ever heard; and I have entire confidence that, so far forth as his influence may prevail, the government about to be established in Venezuela will afford as much liberty as is consistent with security and good order.

With these sentiments, you may be assured of my disposition to contribute, if it should happen to be in my power, to the success of Miranda and his patriot countrymen. There is a possibility, perhaps something more, that I may mingle, personally, in the affairs of Spanish America. In such case, a good understanding would be of sound policy, perhaps of mutual necessity. It is also probable that I may be capable of rendering him or his countrymen service in the United States, whither I am now about to return, and certainly I should do it with pleasure and with zeal.

Farther, were it even true that my mind had been impressed with sentiments unfriendly to Miranda, not only would the wishes you express have influenced my conduct, but any prejudices I could have imbibed would have been honestly and cheerfully sacrificed to your judgment, formed on so much better opportunities.

A. BURR.

TO MISS C——.

London, November 8, 1811.

As I never hear from you the things I expect, so I never say those I intend. When we met last evening (at least the instant before), my head and my heart were full of regrets that your amiable little note had not been sooner received. My prompt obedience would have testified how greatly I was flattered by the honour of your commands.

Being much out of humour with the three days' banishment which you have so barbarously inflicted, it has occurred to me to propose a mitigation of the sentence, by tendering my services on the occasion of your approaching dimenagement. I am wonderfully adroit on such occasions. A line from you will command my attention at any hour of day or night.

A. BURR.

TO MISS C——.

London, November 10, 1810.

Your two notes, my dear friend, are just now received. (10 o'clock, Thursday evening). Though evidently written on different days, for, à la femme, both are without date, yet they come together.

You are to dine with the G.'s to-morrow; unfortunately, I am otherwise engaged for dinner, but will be with you *there* about nine. Lest, however, you may wish to say something of the project before that hour, I will call on you between twelve and one to-morrow. Having engaged a gentleman to breakfast with me, it will be impossible to see you earlier. Pardon this tardiness.

A. BURR.

FROM JAMES BRIGGS.

London, November 18, 1811

I had the pleasure of reading your note this evening a few minutes after it was written, and lament that I could not call at the exact time which I had appointed. But I

regret still more that you are precluded from the hope of embarking in the same vessel with me by the earliness of our departure. Perhaps we may be detained till you can make the necessary preparations for the voyage; if so, I hope you will be able to effect all your purposes in season. I shall enjoy peculiar satisfaction in having the honour of entertaining you to-morrow, because I know you will be pleased with the small company whom you will meet. The house is private and the visitors select. You will be as much at your ease as you would be at your excellent friend's in Skinner-street, with this deduction, that you will have less literature.

Your note gives me a confidence that you will have formed no engagement that can interfere with my desire to have the pleasure of your society at my own lodgings, and I am sure Captain Jewett will feel extremely disappointed if you do not do us the favour of accepting our united invitation.

I was highly pleased with my entertainment yesterday; and shall always feel obliged to you for affording me an opportunity of being known to persons so distinguished and so worthy as those to whom you kindly introduced me. Mrs. Godwin is a charming lady. Mr. Godwin is entitled to every man's praise, and Miss Curran has many amiable and interesting qualities. There was a pleasure in contemplating the daughter of Mary Wolstoncraft. In short, I retired from their company well pleased with them, and sorry to part so soon.

JAMES BRIGGS.

FROM MRS. JUDGE THORP.

London, November 23, 1811.

I feel much obliged by your attention, and shall be extremely happy to see you and your friends at five to-morrow. My house being small, I am confident you will excuse, otherwise I would not have attempted to ask you, en famille, during the absence of its master. I did not receive your note till this moment.

When you speak of savages, you forget I have been in America, and know the fallacy of that idea. Neither my family nor myself are afraid ; therefore I shall expect Captain Jewett, Mr. Briggs, and yourself to-morrow.

S. THORPE.

TO JAMES BRIGGS.

London, December 1, 1811.

Your letter of the 28th is received. The overture of Captain Jewett and yourself is most inviting, and congenial with my wishes. If I should not adopt it, the fates only are to blame. Circumstances, however, which cannot be in this way communicated, incline me to believe that, by remaining here a short time, and then passing to the United States, I may better promote the common object. Nevertheless, if my baggage were now here, and one other trifling embarrassment removed, I would be with you to-morrow. In either case, I project to see you before your departure, to concert modes of communication for future interview. There being no mail to-morrow, this note is written to apprize you both of my devotion to the subjects of which we have conversed, and to assure you of my faith and attachment. Keep me advised of your prospects of sailing, as a mere trifle may determine me to visit my friend the *chief justice*.

A. BURR.

FROM LORD BALGRAY.

Edinburgh, December 14, 1811.

With great pleasure I received yours of the 10th, and I am happy that you are once more in old England. I am glad that certain persons have behaved like gentlemen at last.

At present I think that you might be of considerable use, provided you otherwise feel yourself at liberty to take any step of the kind. I trust that you have seen General Alexander Hope. Have you been introduced to the present Lord

Melville? I can assure you that he has more solid judgment than his father, though not the same bold, and intrepid, and dashing spirit which, in the affairs of this world, impose upon common minds. He is, like his father, a man of the highest honour, in whom you may place the most implicit confidence.

What can your government mean? Do your governors really think that they are acting either for the glory or the interest of their country? Did they at this moment cordially unite with Great Britain, they had the command of the whole world, except Europe. How useful they could be in the South American affairs.

Is it really probable that the inhabitants of North America believe that the inhabitants of Great Britain are inimical to them? I trust that your knowledge of all quarters of the island will enable you to assert that we entertain no such illiberal notions. I hope, also, that you have seen that, barring a little court intrigue among a few individuals about places, there is great stock of national honour and integrity, which, when necessary, will always show itself.

Since you have been here Ann\* is married to an Ayrshire gentleman (M. Snodgrass Buchannan), a young man; an honorary lawyer; of good family, and of very considerable fortune. Besides the family estate to which he succeeds, an aunt left him £40,000. It was a marriage with all our approbation. Alexander is still here, getting on tolerably well. A very fine young man. But, alas! which could not have escaped your attention, the mind of his father is gone.

Of all the things which ever happened to me in this world, nothing has given me more lasting or inconceivable distress than the departure of our friend, particularly at the time it happened. When he was bringing to maturity all his schemes, and when the government were coming into his plans with sincerity and eagerness.

Your friend, the Justice Clerk, is now lord president of the

\* Ann Williamson, daughter of Col. Charles Williamson.

College of Justice. This day I showed to his lordship your letter, and he was rejoiced, and begs his best respects. Do write him. He has more to say with Lord Moira than any man in Scotland. Remember, Moira is the prince's ostensible friend.

Lately, the Prince Regent, very much against my own inclination, has made me a Lord of Sessions in Scotland. According to the custom and fashion here, I have taken the title of "*Lord Balgray*." Let me hear from you.

DAVID WILLIAMSON.

FROM WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT.

Edinburgh, December 17, 1811.

As I did not know of your having arrived in this country, I was certainly somewhat surprised, but, at the same time, infinitely gratified, when I received your obliging letter. I well remember the one you wrote to me previous to your embarking for Sweden; but I shall not at present express what my feelings were upon knowing the manner in which you left England at that time. All that is now, I trust, at an end; and permit me to say, that in whatever country it may be your fate to reside in future, you shall always have my best wishes for your health and happiness.

Our good friend, Mr. Bartlett, has, I find, made you acquainted with the state of my family and of my seven sons. As I have it not in my power to serve my country in any public capacity, I have done all that I can, as a private citizen, to keep up the male population of the country; a matter of no small importance in times like the present, when we are engaged in a war to which we can see no probable termination. You would take me for one of the old patriarchs were you to see me surrounded by my seven sons. They are a heavy charge, and I cannot help sometimes feeling anxious about their future progress in the world; but I trust they shall all make their way in some shape or other. I shall do my part for them by giving them a good educa-

tion. I have the satisfaction to say that all of them, as well as their mother, are at present in perfect health.

My mother, who is much obliged by your kind remembrance of her, together with my sister, beg to make offer of their best respects. Mrs. A. unites with me in every good wish. When your future destination is decided on, I shall take it kind if you will write and let me hear from you.

WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT.

#### JOURNAL.

*London, January 1, 1812.* The strong coffee which I drank at Hammond's kept me awake till five. Rose at seven. Copied my letter to Bassano. Was going to friend Allen's, but, just as I set off, recollected that I had not the money to pay him for a small article which I had ordered; had but eighteenpence. Called on the Godwins and sat half an hour. Home, and then to A.'s; out. To Jul.'s, of whom borrowed twenty shillings. Gave six shillings for Newyear's, and six shillings for a bottle of wine to celebrate J.'s birthday (this day). She has a sister and a brother, all three born on the first of January. Paid three shillings for fruit. Promenade with Jul. to see a girl, said to be fifteen years old; is thirty-three inches high; does not appear to be more than eight years. Is an idiot, or very near. Then to see and hear the Panharmonicon. Were too late or too early. Home with Jul. at five, and dined with her and her sister, he, Mari, being abroad. We amused ourselves very well. At eight to Bentham's, where an hour, and then home.

And now, past twelve, am not sleepy. The weather has moderated. Am sitting before a great fire. Guess what I am doing. No—no—no—Gampillo will guess in a minute. Yes; why, you simpleton, what could I be doing but writing to you?

2. D. M. Randolph came at ten, but I dismissed him. Then came, extremely mal-à-propos, Castella, who was also

dismissed. Then the devil sent the officious old Scotchman \*\*\*\*\*. At twelve took passage in the coach for Chelsea. D. M. R. walked and got there as soon; a return of my old sprain preventing my pedestrating. Saw Brunell at his mill, a most beautiful and curious mechanism, but I fear will not quit cost. Then we examined the shoe machine and saw shoes made. The woman, not before a shoemaker, made a shoe in eleven minutes, and better than could be made by hand; and, with the same machinery, you could make one in the same time. Took lunch at the inn, fifteenpence. My principal motive to this visit was, as you have been told, to talk of the vinegar project and get it in operation. Brunell, who at first was enchanted with it, and all impatience to put it in operation, is now quite off. Returned in the coach. Home at four. About six, feeling a very lively disposition for dinner, walked over (two miles) to my beer-house; mutton-chop and potatoes, one shilling and sixpence. Having the room to myself, stayed till eight reading newspapers. Passed an hour at Graves's, and examined his little steam-engine, which they had just got in operation on the parlour table. Home at half past nine, and, to my great astonishment and joy, met our young runaway, Leith. His story is too long to write, it shall be told. Counted over my cash, and have five shillings and threepence.

3. After leaving you last evening, read a whole volume of Miss Owenson's "Ida of Athens." Had invited D. M. R. to breakfast. While at breakfast came in a letter from the landlord, notifying that he should call to-morrow morning to take possession of his house, and that we must quit. This threw us into great confusion; though I had resolved to leave the house at the end of the first, and at the end of every successive week since I came into it, and always immediately, and for very cogent reasons, fearing a *cap. ad. res.* Yet was I not provided with other lodgings, but worse. M. B. H. owes the landlord about twenty pounds, without means of paying; and I owe M. B. H. about five pounds.

Walked with D. M. R. to see a famous manufactory (on the Surry side) of every machine, from a mathematical instrument to a steam-engine; all moved by steam. By these different inspections have got a new idea about my boat, which pleases me much, and which, perhaps, is worth nothing. Hastened home to see what M. B. H. might intend to do for to-morrow. With her usual promptitude, she was out looking for other quarters for *self*; so that the family will separate. Took lunch with D. M. R. at my room; eightpence for a pot of ale; lent the old Scotchman three shillings. At five went to see our landlord, and he agreed to let us remain four or five days. Called on A., where an hour. She dined yesterday again at J. B.'s. On my way home discovered that I must dine. I find my appetite in the inverse ratio to my purse; and I now conceive why the poor eat so much when they can get it. Considering the state of my finances, resolved to lay out the whole instantly in necessaries, lest some folly or some beggar should rob me of a shilling. Bought, viz., half a pound of beef, eightpence; a quarter of a pound of ham, sixpence; one pound of brown sugar, eightpence; two pounds of bread, eightpence; ten pounds of potatoes, fivepence; having left elevenpence, treated myself to a pot of ale, eightpence; and now, with threepence in my purse, have read the second volume of *Ida*. Talked an hour with Leith, and agreed to negotiate for him with his uncle; and write you this at half past one in the morning. My beef was boiled—so bought, I mean, and I cooked my potatoes in my room. Made a great dinner. Ate at least one half of my beef. Of two great necessaries, coffee and tobacco, I have at least a week's allowance; so that, without a penny, I can keep the animal machine agoing for eight days.

4. Of five pieces of cambric which I bought for you in Flanders, and should have presented you if our voyage had not been interrupted, four have already been sold and managed; the fifth, the last, and the most beautiful, was handed

yesterday to D. M. R. to sell, and I am now, this morning, waiting at home his return. In the mean time, I have been rummaging among Gampillo's treasures to see what might be found which may be convertible into money. Found, and have taken possession of, a Napoleon, and a Dutch ducat of King Louis; both new and brilliant. If D. M. R. does not come before twelve, they must go. Poor dear souls! if I should remain here six weeks longer, you will neither of you have a single evidence that you were thought of in any of the countries in which I have been.

14. At nine commenced packing up. Sent off to Jer. Bentham, for safe keeping, all except one trunk. Cambric sold for £10 10s. 6d., exactly the amount due M. B. H. So am to begin the world sans sous. To Graves's at three. The baggage arrived, and the books all seized; the trunks and boxes broken open, without notice to me, or even demanding the keys. The books seized as foreign books which have not paid duty. To Godwin's, where remained till ten. He related many curious particulars respecting himself.

18. Couché at one. Was again so long occupied with that cursed letter, which may do harm and may do good; don't like such letters; can you conceive that I have been two whole nights and one whole forenoon making a letter of one sheet? But you will see the reason when you peruse it.

At seven made my fire, no one being up in the house. Wrote till two. To J. S., and there near an hour. Proposed that he should advance £40 on the books to clear them; he declared it to be out of his power to advance one shilling. To Graves's; he was at dinner. Waited in the office till he came down. Was asked up. The Seltzer not sold; changed with him four of Gampillo's French francs for four shillings. Mem.—Owed two shillings for a washing bill brought in this morning. By Black Friars' and Westminster Bridges to J. B.'s, where dined and passed

the evening. Intended to have consulted him about my letter; but, somehow, things did not go right. Home at ten, and took my coffee.

19. Up till near three, overhauling all my papers, to hunt for an account which did not find. So must pay it again, though remember perfectly the payment and receipt. Sor. at twelve to J. H.; but Contesse, who was to do a job for me, was gone. To J. Hug., where an hour. To Godwin's to dinner; stayed till half past nine. Met the family, and little Martha Hopson, musician, sister of Han. the painter; 16 and 13; daughters of a coachman. Home to read Hamlet travestied, by John Poole, Esq., and have read it through. It is naught; but the notes in ridicule of modern comedians are very well. Got to-day of J. Hug. your picture-watch, and wrote to Capt. Johnson to pawn it; but he would not. Shall try to sell some cambric handkerchiefs to-morrow. For the last ten days scarcely a frost; little rain, chilly, foggy. Though in my paper-hunting I did not find what I sought, yet found your last four letters, which have read over again with increased admiration of the author. They stimulate me to new exertions to get to the United States. But what now can I do, and what prospect is there of my ever getting out—*sans sous*?

20. At seven made my fire. Sor. at ten. To J. Sm.; he had not yet seen Hipkins, the captain of a vessel about to sail to Norfolk, of whom I have heard a good account. To Gra. Nothing done about the Seltzer water nor the vinegar. He went with me to the custom-house, but the commissioners do not sit on Monday, nor does the solicitor attend. So nothing to be done. Went back with G., not knowing whither. Strolled along past St. Paul's, and called at Godwin's, where got my seven shilling piece changed; besides this, had one shilling and fourpence, and my rent, due on Wednesday, is eight shillings. Called on Captain Johnson; he still hesitates; did not press it. Another stroll; and, recollecting that Gampillo had got some of those new

2

francs, determined to rob him of three or four more, which will keep the animal machine agoing for as many days. Home at two. Sent Eliz. for half a pound of beef, eightpence; pot of porter, eightpence; moutarde and pot, fivepence; in all, one shilling and ninepence. Have already two pounds of bread, which will last me three days. But, alas! my coffee and sugar are both out, and then the rent, eight shillings per week, is due, and must be paid on Wednesday morning, or Gam. goes into the street. I have made a great fire, and am occupied in finishing that letter to Lord B. which has given me so much plague.

21. Made my fire. Fortunately, the weather is not very cold. Got my breakfast, and sallied forth with two cambric handkerchiefs to sell and your picture-watch to pawn, for argent must be had to-day. Got to D. M. R.'s, about one and a quarter miles off, before he was up. Charged him with my commission, and agreed to meet him at Graves's at four. Thence to go to dine together at our little eating-shop in case he should get money to pay the scot. To Graves's, and with him to the custom-house, where, after waiting an hour, saw Mr. C., but no answer had been received from Yarmouth. Thence back to G.'s, where began to copy my letter to Lord B. G. asked me to dine, which refused; resolved to eat or fast with D. M. R., who, by-the-by, has two shillings. He came in at four, but had not been able to get a sous<sup>s</sup>; agreed, nevertheless, to dine at our eating-house, having between us money enough to pay; for I had yet four shillings, and I had prudently put in my pocket some of Gampillo's coins to sell to G., who loves such things, in the last resort. D. M. R. went off to the exchange close by to gather news. I to order fire and dinner, and smoke my pipe. In half an hour D. M. R. came in, and threw on the table five one-pound notes. He had met a friend who had advanced him that sum, and he paid me forty shillings which I had lent him some time ago, but had quite forgotten. We dined in peace, and I came home at seven

and made a good fire. My letter to Lord B. is undergoing another copy, and, being six pages, will not be finished to-night. Bon soir.

Want exceedingly to go to Dartford (sixteen miles), on something about my vinegar invention, which *may be* profitable, but can't get argent enough for that expedition. How, then, am I to get to the United States?

22. At ten to J. S., who had no news for me. To Graves. No letter from Yarmouth. To Q. S. P., to pay Mrs. S. six shillings which she had paid for the cartage of my things. You see by your map that this is a full league from Graves's. Forgot to say that I called first on friend Allen, who had not yet been able to make the solution which he had promised; was glad of it, for there might have been a guinea to pay. At Q. S. P., which, you know, is J. Bentham's; paid Mrs. S., and pillaged you of three pairs of beautiful stockings, which I intended to give to the three Godwins. I have never given them anything, and they all love me so; and this night they all go to a great ball. As they were to be given in your name, and you will have three pairs left, I thought you would consent. So went to Godwin's with the three pairs of stockings nicely rolled up. Went directly up stairs where the children set; but F. was not there. Waited a few minutes, but she came not; then came in madame; all hard at work. Somehow the occasion did not suit, and I came off with the three pairs of stockings in my pocket. How ridiculous! J. Bentham had asked me to dine, which refused; but, while there, we had a great dispute about the affair of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cause for which they were burned; the particulars of which I will relate, but can't now write. There being no Bible at hand to settle the question, we parted, each with his own opinion. At Godwin's I consulted him, who, you know, or, perhaps, do not know, was bred a priest. He turned to the passage, and, really, there is ground for the strange opinion of J. B. On my way home bought one

pound of sugar, half a pound of coffee, and two nutmegs; in all, two shillings. They always attempt to cheat you a few pence in the change; but I have got too sharp for them. Home at three. El. cooked my potatoes very nicely, and, with the beef and a pint of ale, made a sumptuous dinner. At seven to Godwin's, to see the three lasses dressed for the ball; they were extremely neat, and with taste. Home at ten. Paid my bill to ma hostesse, eight shillings, and gave little Eliz. an eighteen-penny piece, which appeared to put her in an ecstasy of joy.

23. This morning ma hostesse, for the first time, made my fire at seven. While I was breakfasting, received by the post a note from D. M. R. requesting me to call on him at twelve; that he wanted my advice, and could not go out. Fear some trouble. Finished my letter to Lord B., put it in my pocket, and off to D. M. R.'s. He had a letter from Brunell about their projected association in the shoe business. So this is good and not harm. To J. Reeves's, there being new and rigorous orders about aliens, and I having no paper or certificate to entitle me to reside here. He said I wanted none, being an exception to all rules. Told him my name was *Arnot*, to which he assented. At my request, he gave a sort of passport to go to Dartford, to see the manufacture of charcoal, which is connected with my vinegar project. Then to J. B.'s to read in manuscript a work he is about to publish on evidence. But in came Peter Irving, who appeared extremely glad to see me, and sat, talking of New-York, till five, but offered me no aid. Dinner and coffee with J. B. On the way home called at Godwin's to talk over the ball. Home at ten, and found fire ready made, as I had ordered; and have written you this evening the last six pages, having written nothing before since Monday. Now one o'clock.

But, before saying good-night, must tell you the news. We have this day received the war resolutions of Congress, and Mr. Porter's war speech, which makes great stir here. Now,

If there be war, it is most certain that I shall be kept here during the war. Will go to-morrow, and try to sell everything I have; your books, and stockings, and even ribands and all; all Gampillo's coins and medals. No, I will keep one of Charles XII. when a boy. I will walk to any port in the kingdom. But, then, fifty guineas for passage-money!

24. Fire was made at seven; but Gamp. was so warm and comfortable in bed, and it was so cold, that he had not the courage to get up till nine.

Sor. at twelve to J. S. about finances, but no prospect. To Graves's. No answer from Yarmouth. To Castella's. Home. There has come an answer from Yarmouth; but Mr. Cooper, the solicitor, not being there, could not see it nor learn its purport, though waited there an hour and a half, standing in the common room. To Graves's; nothing of the Seltzer water. He asked me to dine, but was engaged with D. M. R. At four to our eating-house, where dined and stayed till seven; paid two shillings each. To G.'s again, to meet a Mr. — Clagge, an ingenious man from Manchester, who has invented an improvement in steam-engines, of which I wish to get a knowledge. Home at eight. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin came and sat an hour with me. Have had my coffee, and am considering what had best do with the remaining two hours, and think I will write to you (i. e., a letter), having sent you but one letter since my arrival in England. How could I write to you? To be sure, there have been opportunities plenty, but what to say; that I saw no prospect of getting out, and was living precariously? This would distress you. To lie outright, and say you might expect me soon? That, also, might be a new source of solicitude. So I have left it to the newspapers.

This war-news affects me a good deal. If there be war before April, every American ship which shall sail, even from this day, will be captured. Indeed, my dear enfans, Gamp. had never so bad a prospect of seeing you. If I had rino, could get out in twenty ways; but have had no new hope

to-day on that head. My best prospect is the vinegar discovery; but that, too, requires cash. Will ponder and smoke.

After an hour, nothing new has been projected. Unfortunately for cogitation, the last coffee I bought is too high burned; and, while the Godwins were here, I took it stronger than usual, which I feel severely, and apprehend insomnia; which would be ill-timed, for must be at the custom-house at ten, when the fate of the books will be decided.

25. Rose at ten. So did not get to G.'s, who was to go with me to the custom-house, till twelve. Graves was busy and could not go; so went alone. Mr. Cooper, the solicitor, behaves like an angel. He read me the answer from the custom-house at Yarmouth, which exonerates me wholly. He then wrote in my presence, and read to me his opinion, viz., that I ought to have my books as part of my baggage *free of duty*, not having come here voluntarily, being only in transitu, and ought to be delivered up to me. He told me, however, that his opinion was only advice, and not law to the commissioners, and that they were tenacious of their own usages. He sent his opinion in to the commissioners, who sit under the same roof, and, after waiting half an hour (during which time, observe, I was sitting reading in his room, not standing among the mob as yesterday), the commissioners having sent no answer, he went in to hasten their decision, and returned with their fiat in these words, "Let them be delivered accordingly." Mr. C. would take no fee or compensation. He informed me that, as the seizure was regular, a small compensation should be given to the officer who seized (Smith, a decent, clever fellow), but that he (Cooper) would take care that it should be small. Sent one of his clerks with me to the store where the things were, to see that they were delivered; but, not being possessed of one guinea for Smith, did not take them away. Now as to finance. When last in England, a gentleman, friend of A. B. Reeves, but well established here in trade, sought my

acquaintance, which at that time I declined. On my return here lately he renewed his overtures. I conceded; gave him an audience. He made great professions of friendship; invited me to his house, &c. I went, and found him prettily established en garçon; dined with him two or three times. He told me of his commercial affairs; that his credit was such he could borrow ten thousand guineas any day; that he had a large sum in the United States which he could not get here, and which lay there idle. During my insomnia last evening, I resolved to try this friend; for something had occurred, *the acquittal of the ship Vigilant*, which was not mentioned to you last evening. She being about to sail, and my passage there being paid, it is my last hope. Friend G. went to this friend for the loan of fifty pounds. I can't tell you what it cost me to do this; and, but for you and Gampillo, certainly I never should have stooped to it. He recoiled at the bare word loan. He had not a shilling; puzzled to pay his servants, and his baker, &c., &c. I then proposed to take his bill on the United States for fifty pounds of that idle money. At this he choked, and stammered, and hesitated. I smiled at his embarrassment. He said he could not draw unless for mercantile purposes; for goods, &c., &c. I offered to pledge the books, which one guinea would now redeem; but nothing would suit him. He advised me to draw a bill myself; he thought that would be much better. "I do not want advice; I know my own affairs much better than you do."

Then went to Captain J., to attempt again to pledge your watch, but he could not or would not advance five pounds. Then home; took my p. d. t. and bouef froid; still the same half pound bought just ten days ago, and, with a pot of ale, made a feast.

Have been now four hours hard at work deciphering a letter from a very dear friend, received six months ago; but so long that I have never before attempted it. It is of four full large pages, more compact than any small print. Got

through only five lines, from which I discover that some of my letters had not been received, and he advised me to write by the packet. You see, mes enfans, that I have now no reliance but my vinegar, and to plunder you both of all your remaining bagatelles.

26. Something out of order by taking crem. de tart. last evening; but a very serious calamity unfits me, even for writing to you. A., on whom I called to-day for the first time in three weeks, owing, as you have seen, to my eternal occupation with little vexations—A. received me in a manner so cold, so unfriendly, I came home sick, and am now going to bed at eleven.

Saw D. M. R. a few minutes; he lent me forty shillings, being four fifths of all he had in the world. A few minutes also at J. Hug. and at Dessauls, who has yet done nothing. Have eaten no dinner except a bowl of soup. Bought one newspaper, and borrowed two others, and have been reading them, and something in Political Justice, since four o'clock. This affair of A. is totally remediless; but can't write now.

27. A day of great fatigue and nothing done. Lounged in bed till near nine. Am always the worse for being more than six hours in bed. At eleven to Graves's. Nothing done in Seltzer. Wrote note to J. B., intended to have been sent with the trunks of books. On to the custom-house warehouse, to take possession of my books, so long in jeopardy. An old gentleman, who seemed the principal, recognised me, and told me I could take the trunks and case. But, pray, sir, said he, did I not understand that you proposed to reship these things on board the Vigilant? Gam.—Yes, sir; such is my intention. Old gentleman.—Then, sir, it is proper to inform you, that if you remove the articles from the king's stores, you cannot ship them without subjecting the vessel to the payment of clearance and other charges, as a ship with cargo, to which a vessel sailing in ballast is not liable. Gam.—And, pray, what may be the amount of such charges? Old gentleman.—Perhaps two

or three hundred pounds. Gam.—And in case I leave them here, may I then embark them without that inconvenience? Old gentleman.—Certainly, sir. I shall, in that case, put the custom-house seal on them, and they will be embarked as part of your baggage; for to this time we know officially that they are part of the effects with which you embarked from Amsterdam; but, the moment they are removed, that certainty ceases.

I saw the reason of all this, but it was a deadly blow to me; for some of the books I must sell; i. e., Bayle and Moreri, at least. I went off to consult my friend, Mr. Cooper, the solicitor. He had been at his office to-day. Waited half an hour, standing in the public room, but he came not. Went thence to J. Sm.'s, whose advice, as an intelligent merchant, I thought might be useful; out. Then posted back again to Graves's; he was also out. Being a good deal fatigued, and something hungry, stepped into our eating-house (just by Graves's), and took beef and a pint of ale. Thence to see Koe, who has his office in my walk. Gave him my note to J. B., and told him the story of the books, for I have promised J. B. some of those books. Thence loitering, and staring at picture shops, and thinking of that cursed A. To J. Hug's, to get her to put my thirty franc watch (the only one left) in order. She discovered the malady and repaired it in fifteen minutes. Sat an hour. It is, perhaps, the only creature in London who does exclusively love Gam. On my way, passed through Covent Garden, and bought her one shilling and sixpence worth of apples and pears. Then slowly, and by various detours, home, where, at half past five, having trotted about four leagues, was a little abbattée. Sent out for half a pound mutton, eightpence; pint ale, fourpence; one pound candles, elevenpence halfpenny; one pound sugar, ninepence; pipes and tobacco, fivepence; two quires paper, one shilling and sixpence; half quartern loaf of bread, eightpence; six pounds potatoes, sixpence. So that my expenses yesterday and to

day, exclusive of room-rent and fire, have been eleven shillings and sixpence ; but observe that I have had, in this fortnight, only half a pound of meat, six pounds of potatoes, and four pounds six ounces of bread.

In my stroll to-day, seeing St. Paul's open, went in for the first time ; cost fourpence, i. e., twopence for a book and twopence for entrance. The book will describe it to you. Called at the Godwins' this morning to leave some newspapers, but saw no one but the clerk. In my note to J. B., told him the story of A. Told it also to Koe, and last evening to the G.'s. This is à la François ; whom, God forbid, I should ever imitate them in anything. What can have possessed A. ? But won't tease you with it.

Captain Combes, to whom I had written on Friday last to call on me, did call on Sunday at G.'s, for that is my address in this quarter, and Queen's Square Place in the other. He says that the expenses will be upward of £600, exclusive of his own and the ship, which will be about as much more. Thinks he will sail in three weeks. This he told Graves, as I was not *at home*. No person except the Godwins and D. M. R., not even J. B., know or suspect that I live in a house in Clerkenwell Close, *in furnished lodgings*, at eight shillings per week, and right opposite the house formerly occupied by Oliver Cromwell, now owned or occupied by a man of the name of Haines, as I see engraved on the knocker. But more of this about the month of May, when I think we shall meet somewhere, though I have yet no other resource but robbing you and Gampillo. The clock strikes twelve ; the hour that ghosts appear and reasonable folks go to bed. Must first smoke half an hour.

28. Got breakfast, and was at D. M. R.'s at half past nine. Sat in the coffee-room reading newspapers till he had breakfasted, and then we walked together to Chelsea, about five and a half miles from my quarters. Spent three hours in examining the sawmill and the shoe machine. This latter he is continually improving. He thinks he will very soon

make a shoe in five minutes. And I believe he will, and better than they can be made by hand. It is a beautiful invention. The basis of it was discovered by our shoemakers in Philadelphia. Brunell's improvement does by machinery what Bedford's does by hand.

The sawmill was contemplated with increased admiration, more for the wonderful accuracy of its movements than from any great exertion, of inventive genius. The larger saw (wheel) is eighteen feet in diameter. It was cutting a log five feet thick. I measured the thickness, and there were fifteen to an inch, including the waste of the saw-cut; he gets from seventeen to twenty for every two inches.

Had half hour's talk with Brunell and D. M. R. about their project of manufacturing shoes, in concert with one Gilpin. Took a mutton chop, potatoes, and a pint of ale at "The Hole in the Wall." Paid three shillings and fourpence for self and D. M. R. Walked back. Got home at five, and was not half so fatigued as yesterday, though I had not sat down an hour from nine till five. Have taken my coffee, and now, at eight, am going to read more in Political Justice, that I may question the author a little about his strange principles of government. I beg you to read it also, that we may talk it over together. On my way home, called on J. H. Out. Had bought eightpence worth of fruit for her, but did not see her. Peter Irving lodged at the same house with D. M. R. He left town this morning, without having called on me again or offering me the least service. He left with D. M. R. an apology, that letters just received from the United States obliged him to leave town suddenly and unexpectedly. Credat. It is said that he is courting. While I was writing the last sentence, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin came in, and have sat an hour. They had news for me of a declaration of war by the United States; of which, however, I do not believe a word. Jul.'s apples and pears came in demand.

No progress made to-day in finance. Nothing done or

attempted. But, as the fellow says in the farce, "though he says nothing and does nothing, yet he pays it off in thinking." So with us. I have, however, this evening been making a list of the things vendible and pawnable, and think I may make out to raise £40, which may clear me out and land me in the United States *sans sous*.

I have been overhauling Gampillo's treasure of coins and medals; but it has been so often pillaged that nothing valuable is left. After having talked of it so often, I am ashamed to bring him only such trash.

The articles destined for pawn are your diamond watch and the picture watch; and for sale, my silver repeater, and Moreri and Bayle; and on Thursday I set about it. To-morrow must to the custom-house. *Bon soir*.

29. At nine came in D. M. R. and took breakfast with me; to talk about his shoe affair. At twelve to J. S.'s to consult him about the books. Out. To Graves's. He advises that I remove the books, and thinks there can be no danger. Hesitated whether to do so, and resolved to omit it, at least, till to-morrow. To Godwin's to get a book (the new edition of his Political Justice, much altered and improved). Promised to send it. To J. Hug.'s, which is near Soho Square, and sat half an hour. Then to J. B.'s, to over-haul my trunks there for something to sell, particularly for the diamond watch. After hunting an hour, could not find it; but found six suit of riband which I had bought for you at Palais Royal; in all, twenty-eight yards. After gazing at them, and painting to myself the pleasure they would give, as being my taste, and evidence of my recollection in all places, I reluctantly resolved to sell them if I could get fifty dollars. They cost seventy, but they are pretty, and *here* new. Came off with this, and two parcels of Gampillo's coins, which I found there also. Wishing much to meet again Mr. Clagge, the engineer, from whom I am to have description and drawings of his steam-engine and gas-light improvements, and being told by Graves that Clagge would

be at his house at four, went home by Westminster and Black Friars' Bridges; first to my chophouse, and there took a dinner, two and sixpence, enormous; and then, at half past four, to Graves's; but Clagge had not come, and, as it was raining hard, his coming was doubtful. So my labour and money lost. Home at six, and found D. M. R. in my room. He had not dined, and he finished my mutton and sat till eight. He took the ribands and will try what he can do. This being my pay-day, he lent me five and sixpence, having just sixpence left for himself. But what has become of my last forty shillings, you will ask. Why, madame, fifteen shillings are spent, and I have also a golden guinea, *rara avis*, which I have procured in order to give to that custom-house officer who did me the favour to seize my books. Brought from Godwin's "Milton on Divorce," which have been reading from eight to twelve, and now, at one, adieu.

The morning appearing fine, went out without my umbrella and got well wetted. It is against my conscience, you know, to hire a hack. Remember to ask me for anecdotes heard to-day of your young Drayton and Grimke. The former was in \* \* \* \* \*.

30. This is the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles. The theatres are all shut, except that at Covent Garden a solemn oratorio is performed. The churches open and prayers. Some folks, however, make it a day of feast and rejoicing, and celebrate the right of cutting off kings' heads. At ten to J. S.'s. Out. Rather think I must be denied, this being the fourth time successively. To the custom-house, where passed an hour with Mr. Cooper, the solicitor. He recommends that I leave the books, and get the trunks sanctified by the seal of the custom-house, which will ensure them from further search or vexation. Think to do so, but shall withdraw Bayle and Moreri to sell. To Madame L.'s, where a few minutes; had no news for me. To Elt. Hammond's. Out. To W. Graves's, where sat an hour reading newspapers, and D. M. R. came in as by appoint-

ment. We had agreed to go to-day to a manufactory of vinegar; but, for good reasons, postponed it. Set out for Lincoln's Inn Fields, but, hard rain coming on, and having taken no umbrella, the morning being fine, turned about and stopped a few minutes at Godwin's. Continued in all the rain; by musing, lost my way and got wet to the skin. Home at four. Changed and made a great fire. Got half a pound mutton, and at five D. M. R. came in and dined with me, as agreed. He had again got five pounds, and lent me forty shillings. Paid my bill, eight shillings board, two shillings milk, &c., &c.; one and sixpence to Eliz. Have been reading Milton on Divorce. He maintains that divorce for incompatibility of temper, for want of love, &c., &c., is ordained by the law of God, as contained in the Old and New Testaments, and by the law of nature; and that the indissolubility of marriage is a popish doctrine, instigated by the devil to promote sin and misery. He cites many learned and pious authors, and refers to a treatise of Erasmus (which I have not seen) as supporting his opinions. D. M. R. left the ribands with a lady of fashion, who was charmed with them; and he thinks we shall get more than fifty dollars. If so, I hope you will not regret the robbery, nor condemn. Don't think, Mons. Gampillo, that you are to escape. I have serious thoughts of offering in the lump the residue of your coins and medals. Trash, indeed; but here happens to be a medal-monger who may value such trash; and, if he should offer ten guineas, they are gone—gone.

31. At eleven to J. Bentham's to read in the manuscript something of his Law of Evidence. At one came D. M. R. by appointment, and we went together to see a very large vinegar manufactory. But the proprietor, to whom D. M. R. introduced himself, was so churlish and rude that we came off without seeing anything. It is on the Surry side, not far from the London Bridge. D. M. R. went over to the city, and I came back to J. B.'s. Read till six. Dined, and off at nine; and, just as I was coming away, a note from

A. was handed to me. It was opened with some solicitude; but I was really rejoiced to see her handwriting, having almost despaired of reconciliation. The note is witty and amiable, as you shall see. I answered immediately, but have no copy; must get one for you. There seems ground to hope that we may again meet as friends. Before going to J. B.'s, went with D. M. R. to confer with him and Brunell, and instruct them about a bargain they are to make to-day with a capitalist (who appears to me to be a great rascal) about the shoe business. B. and D. M. R. are in a fair way to be wronged out of nine tenths of the value of their inventions.

FROM MR. BRUNELL TO D. M. RANDOLPH.

London, January 1, 1812.

I find that, for the purpose of improving the quality of the coals used in making powder, they burn the wood in a retort and receive the acid in water, which water, when saturated with the acid, is sold to the diers. This, of course, does away the priority of invention with regard to vinegar; consequently, a patent could not be got for the same. What I allude to is carried on at Dartford, in Kent, sixteen miles from town. I will thank you to communicate this to Col. Burr, whom I should be very glad to see with you to-morrow.

I must observe, however, that I may be under the necessity of going to town to attend to one of the board. The mill will always be open to your inspection.

M. J. BRUNELL.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE COMMISSIONERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
CUSTOMS.

London, January 14, 1812.

Aaron Burr, citizen of the United States, embarked as a passenger on board the American ship *Vigilant*, which has been engaged by the American government as a cartel to

take home certain of their distressed seamen. She sailed from the Texel, in ballast, on the 30th of September, 1811; the same day was captured by his majesty's frigate *Le Desiré*, and sent into Yarmouth. A. Burr came immediately to London, having ordered his baggage to be lodged in the custom-house. Perceiving that the *Vigilant* might still be detained for some time, and being impatient to pursue his voyage, he went to Yarmouth early last month to bring his baggage to London, with a view of taking his passage in the first ship which might sail for the United States from this port. He informed the deputy-collector (the collector being absent), and the other officers of the customs with whom he conversed, that he should take such articles only as were not liable to duty, excepting the mineral water, which is necessary to his health. Of course, his liquors and small stores were left. He declared repeatedly and openly that the two larger trunks contained principally books and pamphlets, and that the smaller case contained the dictionaries of Bayle and Moreri (fourteen volumes, folio), and nothing else.

Farther, these books having been all in common use among the passengers during the fifteen or twenty days they were on board, were all repacked after Aaron Burr's arrival at Yarmouth in December, in the presence and with the assistance of several of the custom-house officers; so that there is not a single article in either of those packages which has not been seen and handled by one or more of the officers. The deputy-collector, and the other gentlemen whose advice was necessary on the occasion, seeing that the books were second-hand; that they were manifestly for Aaron Burr's private use, and not a greater quantity than might be reasonably expected to compose part of the baggage of a person of his habits on such a voyage, decided that they might be considered as part of his travelling baggage, &c., and be landed free of duty. They were shipped on board the coasting vessel (the *Commerce*) from the custom-house, and by

the officers thereof; and Aaron Burr, being ignorant of the forms of office, desired those gentlemen to furnish the necessary papers, which he had no doubt had been done in the most proper and authentic manner.

For the truth of these facts, Aaron Burr refers confidently to every officer of the customs at Yarmouth with whom he had any intercourse; all of whom must also attest to his loyalty and candour on every occasion. The duties now proposed to be demanded for these books and pamphlets would amount to more than double the original cost. For instance, Bayle cost four francs per volume, and Moreri four francs ten sous, making, for the fourteen volumes, sixty-one francs, equal to fifty shillings and tenpence sterling. The pamphlets cost from two to five sous each; and these two items compose a great majority of the bulk and weight.

Considering, therefore, that Aaron Burr is not chargeable with any concealment, or error, or even negligence, he hopes to be permitted to receive his books and pamphlets free of duty, as part of his baggage, or that he may be allowed to reship them on board the *Vigilant*, to proceed with her to the United States.

A. BURR.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE COMMISSIONERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
CUSTOMS.

London, January 16, 1812.

On the 14th inst. I had the honour to transmit to you a statement of facts relating to some books and pamphlets which had been seized in this port. I have now that of enclosing a copy of the bill of lading for these and my other effects which were shipped at Yarmouth. It will be seen that *books* are specifically mentioned in this document.

The officer by whom the seizure was made alleged to me, for cause, that, in the permit, *books* were not specified as composing part of the contents of the trunks and case. It is not in my power positively to contradict this assertion, having confided wholly to the correctness of the custom-

house officers, and having never, to my recollection, read the permit; but I well remember that there was a separate permit for the parcels of which my baggage consisted, which permit has not, that I can learn, been yet produced. The inference, however, to be drawn from the specification of *books* in the bill of lading is almost conclusive, as it refers distinctly to that permit, and was signed and delivered to me by the officer by whom the articles were shipped. It will, at least, afford a further evidence of the purity of my intentions.

A. BURR.

TO LORD BALGRAY.

London, January 21, 1812.

A letter so kind and so full of useful intimations as that which you wrote me on the 14th ultimo, merited an earlier reply. Though more than a month has elapsed since its date, it was not received till about the last of December, owing to my absence from town; and, indeed, the abundance of reflection to which your letter gave rise; the vast and important views which it discloses, have also contributed to retard my reply.

My tour on the Continent served to increase my admiration of the government of this island and of the character of its inhabitants. But let it not be understood that I hold in equal estimation those of the north and those of the south. It was, however, here only that I found patriotism, security, and public faith. I returned to it with the same dispositions that filled me at the moment of my first arrival, nearly four years ago. But when I reflected on the treatment then received from some of the men now in power; on the little confidence I had inspired, and the little consideration in which I was held, all hope of being useful *here*, either to this country or to my own, appeared chimerical, and was abandoned; for to have tendered myself to the government might have exposed me to new indignities. Delicacy and pride, therefore, forbade any advances on my part. Hence it is, that, with the

warmest disposition, and with the ability beyond any man to point out the means of conciliating the two countries, and of contributing to the application of those means; that, possessing better information than any other respecting Spanish America, and more able to fulfil the views of government, by rendering it auxiliary to the resources of this country—hence it is, I say, that, with this disposition and these advantages, I resolved not to think or to speak of politics, and to occupy myself solely in the prosecution of my voyage. I therefore called on no one except two or three literary friends, who live wholly in the intellectual world, and abstracted from the occurrences of the day.

Seeing no prospect of a speedy termination of the trial of the ship *Vigilant* (that in which I came or was brought here), I went to Yarmouth, placed my baggage in the custom-house, and committed to some of its officers the charge of shipping it for London by a coaster then ready to sail; and the wind being fair, no doubt was entertained but that she would reach her destination in forty-eight hours.

It was in this temper, and thus predetermined, that, on my return from Yarmouth, your letter was received. It awakened my enthusiasm, but without impairing my resolutions or changing my opinions. As a manifestation of your esteem and attachment, it was flattering, it was dear to me; but my mind was decided, and measures were already taken for a speedy departure. Ten days elapsed and the coaster did not arrive. In the mean time, the American ship sailed. Finally, after a voyage of eighteen days, the coaster arrives with my effects, but at the same instant they are all seized at the custom-house, by reason of some omission on the part of the officers by whom they were shipped; and, at the moment I write, explanations are going on between the two custom-houses. Yesterday sailed the last of the American ships, so that the period of my return to the United States has now become uncertain.

Being thus unexpectedly placed in a state of temporary

inaction, I have read your letter again and again, and with new interest and pleasure. It is true that I should, with great regret, leave this country without first having an understanding with some one or more of the persons in power or of influence as to the line of conduct the government would pursue in the case of certain events which probably may occur in the United States. I am also well disposed to confer on the other topics above mentioned. But I repeat, that no channel of approach is open to me. It is impossible that I should make overtures. Such a step might expose me, to the suspicion of improper motives. Yet I should meet with cheerfulness any which might be made to me. Seeing, however, that my presence has been known to every member of the administration since the very day of my arrival, it may be concluded that no such overture will come from them, unless goaded to it by some one *outdoors*. Should you deem the thing so far worthy of your attention as to produce an invitation to me, it would be improved with pleasure. I beg, however, not to be understood as taking the liberty to ask of you any such proceeding; but the suggestion grew out of your letter, and is made as well to manifest my willingness to do whatever may be in my power towards the attainment of purposes of the highest public interest, as to exonerate myself from the reproach of indifference to such great national concerns.

Of American politics, it is impossible that I should say anything without saying too much, at least for this mode of communication. As an American, I feel humiliated by the conduct of my government. It is, however, true that some censure is due to yours, on the score either of ignorance, or of apathy, or of ill-will. Of the two former I fear a good deal. It is a sad spectacle that two nations, whom every motive of interest and policy invite to union, should waste their time, their resources, and their energies in vile, unprofitable discord, emanating from imbecility (always suspicious), from misconception, and from base personal views.

Two nations, destined to support and aggrandize each other, and solicited by Nature and by the actual posture of the world to preserve and perpetuate whatever may remain of science, of arts, of liberty, and of social virtue. For it is a melancholy fact, my friend, that Europe is fast, very fast re-barbarizing; retrograding with rapid strides to the darkest ages of intellectual and moral degradation; all that has been seen, or felt, or heard, or read of despotism; all other, past and present, is faint and feeble; it is freedom and ease compared with that which now desolates Europe. The science of tyranny was in its infancy; it is now matured. Within the last fifteen years, greater ravages have been made on the dignity, the worth, and the rational enjoyments of human nature, than in any former ten centuries. All the efforts of genius, all the nobler sentiments and finer feelings are depressed and paralyzed. Private faith, personal confidence, and the whole train of social virtues, are condemned and eradicated. They are crimes. And you, my friend, even you, with all your generous propensities, your chivalrous notions of honour, and faith, and delicacy, were you condemned to live within the grasp of the tyrant, even you would discard them all, or you would be sacrificed as a dangerous subject.

Thank the lord president for his polite expressions. I have not written to him, because, to write without any other objects than those which have been already expressed through you, would assume the air of obtruding myself on his correspondence.

General Alexander Hope and I never met, except at his *office*, which does not appear to me that sort of acquaintance which would justify my calling his attention to subjects not immediately within the sphere of his official duty. The present Lord Melville I have not seen.

The untimely loss of your inestimable brother occupies a portion of every day of my life. It has inflicted a wound on my peace and happiness which no time can heal or assuage.

You knew something of the intimacy which subsisted between us, but its whole extent could be known only to him and to me. It is such as had I with no other man living, and such as it is utterly improbable I should ever have with any one again. If his children were my own, they could not be dearer to me. I saw, with extreme regret, the feeble though gentle temper of Alexander; such as you have described him. He may make a mild and amiable private gentleman; but it is only in the children of Ann that we may hope to see the genuine blood of the father.

You will readily believe that I am secluded from the world when I assure you that I had heard nothing of your judicial character, nor of Ann's marriage, nor of the Lord Justice Clerk's promotion, till the receipt of your letter. Pardon me, but I think you were wrong to resist such an appointment. The acceptance is a duty you owed your fellow-citizens. If men, independent in their character and fortune, decline such places, by whom would they be filled? Besides, though it may infringe somewhat on your time and repose, you will, I should presume, be more than compensated by the more intimate association to which it must lead with men, some of whom I know you greatly value. I do not, however, offer you my congratulations, but I offer them to your country.

A. BURR.

FROM J. MILLS\* TO GENERAL MIRANDA.

Newington Green (Middlesex), January 20, 1812.

You know, I believe, that Colonel Burr, a year perhaps or more before you left England, had gone to the Continent. You know, likewise, the history of the connexion between him and an intimate friend† of ours. While I was in the country with that friend during last autumn, he received, very unexpectedly, a letter from Colonel Burr, stating that he had arrived at Yarmouth, and would be in London in a few days.

\* The friend and associate of Mr. Jeffrey.

† Jeremy Bentham.

The history of his arrival was this : After some stay in Paris, he had taken his passage on board an American ship, and was on his way to the United States, when the ship was stopped by one of our cruisers and brought into port. Our friend, whose mind is alive to everything conducive to the prosperity of you and your country in the great cause in which you are engaged, reflecting upon the return of this gentleman to his own country ; a country in which he once had great power, and might possibly have again ; reflecting that his partisans and power lay chiefly in that part of his own country which was nearest to yours, and that his talents, and the chapter of accidents, of so much importance in human affairs, might, if nothing else did, give him an influence that might be exerted to much good or ill effect towards South America in the present critical state, he thought the opportunity ought not to be lost of doing what he could to secure to you the good offices of Col. Burr. He communicated to me his idea, which was to write to the colonel, in fear he might not have an opportunity of seeing him ; and if there were any grounds of dislike towards you in his mind, to show him that they were neither reasonable nor prudent.

The letter which I enclose is that which was received in answer, and I have no doubt that you will consider it carefully and candidly. I entirely agreed in opinion with our friend that you should see it, though I was aware that your feelings towards Colonel Burr were not favourable, as I did not conceal from our friend. But I knew, at the same time, that the circumstances which had operated on your mind were circumstances which had acted upon its sympathetic more than upon its reasoning part ; namely, the loss of your friend Hamilton, and the discourses of his friends. And I knew that our friend had enjoyed more than ordinary opportunities of reading pretty deep into the mind of Burr ; and I found that his opinion of him *was high*. He made, at the same time, a remark, which appeared to me to be profoundly just, which was, that, allowing him to be ever so much de

ceived in the *good opinion* which he had of the *moral character* of Colonel Burr, it made really no difference as to the point in question.

The only question was, whether Colonel Burr, be he a good or be he a bad man, was likely to have any real interest in opposing Miranda, or Miranda in opposing him? No: there appeared no one conceivable way in which they could have an interest in opposing one another; and it might be of importance to both that they should be disposed to do one another services. As no man is bad but in pursuit of his interest, real or supposed, it is, therefore, of no consequence to our general, said he, whether Burr be good or bad. He, at least, does not want common sense; and the man whom it is his interest to co-operate with may count upon his co-operation as steadily on the one supposition as the other. He is allowed on all hands to be a man of an active, fertile, and enterprising mind; and in the present state of America, and considering the footing he has in it, it is of importance that the cause of Miranda should have him for a friend.

This, my dear general, is the result of various conversations; the substance of which, I am sure, I have given you correctly. To me the reflections appear to be solid; and if they are not opposed in your mind by a knowledge of facts which neither our friend nor I possess, I think they cannot fail to convince you. If you agree with us in this respect, what our friend proposes is, that you should send a letter to me expressive of your sentiments towards Col. Burr, and of your readiness to enter into a reciprocation of good offices with him, as far as is consistent with the duties you owe to your country and to yourself; and that he will endeavour to make it answer the purpose which he expects from it. I shall send a duplicate of this and of Col. Burr's letter in a few weeks, and shall add any little incidents that may turn up.

I should have mentioned that the vessel in which Colonel

Burr arrived has been all this time detained by our admiralty court; but he now expects she will be allowed to depart soon; when he goes, I think, for Carolina, in the first instance.

J. MILLS.

FROM LORD BALGRAY.

Edinburgh, January 28, 1812.

I am just come from the court, and have only half an hour to catch the post, and to let you know that I received yours of the 21st on the 26th only.

I had a conversation with the lord president this morning, who requests to be kindly remembered to you; and, from what passed between us, I have to ask, whether or not you will permit me to put your letter to me of the 21st into the hands of a confidential friend in London?

You know well that I would take no such step without your permission; and I trust that you are sufficiently acquainted both with the lord president and me, so as to satisfy you that no use will be made of any such permission but what is consistent with the strictest honour.

Write me shortly after the receipt of this. I shall, by Friday's post, which you will get on Monday the 3d, write you more fully.

DAVID WILLIAMSON.

JOURNAL.

*London, February 1, 1812.* Have spent fourteen shillings and sixpence magnificently; i. e., like an ass. Rose at six, why so early I know not, unless the anticipation of the pleasures of the day. But woke, and had slept; sat, ergo, rose. At two P. M. to J. H., who, being at work, stayed and looked on, greatly amused to see her handle so dexterously those nice little tools, till the work was done. Then we sallied to St. Paul's; but, being late and a little rainy, did not go in, but on to the eating-house, where we dined in my little cabinet, very plain and good; the whole, including coffee and one shilling to the domestics, five shillings. J. had never seen

a cocoanut nor dates; bought of both. J. loves oranges; some were bought. Got back to J.'s lodgings at eight, and to my own at nine. In the cash accounts, found myself minus fourteen shillings and sixpence.

Called at Graves's, but he had nothing for me; nor had sold, nor ever will sell, the Seltzer water. Read this morning and this evening more of Milton on Divorce, and his essay on the Liberty of the Press.

2. At half past ten to A.'s, agreeably to my note; was graciously received. Stayed but a few minutes, and on to Queen's Square Place, where had appointed to meet Brunell. Found him already there. We talked over his shoe affair, and he seemed content. D. M. Randolph came in, and we walked together to Covent Garden, and I on to Godwin's. They all pressed me to dine, which I refused. Home; took my p. d. t. and pint of ale. All excellent. Then, as agreed, to A.'s, about three miles, and, I think, something more. She lives near St. James's-street. So look at your map. Took tea there and passed two hours. Confidence seems to be restored. Home at half past nine, and have been the whole evening drawing a power of attorney for an American gentleman, for which am to have three guineas.

Mr. Brunell had, on Friday, by D. M. R., sent me word that he wished further conversation about the shoe affair, and begged me to come out and dine with him on Sunday (this day). Now this struck me as so very like a customary invitation to a musician, asking the honour of his company to dine, and that he would please to put his violin in his pocket, I declined, and gave him rendezvous at *my own house*. An Irish gentleman, famous for playing the flute, having received from a nobleman an invitation of the sort just mentioned, replied, that though he often supped, yet his flute never did, and they must therefore both decline the honour of his lordship's invitation. Past two o'clock.

*Greenwich, February 3, 1812.* D. M. R. came in and took breakfast with me, and, after he went, copied anew my

power of attorney, and drew a set of instructions to accompany them, which occupied me till one. Then to Koe's office, to get him to put them into hands to be engrossed. To D. M. R.'s, where left a note to say that I would meet him at the stage-office, Golden Cross, Charing Cross, at seven this evening, to take passage for Dartford. We had last evening called at that office, and were told that a coach sat off every evening at seven. Called on J. H., from whom had a note this morning. Out. Left your ring-watch to be put in order, for I can't make it go, and, till it can go, it can't be pawned. Home at four, and took my p. d. t. and ale. Put things in order for an absence of twenty-four hours, took my surtout, and walked off to Charing Cross. Was excessively heated by a quick march of about three miles, under the encumbrance of a greatcoat, and the weather warm. Found D. M. R. there, waiting for me; but the coach had gone at six, and no other was to go this night. We then resolved to take a bed at the coffee-house or tavern attached to the office, and to go off at seven in the morning; but neither in that nor in any coffee-house in the neighbourhood could we get a room to ourselves. Adjourned to a beer-house in the vicinity to hold counsel; a small house where roasted potatoes and beer are always to be had. Gentlemen, who have better appetites than purses, come here with their bit of meat in their pockets, and, with three halfpence worth of potatoes and twopence worth of porter, make a good dinner. We resolved to take one of the Greenwich stages, and go so far on this evening. Greenwich is not exactly on the stage-road, but, by walking half a mile up the hill, we might get to the "Green Man," a tavern on the edge of Blackheath, where the Dartford coaches stop. This was our plan, and we accordingly took places, and for one and ninepence each were landed in Greenwich. As to the walk up the hill, I represented to D. M. R. that, if we should go on foot to the "Green Man," being strangers, we might be mistaken for footpads, and, instead of getting a

30

supper and bed, might be sent to bridewell. He found this reasoning conclusive, and here we lodge; have had coffee most execrably bad, and the sheets on my bed, which I have seen, have been used constantly at least a fortnight. You may ride through England in all directions on the public roads, and, unless you travel with your own horses or in a postchaise, I engage you never see a clean bed. We are in a very large tavern, and a handsome room.

*Dartford, February 4, 1812.* Rose at seven. Paid for our coffee and bed eight shillings and sixpence; and one shilling to the maid, to the waiter, and to the shoeblack each, making eleven shillings and sixpence. We walked on without taking breakfast. About two miles over Blackheath were overtaken by the Dartford coach, and got on the top for two good reasons; first, the inside was full, and, second, it is half price. The day mild and not wet. We were eight on the top, and presently took up three more, viz., a gentleman and two ladies, well dressed, and prepossessing in their manners. One of them beautiful, and interesting, and cheerful; she sat opposite me, and we talked; should like to know more of her, but we shall never meet again; received my admiration with complacency. At Dartford stopped at the "Fox Hall" inn, apparently a new establishment; we were not deceived; they gave us an excellent breakfast. Went out immediately on the business which brought me, and called at Mr. Edward Hall's; but, alas! he was far off on a journey, and, what more surprised me, has no establishment here either of charcoal or powder; a most strange error in Brunell. Saw, however, Mr. Hall's clerk, a decent, intelligent young man. Learned that the application of Brunell on my behalf for some of the acid had been received. Showed my permission from Reeves. This clerk, whose name is Clarke, recommended us to address ourselves to Pigou, Andrews, and Wilkes, who are the proprietors of the large manufactories of carbon and gunpowder at this place. Walked about a mile through the

town to this manufactory. It is a beautiful promenade up the River Dart, something larger than your Bronx. Were shown into an office, where was Mr. Wilkes, the managing partner, dressed very coarsely, and even dirty, with an old, greasy hat on his head. There was a gentleman on business with him; he did not stir from his seat nor incline his head. Showed him Reeves's permission. "Who is this man who writes this note?" I told him who was Mr. Reeves. "Why, by G—d, I don't know the man!" then, shifting his position a little, with impatience, addressing himself to the gentleman, and raising his voice, "By G—d, sir, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life! A fellow I never saw gives a man permission to come and examine my manufactories!" He was going on, and, doubtless, would have concluded by turning us out of doors; but I interposed; told him that I was, as he saw by the note, an American, and about to leave England in a few days; that I had no desire nor curiosity to see his manufactories, but that I had understood that, in the process, he procured a sort of acid of little value; that, having been lately on the Continent, I had seen that acid employed to important purposes; and, happening to mention it to Mr. Reeves, he thought the discovery of very great value, and that it was totally unknown here; that the sole object of my visit was to get a barrel of that acid; and that, if I could succeed in the process, it would render the acid of very great value; that Mr. Reeves had informed me he had understood that Mr. Wilkes was a very polite gentleman, and had no doubt that he (Mr. W.) would take pleasure in gratifying me in a matter so essential to his own interest and to that of the public. "Now, sir, if you are not disposed to do so, I have only to beg your pardon for the trouble, and to bid you good-morning." The idea of gain softened his muscles; he asked us to sit. Sent a servant to bring some of the acid for my inspection; ordered a bottle to be washed, and filled, and well corked for me; offered to send a servant with it to my lodgings, to

save me the trouble of carrying it; gave me the address of his agent in London, and promised to send, by his own wagon, a barrel of the acid to my friend Allen immediately. I asked what would be the expense. "Oh! nothing at all, sir; my teams are going constantly, and it will give no trouble; you may, if you please, only send an empty barrel to my agent to replace that which I shall transmit."

I came off with my bottle of acid, quite content. Found a return postchaise, which agreed to take us both to my door for seven shillings. Left Dartford at three, and at half past five was seated by my own fire. Had dinner for self and D. M. R. Now, as Mr. Clarke will also procure me another barrel of the acid from Mr. Hall's works, which are at about thirty miles beyond Dartford, I shall be well stocked; the moment it arrives, friend Allen and I shall go to work, and, if I succeed, most certainly I shall have some hundred guineas of it.

The ribands are not yet sold. Have not seen Graves these two days. Forgot to tell you that I called yesterday on Mr. Lovett, by command of A. Wrote to A. yesterday the history of that visit, and the copy of the note will inform you, if I can get it from her to copy. Past one. You little imps, you take too much of my time; I ought to have written something for Brunell and D. M. R. this evening.

I have given you this detail by way of sample of the manner a stranger gets along here. I shall relate to you many more. It should be noted that, at the door of Wilkes's office, stood his footman or valet, in rich livery, covered with lace.

*London, February 5.* To Graves's at eleven to meet Walter, the secretary of J. Bentham, whom I had some days ago appointed to meet, in order to go to the custom-house to overhaul the books and get out some which J. B. wishes. None of us recollected that this is a solemn day of fasting, and prayer, and humiliation. Shops and offices all shut, and no business done. Walter came and went, rien fait. Thence to K.'s office to get the power of attorney, which was neatly

copied on parchment, and also the instructions; four shillings, and for the parchment four shillings more. Wrote note to A. to excuse me from calling to-day, having, while at Graves's, learned that the letter-bag of the ship *Orbit*, for New-York, will go this afternoon at four. Resolved to come home and write to you. Went first to J. H.'s, where half an hour. J. can't do the ring-watch for want of proper tools. Home at near three; wet (for it rained all the time I was out), chilly, and hungry. Had to change clothes, make fire, and get dinner; and, before all this was done and dinner eaten, it was near five. Felt a little drowsy, owing to the various labours of the morning; lay down to repose a minute, and slept profoundly till eight. Have got and drank my coffee, and now, at a quarter past nine, having done all this and no more, am going to prepare to begin to write to Theodosia. You see what it is to economize time; I have been in only about six hours and a half, and am nearly ready to commence my work. Have not seen D. M. R. to-day, but wrote him a note, which left at Graves's, where he is to call for it.

6. Was up till two, writing you a letter of two very full pages. At one to Allen's with my bottle of acid, which he will try with immediately. Then to hunt for a barrel, which my good and amiable friend, Mr. W., promised to fill for me with the same acid. A barrel costs thirty shillings sterling, about six dollars and a half. Not having thirty pence, I borrowed a barrel. Then to Captain Combes's, at Wapping, with whom dined. He was so very kind that I suspected there was something in the wind. After dinner he took me into his room, and told me that he had chartered his ship for a voyage to New-Orleans, and hoped I would not object to being landed there, he would be so happy to have me. I took time to answer, and we are to meet on Sunday. Then to Graves's, where met D. M. R., and we walked together to Charing Cross. I went on to J. B.'s, where got a letter from Lord Balgray, in answer to that which I wrote him on the 21st January. He has shown the letter to a noble friend,

and they ask permission to send it to another noble friend in London. This was what I foresaw, but not exactly what I wished. I have just been writing to Lord Balgray, and have committed the letter to his delicacy and discretion. Stayed but a few minutes at Q. S. P., and thence to A.'s, where two hours. Thence to Godwin's, where half an hour, and then home. Had taken tea with A., but, not having had my allowance of ale, sent for a pint, which have drank. What a John Bull, you will cry.

7. It was half past two when I couchéd, and that ale or some other vicious thing kept me tossing and turning all night. From six to ten a good nap. Have been all day at home in slippers and nightgown (old surtout), writing a letter in answer to Lord Balgray, which was despatched, and writing something for Randolph and Brunell about their shoe affairs. D. M. R. called on me at twelve (the ribands not sold), and again at five, and dined with me. After dinner went to the Godwins', and there wrote a note to J. B. that I would dine with him to-morrow if naught to the contrary, &c., and took tea. Home at ten, and have been three hours reading newspapers which the Godwins lent me. The cash has got down to sevenpence, and I have no tobacco; and coffee, and coal, and bread only for to-morrow. A fine, mild day, and without rain, but has been raining all the evening. I have not seen ice or frost the last ten days.

8. Rose at nine. You see I have got in a bad way; laying late. At twelve to Graves's; no letter. Nothing done. D. M. R. told me yesterday that a ship was to sail for United States this day; so, before going out, sealed up your letter and enclosed it to White, Charnley, and Co. Was that right? But could not hear of said ship at Graves's. Then to J. Smith's to inquire. He knows nothing. To friend Allen's, the chymist. He had not touched the acid, for I saw it on the table just where I had left it. He was busy and could not be seen. Back to Graves's, where D. M. R. was to meet me at two; but I stayed till three, and he came not,

which is "very disagreeable," for he was to bring me money for the power of attorney, and you already know the state de la caisse trésoriale. J. Smith did not say a word to me about Combes's destination, though he, J. S., is the person who has chartered the ship. Graves told me that he heard it at the exchange. I did not add this intelligence to any letter to you, because it is possible the charter may not take place. Then to Lincoln's Inn Fields, to call at Koe's office for J. Bentham's answer, as I wrote him I would; but Koe was out, and no message for me. To J. H., where quarter of an hour. To Dessauls's, the goldsmith, to get my parollic cement, which had left there. Am resolved to try myself. Just after, was hailed in the street by A., who was walking in all the rain with Mr. Dawes, printre tres célèbre. She told me she was to dine at B.'s; so I replied that, for that reason, I would not go, for I should be de trop. Then she replied she would not go. So I promised to go there to meet her. After doing some other errands, went on to J. B.'s. K. met me, and said there was a note for me at his office, begging me to come to-morrow and not to-day! and off came I, and had a good three miles and more to get home. Arrived at six, with a very good appetite, having walked, as you'd know if you had taken the pains to study the map of London which I sent you, as I bid you. Held a consultation with myself about dining. Instead of having bread for the day, had not a mouthful, and was sick for want of tobacco. To dine and drink a pint of ale would just ruin me. So sent my little maid for fourpence worth of bread and an ounce of tobacco, threepence halfpenny; for which had to borrow a penny and a half of her; and having only coffee for the morning, and very scant, for J. Hug. is to breakfast with me, agreed to omit the dinner, and take tea with my cassonade, which found very good; with a bit of cheese made a hearty meal. Of tea have only for once more. If D. M. R. should not call in the morning with the money, some of Gampillo's coins must go, or Gam. must fast, and freeze too, for his coal is out.

This change of destination of the Vigilant is exceedingly embarrassing to me. What New-Orleans may be if its new government has taken place, I know not; but as it was, under a sort of military regime, and in the hands of my inexorable enemies, I might expect uncivil usage. Then, if I give up this ship, how pay for another passage? and where find a captain and owner who will take me? And if I go to New Orleans with a view to pass thence to you, the passage is as long as from London, and the same difficulties in finding one.

9, 10, 11. Out for a box of Anderson's pills, of which swallowed four, the cr. tar. having done nothing; but no food or drink. I was no way relieved. I gave D. M. R. some instructions about his own affair, enjoined on him to call on me at eleven the next day. I did nothing for myself except, with the advice of my hostess, to apply to my face common salt, heated, and put in a flannel sack. She repeated this for me several times, and the jaw pain was evidently relieved by it, but the other evils were aggravated. Forgot to say that, on Sunday evening, I did try, though without any good effect, rum, pepper, and toasted bread, and this was the reason of my buying such an enormous quantity of rum. Had my bed warmed, and turned in, without undressing, at eleven. Lay in all sorts of torment till five, and then slept tolerably about two hours. Was waked by my physic at seven. Slept two hours more, and got up with much headache still, but otherwise greatly relieved. The physic operated abundantly. Sent out for two ounces of tea, one shilling; half a pound of loaf sugar, sixpence; one pound of rice, fourpence. It grieved me to find rice *retailed at fourpence*. Took a dish of tea at ten, but without *gout*. D. M. R. called at eleven. He had got the four guineas, that is, four pound-bills and four shillings, for not a bit of gold sees light here. I took one half and gave him the other, and sent him off to meet Combes for me, with a written power and instructions. He went, met Combes punctually, and brought me the consoling news

that he (C.) will not leave town till Friday, and engaged him to meet me at Graves's at twelve to-morrow. When I got up this morning I found the swelling of the face surprisingly enlarged. The under lip, to speak correctly, one inch thick; the upper not at all enlarged; the left eye closed; and having prudently taken out Fonzi's ratelier, and not being able to get it in again, I might have, in this disguise, traversed the United States without being recognised. At four swallowed two spoonfuls of rice, which increased the headache. Resolved to take nothing more till I have an appetite; but have bought me certain ingredients with which, and sugar and an orange, I shall make a draught at going to bed; but this morning thought of Matt's salve; bought the materials, made the salve secundum artem, and applied it. It has kept a great throbbing, so that I am a little uneasy lest I should find in the morning a suppuration on the outside. What a pretty thing for me to run about with, and run about I must.

About nine this evening, for the first time since Saturday, I had the force and the courage to open my writing-case to tell you my tale, and have been writing to you at intervals ever since (now crying twelve); have also made my sage tea, and now will prepare the draught and go to bed. This talk with you has done me more good than all my quackeries. Have just been inspecting the face. The swelling has diminished one half, and the headache is now slight. Two days' silence under such monotonous circumstances may well lead you to suspect something extraordinary; and for once, and for the first time in your life, you are right; Gamp. has been sick, if you can call sick what I will relate.

While writing last, which was early on Saturday evening, I felt some twinges of a toothache. It increased till I went to bed, and through the night. I lay, or rather tossed about without rest till daylight, and then got up and set about making my fire. After working an hour in vain, the good lady got up and assisted me. The pain continuing and the face swollen, had no appetite and prepared no breakfast.

Being engaged to meet Captain Combes at twelve on that day (Sunday) at Graves's house, I set out at eleven, and, walking slowly, got there by the time. Waited an hour, but he came not, which disturbed me a good deal; for, if I do not go with him to New-Orleans, which is pretty much decided, I have a right in law and conscience to reclaim my passage-money, he having changed his original destination without consulting me. If he should go off without paying me, it would be a deadly blow; hence my solicitude. While I was waiting came in J. Bentham's lad with a note, apologizing for the disappointments of the preceding day, and entreating, as an evidence of the continuance of my good-will, that I would come that day. There was no refusing under pretence of illness, as I was then half a league from home. I replied gayly, and that I would go. Note: there was no fire in the room in which I sat at G.'s, nor was I asked into one in which there was, though he had notice of the rendezvous I had there. Then to J. H.'s, where sat half an hour, and then on to J. Bentham's, intending there to do something for my jaws. Got there at two. He dined at half past five. In settling an account with K., there was two shillings and sixpence coming to me, which he paid, and with it I bought half a pint of rum, though I had no idea, when I sent for it, what would be the cost. The rum and roasting my feet relieved me a little. I read and copied J. Mills's letter to Miranda, which shall be explained hereafter. (Verbally, I mean.) I have yielded in this affair to the benevolent intentions and good-nature of J. Bentham, against my judgment and my inclination. Ate a little rice and sweetmeats, and drank a little very weak wine and water. Off at seven and home. To my great surprise and joy, found that my landlady, seeing that I was out of coal and candles, had bought and paid for a supply of both without my orders. It was fortunate she did so, for I should not have had the courage to ask for either. It was consoling, too, to find that my credit was so good. Made me a dish of tea

with the very last grain of my tea, and swallowed three cups. Wished for sage and elix. pareg., which together would have cost fivepence; but, with my two farthings, nothing could be bought. Went early to bed. Lay all night in misery; not merely the jaw pain, but a nervous restlessness much more distressing. Got up again at daylight, and was up an hour roving round the room, and occasionally tumbling on the bed, before any one came in. Had, withal, a nausea, which prevented me from attempting breakfast. But, finding a little crem. tart., made a glass with sugar and water, and, having taken it, tied a handkerchief round my face, and went forth at twelve to Graves's, to see if anything had been heard of Captain Combes; for I had a dread that he meant to give me the slip, for which he is not a whit too good. My face was now enormously swollen, and the pain increased. Arrived at G.'s, I was so exhausted that it was with difficulty I could get up stairs. The captain had not been there nor been heard of. I wrote him a note, appointing peremptorily to call at twelve the next day (Tuesday). Wrote another to D. M. R., asking him to call on me; for it is only to him and the Godwins that my name and residence are known. Left the notes with Graves to be forwarded, and went off to J. Sm.'s; for it is he that has chartered the ship, though, well knowing how interesting it was to me, he never told me. I had no doubt of learning from him the certainty of the movements of the captain. He was out, as was said; so I got neither information nor repose, and now I was at least two miles from home. It presently became manifest that my force would not hold out. My legs refused their office; my knees trembled, and my head became dizzy, so that I was each moment in danger of falling and being run over. Passed many hack-coaches, but durst not engage one. It did not then occur to me, that, by giving a silk pocket-handkerchief which I had, they would have jumped at it. By resting frequently on the steps of the houses, I got home

about four, and threw myself on the bed, chilled to the very bone, and no fire. Before I got home, a proper mégrin came on and acted its part with all fury. I now suspected that something more was in question than pain in jaw and mégrin; for neither or both could have diminished my force at such a rate. But what the d—l it could be I could not imagine. At five D. M. R. came in.\* I could hear, but could not reply. He was in the utmost distress. For six weeks he had been worrying Gilpin, his associate in the shoe-business, for accounts which had been long due, D. M. R. not doubting but there would be at least 1000 guineas coming to him (and I am sure more than double that is really due to him; but having seen that Gilpin, and being impressed with an opinion that he was a consummate rascal, did all I could to temper D. M. R.'s expectations. But, being his only hope, he stuck to it). He had that morning got the accounts, by which Gilpin makes him (D. M. R.) debtor 1400 pounds! This was a death-blow to my poor friend. It roused me so far as to give him some words of comfort; and, as he had not dined, and I had cold meat, ordered some potatoes to be boiled, and lay down, leaving him to dine. He had not seen Hall, but, having twenty-five shillings, advanced me twenty-one of them.

12. I am never at a loss to know Wednesday, for it is my payday, and comes in terror. The bill was a heavy one. Six shillings and sevenpence halfpenny in contingencies, besides eight shillings lent, and the one shilling and sixpence to my little ménagère. It was all paid, and I have left twenty-eight shillings and ninepence, which I hope will carry me through next Wednesday. We shall see.

My draught had none of the good effects which were hoped. Couché at one. Lay vigil till five; but then had a good refreshing sleep till ten. Woke free of pain, but the jaw excessively tender and sore. Still much swollen. It will break inside, and I hope to-night. Took one dish of coffee, but could eat nothing, for I cannot get the thickness

of a quill into my mouth without great pain. Fortunately, had no appetite. Went at twelve to Graves's to meet the captain. A huge plaster on my face and a handkerchief tied over. The captain came. We talked an hour. He offers to pay my passage from Orleans to the Atlantic coast, and to give me every accommodation to New-Orleans in the *Vigilant*, but refuses peremptorily to repay anything. He did, indeed, offer £10, which I treated with contempt. Thus it seems I shall get nothing from him but at the end of a lawsuit. The thing is not a little embarrassing. By going to New-Orleans I may go plump into a hornet's nest; and it is possible that I might find it my best port if their form of government and their rulers have been changed; but how this is we here are utterly ignorant. I have been ruminating on this the whole evening, without being able to come to any conclusion; for an age of ruminating won't furnish me with a new fact.

Got home at three not the least fatigued, though since Monday, when I had nearly fainted on the way, I have not taken two ounces of any kind of food. So little does strength depend on the nourishment taken by the mouth. Besides ruminating, I have been copying all that long letter which I wrote you on the 6th. Shall to-morrow make some additions, and have a good opportunity to send it on Saturday.

Poor D. M. R. begs and entreats me not to go. Offers me any share in his projects if I will stay, &c., &c. I really fear he will hang himself if I do go; but as it is quite certain that you'll hang yourself if I don't go, staying on his account is out of question. We will ponder farther. The captain and I are to meet for the last time to-morrow evening.

13. Had a few hours good sleep this morning, and rose at nine. The jaws are something worse, i. e., more sore. The inflammation has gone from the upper part of the face and is concentrated in the lower. Matter has there formed

and must be discharged; but when I know not, and I am weary, weary of the restraints and confinement. To make the thing worse, I am as hungry as a wolf, and can eat nothing. This morning it took me an hour to get down a bit of soaked bread, not so big as the palm of your pretty little paw, managing it much as I have seen you do with your boy when he was a year old; no, three months old.

D. M. R. came in about noon and brought me the news, which is, that all the war-fury of *our* government evaporated in about three weeks, and now they are going on their knees to Great Britain to let them have some blankets for the savages, lest they should cut all our throats. Ye gods, is this my country!

I have been all day finishing my letter to you, for a very little work goes a great way with me pending this jaw-occupation. If it does not break to-night, I will to-morrow buy a lancet and open it to the bone, to see what all this disturbance means. As to employing a surgeon and giving him a guinea! not I, as ye may suppose.

I had appointed to meet my captain this evening at seven, at Graves's. Went sorely against my will, for every step cost me a twinge, which, in three miles, makes, pray, how many, Master 'Pillo? But there was possibility of neglecting the rendezvous, as he was to go to-morrow, and I apprehended that the news just arrived might have affected his plans. He came in a little more drunk than usual; told me at once that he had given up the New-Orleans voyage, and was going straight on to Bath; and asked me to go and take a bottle of wine with him, which, you may presume, was declined. He sat about half an hour, and we went out together. As we were walking in the street, "Why," said he, stopping short, "didn't I say that I was going to Bath?" "Certainly you did." "Why, it's no such thing; I have signed and sealed a charter-party with J. Smith, and I shall go, but sha'n't leave town till some time next week; now do go with me."

What to gather from all this passes me ; but I am inclined to think he will not go to New-Orleans, for the recent news renders the project of J. Smith silly and ruinous, and I think he had better pay £1000 to be off. I feel quite sure, however, that, under these circumstances, Combes will not leave town for some days.

My hostess, who is very kind, has just proposed to make me mutton-broth. Bought one and a quarter pounds mutton at ninepence, equal elevenpence one farthing ; onions, twopence ; celery, twopence. Now ten o'clock. In one hour my broth will be ready. Half past twelve ; I have eaten my broth, a whole pint bowl full. It was very good, and I ate it all with a teaspoon. The hunk of meat was also put on the table, and I feel appetite enough to eat all that too. But it would be a vain attempt to get down one ounce of it ; therefore, let it lay over till this vile bulb breaks. I have been examining it, and find the top quite soft. Hope that this night will finish it. I apply roasted figs, as poor Barton used to do ; and now, before bedding, I have a letter to write for D. M. R. to a certain lord.

14. *Morning.* I hasten to tell my dear Theo. that I am perfectly well, for I know how impatient you are to hear. That letter for D. M. R. kept me up till two. The thing went on slowly, by reason of the uneasiness in my face and the constant attention which it required. Got to bed, lay about an hour very restless ; then the bulb broke, and an inconceivable quantity of matter kept discharging till eight in the morning, during all which time not a wink of sleep ; then slept perfectly sound till near twelve. Have just got up, and write this while my breakfast is preparing, and I have a tiger's appetite. The swelling is nearly gone, and no pain.

Continued at night, the usual hour. D. M. R. came in at two with a lancet, which, fortunately, was now useless. Read the letter with great approbation ; told me the news of the day, and, as he agreed to stay to dinner, got a true Virginia dinner, cabbage and bacon, to which we both did great jus-

tice. The mutton of yesterday, too, came under contribution. We drank toast and water. I wrote notes to A. and to M. J. G. The latter D. M. R. left at its address, and was to put the other in the postoffice. Presently came in Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, who had not heard of my illness till the receipt of my note. They brought me the newspapers for the last six days, and sat an hour. I asked madame how the weather was; very cold, indeed, said she. No, said M., it is quite sultry; so she drew her chair close to the fire, and he removed to the farthest part of the room. Since they went have had my coffee and been reading the newspapers. Have put in Fonzi's set of teeth, and find the jaw perfectly well. With my temperate habits, how is it possible such a quantity of corruption could have been generated. Since fifteen years old I never recollect to have had the smallest quantity of matter formed in any part of my body. If I wound myself, it gets well without festering. I am thinking it must be that cursed ale, of which I have drank about a pint a day for the last four months. The *beers* of this country are no longer made of malt and hops, but a dozen of deleterious drugs enter into the composition. Depend I shall be a little more cautious of the Messrs. Ale and Porter. No communication with the captain to-day. To-morrow, if the weather be tolerable, I shall seek him. Captain Hipkins, master of the vessel bound to Norfolk, by which I am writing to you, does not leave town till Monday; so shall keep your letter open, lest something to add should occur. Oh, let me tell you what you will thank me for. I have this day resumed, and propose to continue the custom, of writing my little notes with the stylograph, so that you will see them all, and they will be much better worth perusal than this journal.

15. I have got into very bad habits. Last night again sat up till past two reading the newspapers. It is with such reluctance I go to bed, that any excuse serves for sitting up. As usual, lay awake till five, and then slept till eleven. After hewing off a week's beard and getting breakfast, it was too

late for a hope of finding the captain at home; so gave that up. D. M. R. came in at two and sat an hour. Nothing new, only another letter for me to write for him. At three to J. H.'s. Out. Had only time to get to G.'s, where dined. In the evening, William, the only son of W. Godwin, a lad of about nine years old, gave his weekly lecture; having heard how Coleridge and others lectured, he would also lecture; and one of his sisters (Mary, I think) writes a lecture, which he reads from a little pulpit which they have erected for him. He went through it with great gravity and decorum. The subject was, "The influence of governments on the character of a people." After the lecture we had tea, and the girls sang and danced an hour; and at nine came home. Will positively go to bed at one to-night, and try to get up at seven. Mem.—Drank wine and water at dinner, and this evening toast and water.

16. No reformation. I did actually go to bed a little after one, and, to promote sleep, took a teaspoonful of elix. paregor.; but all in vain. Lay in vigils till near six, and, daylight beginning to appear, was thinking of getting up and making my fire, when I got asleep and slept sound till half past ten. It was again too late to hope of finding my captain at home, so gave it up again till to-morrow. Sor. at twelve to J. H.'s. Out. Went to her brother's, where met her, and agreed on rendezvous at her rooms at two. Then to A.'s. Out. Across the park to J. B.'s, hoping to find there a letter from Lord Balgray; but there was none. Met Koe, and asked about A.; he said she had been there yesterday. The truth is, she was then there. I saw her walking in the garden, and she and K. had a talk just under the window where I was at work getting something out of my trunks; but she, and her female friend who was with her, went to examine a small house of J. B.'s which is in the garden. The house is now out of repair, but was formerly occupied by his mother. He has offered to fit it up if A. will live in it. Not a word was said to me by any one of

her being then there; and neither J. B. nor any one of his family have hinted to me this arrangement about the house au jardin. But A. is pretty frank with me as yet. To J. H.'s at two. We walked a great deal. Dined at a neat little cake and jelly house in Holborn. Walked again, and took coffee at the same house; and we were both *tres* content. The whole expense was seven shillings and threepence. Now I do hope and expect that I shall sleep to-night and rise betimes in the morning. Have nothing to add to your letter, unless something should arise out of my conversation with the captain. Am now going to *try* to write that letter for D. M. R. Tried last night, but could not please myself. No frost the last ten days.

17. The reformation is accomplished. Couché at one. Lay vigil till three. Slept perfectly sound till seven; then rose, and was proceeding to make my fire, when my *hôtesse* came in and relieved me from that labour. Shaved, dressed, and breakfasted, and was out before nine. You see the cure was effectual. To Graves's, where found a note from A.; rather a cold, forced thing. Then on to the captain's. Found him in the act of packing up, and in half an hour he would have been off, and I should have missed of him altogether. Have resolved to go with him. Took of him £5. He is gone to Yarmouth, but will not sail these ten days. He related to me that Mr. Beaseley, who acts as consul of the United States here, charged him by no means to take Col. Burr to New-Orleans. "Take him anywhere else you please, but by no means to New-Orleans; if you do, you will incur the utmost displeasure of the government, and may be made to suffer for it." The captain says he replied that he did not care a damn about the government of the United States; that he would take whom he pleased; and that, if Col. Burr wished to go, he would be very glad to have him. I suspect that the greater part of this is true. To the Virginia Coffee-house to see when Hipkins would go, and found he would go at six this evening; so hastened

home to close your letter and put it into his hands. Got home at one, and had then walked about eight miles. Mist, rain, and a tempest of wind. Felt a sort of inanition, which my good hotesse cured by a bowl of excellent soup. Having added a postscript of this date to your letter, to let you see that I was living on this day, enclosed it to Graves. Called at Godwin's, and sent his shopboy with it. Sat half an hour at G.'s, and then on to hunt Bonnell, the enameller, but could not find the house; the direction given me must be wrong. I want him to repair an injury which one of Fonzi's works has sustained. Then to Dumont's, Haymarket, whom I had not yet seen. He was at home, and I sat half an hour. He is to try to sell my Moreri and Bayle; yet how precious they would be at New-Orleans. On to J. Bentham's, and dined at six with good appetite, non obstante the soup. Immediately after dinner he always, when I dine there, sends off Koe and Walter, that we may be tête-à-tête. Had a very pleasant chat till eight. Took my coffee and came off sooner than intended, on account of a note received while there from D. M. R., begging to see me this night. His quarters being not far out of my way, called there; handed him the letter I had drawn for him, and came off at nine. He had nothing new to relate.

18. Rose at seven. You see the reformation goes on. The cure has been repeated to-day by way of preventative. Engaged yesterday to call on D. M. R., to walk with him to Hawkins's, the projector; but, first, let me make you better acquainted with the said D. M. R. He is about sixty years of age; very healthy and active; has good sound sense, little education, or little acquirements. He came to England about six months before me, with commercial views, having got through his fortune in Virginia. He had very good letters, being universally acknowledged an honest and an honourable man. At the moment that he supposed himself in the high road to success and fortune, came on the embargo, which put an end to all commerce, and annihilated

his prospects. He then got from the United States Bedford's patent for making shoes, and took out a patent for it here ; but, for more than a year, he could get no moneyed man to set up the business in that way. At length W. Gilpin, army clothier, agreed to try it, and advanced D. M. R. £500 for the patent right, and half the profits. This was a very seasonable relief, for he was quite run out. He now thought he would invent something himself, and turned his mind to improvements in wheel-carriages. He worked day and night for some months ; at length, thinking he had hit it, and for fear some one should steal it from him, he hastened to take out a patent, and then wrote a pamphlet ; but no mortal took any notice of either. Being now project mad, one Adams having come from the United States with a new project for impelling boats by steam, D. M. R. associated himself with this man ; bought half the invention for £200, and at this moment Adams dies, and the steam-boat and the wheel-carriages sleep quietly together ; but D. M. R. had now got rid of his last farthing. His head, however, runs more on wheel-carriages than on all other subjects. At least twenty times since my return to this island he has told me of his having explained "*his principles*" to Mr. Such-a-one, who "*was delighted ;*" and scarce a week passes but he meets some one who is thus "*delighted ;*" but, of all these delighted people, not one is disposed to advance a penny to make an experiment of "*his principles.*" Whenever he gets on his "*wheel-carriages,*" away he goes, and the devil can't stop him. He can hardly pass a cart or carriage in the street without stopping you or calling your attention to the amazing stupidity and obstinacy which prevents people from adopting his improvements. "Only see how those horses labour for nothing ; whereas, if that axletree was so and so, and the height of the wheels so, and the pole fixed so, one horse could draw more than those four ; and the thing is so demonstrable," &c., &c.

Now from this digression we come back to ourself.

Called on D. M. R. as agreed. Told the servant to inform him that I was gone to his room. He came in in great haste and in very high spirits. "Now," says he, "I have something to tell you." I concluded that he had settled with W. G. and got some money. No such thing; there were in the same hotel three gentlemen from the country, who were about to establish a new line of stagecoaches; and, happening to converse with D. M. R., they got "delighted with his principles." So I had to wait, for he was to be my pilot, till the gentlemen were gone, as he certainly would talk to them so long as they would stay. I amused myself reading in his room till one, and then we walked to Hawkins's. He was abroad. Bought a bottle (vial) of his essence of coffee, of which three teaspoonfuls put in boiling water makes a good dish. Have tried it this evening. It was pretty good, but would be about four times as dear as the usual mode. Then to J. H.'s. She was at work, and had not dined, though past her usual hour. Invited her to come and dine with me, for I had ordered a soup for D. M. R., who had engaged to come; but apologized that he must dine with his country friends and talk of wheel-carriages. Came home slowly, calling at several shops, but buying nothing except a pair of hose-worsted long drawers, which I wanted, six shillings; for which changed my five pound bill. The shopkeeper would not take it unless I put my name and address on it, which did not much like; but to have refused would have looked suspicious; so did it. Got home at four, and discovered that I had lost my umbrella; a most serious misfortune, and little hope of recovering it, as I have no recollection where I stopped. It is impossible for me to buy one or to do without one. J. H. came at five, and we dined. She stayed till near eight.

Have gone this evening to Godwin's. They are in trouble. Some finance affair. Cost three shillings to send J. H. home in a hack.

19. Slept near seven hours last night, and did not rise till  
Vol. II. 20

eight. My umbrella hung heavy at my heart. Went to hunt for it. Walked back on the track I came from J. H.'s yesterday, and called at the places I had been; but no umbrella. It is finally lost, and I must submit to the inconveniences of getting wet and of spoiling my clothes. Called at Godwin's on my way to the city. To friend Allen's. He was out, but I saw the foreman of the laboratory; he had made the experiment I suggested to take the bad smell out of the acid. It did effectually take out the smell, but, at the same time, it took out the acid, and the residuum was neither more nor less than simple water. So that won't do.

To Graves's, where finished a letter I began yesterday to S. Swartwout. D. M. R. came in and took charge of the letter, and we walked together. He dined yesterday with his country gentlemen, and thinks they were delighted with his wheel-carriages. D. M. went to the Exchange (where merchants assemble at four every day) to get the news, and I went by Lincoln's Inn to see K., but he was out. Home at four. D. M. came in at five, as agreed, and I had for him a Virginia dinner, bacon and greens, with which he was *delighted*. He sat till eight; and now I am deliberating how to dispose of the residue of the evening. Bought for J. H. to-day paper, pen, wax, wafers, &c., four shillings and sixpence. Have paid my weekly bill this evening, fourteen shillings six and three quarter pence, which includes lodging, milk, fuel, boot and shoe cleaning; but no washing this week.

20. It has already struck one, and I must be early up, as you know; and yet, you couple of unreasonable rascals, I may not go to bed till I have told you what I have been about. It might be answered in one word, "Nothing," as for days and years past, though I have walked to-day near twenty miles.

To J. Smith's at ten, to inquire about the sailing of the Vigilant. He had the impudence to tell me that he knew nothing about it, nor even knew whether the captain was in

London or in Yarmouth, though he (J. S.) had chartered the ship; though the captain receives orders from him only; was at his house all the morning of the day of his separation, and went from his house to the coach-office. It is plain that I shall miss the ship and lose my money. Then to Graves's, and we walked together to see the inventor of the new mode of travelling, by which one is to go a mile a minute. He talked freely, and gave us each one of his pamphlets. Then home, following again the track of my poor lost umbrella, but to no purpose. Home, and got my potatoes as fast as I could, and then to call on Miss C., who wrote me that she would leave town to-morrow. Was denied, but it happened that I knew she was at home. To walk a league and more to be denied is not pretty. Besides, I was tired, and would gladly have reposed half an hour. Then to J. Bentham's; being past six, had to go all round by Westminster Abbey. There saw K., who showed me the retorts which they offer to lend me. They will answer. Did not see J. B., nor was asked to tea. Forgot to say that I called this morning on friend Allen. My suggestion for getting rid of the smell has completely succeeded, with one little inconvenience, however; at the same time that it takes away the smell, it completely takes away the acid, and comes forth fair water; so that won't do. Have had my coffee, and now good-morning. Called also to-day on Gonner, the enameller.

21. Was obliged to wait till ten for Castella, but he came not. To D. M. R.'s, with whom had engaged to walk to-day to Brunell's, Chelsea. Found D. M. in bed. He had received a note from Brunell, saying he could not receive us, being engaged, but appointed to-morrow. I was very glad, and shall not go to-morrow. Called on J. H., who is near Soho Square, and sat half an hour. Then to Gonner's, the enameller; he had done nothing. Then by Godwin's, where stopped a few minutes. To friend Allen's. He proposes that I should bring the glass retorts from J. B.'s, and

come and work myself in his laboratory; all which will be done to-morrow. To Graves's, where read the gazettes an hour. Home; having bought a pound of rice on the way, dined on a part of it, plain boiled; added sugar. For the last eight days have drank toast and water. Found here note from D. M. R., enclosing a letter he had just received from Gilpin. D. M. came in at five; but, having just breakfasted, would not dine. Very lucky, for I had rice only. While at Graves's to-day, wrote a letter to Sheffield, mate of the Vigilant, desiring that he would inform me of their time of sailing. Though I have strong objections to going to New-Orleans, yet no alternative is seen but that or staying here. If I should think of residing permanently here, I could readily find the means of support. But I prefer to have my throat cut nearer you.

Yesterday arrived the British packet, in nineteen days from New-York, and to-day an American ship in fifteen days. Every arrival makes me sad to reflect that I can have no letters, having interdicted you from writing. How many things may have happened to you. I have often the most gloomy apprehensions. D. M. lent me a Boston paper of thirtieth January, containing Gallatin's report, which have been reading.

22. A bad, bad day. My hopes of being soon in New-Orleans, or elsewhere in the United States, have vanished. A letter this day received from the captain says that he has been warned *at his peril*, by the consul at Yarmouth, too (Mr. Williams), not to take me on board, and that he is afraid, and must refuse me a passage. I have so little confidence in the captain's veracity, that no conclusion can be formed as to the truth of his statement. No doubt, however, but Williams has interfered; but that interference may possibly have been prompted by the captain himself, or by J. S. Russell is full of malevolence, and, being now charge d'affaires here, may, perhaps, be the author of it all. Yet how it has been produced is to me of no consequence;

me voici sans sous et sans ami. Did I tell you, I think not, that four or five days ago, having heard from Dumont that Achaud was in town, I called on him (A.), left my card, and also a very civil note of apology for not having called sooner, having understood that he was at Geneva? He has neither returned the visit nor answered the note. But let us go regularly and chronologically through the day.

I had intended to have breakfasted at J. B.'s, for the purpose of taking the retorts early to friend Allen; but, in the first place, I slept till near nine, and, in the next, it rained in torrents, and you know my umbrella is on a voyage. At eleven the rain slackened and I sallied out of my den. To Gonnell's, the enameller. He had made the repairs, and charged only two shillings and sixpence. Then to J. B.'s. He came down, and told me the retorts were not his, but his brother's, and he dare not lend them without consulting his brother, which I begged him not to do; for that, if they were not his, I would not take them. Found there a letter from Lord Balgray, saying that he and the lord chief-justice president had talked over my concerns, and had agreed to send an extract of my letter to Lord Melville, and, at same time, to tell him what a clever fellow I was. It is possible that, in politeness to these gentlemen, Lord Melville may invite me to call on him, and there the matter will end.

Round by Westminster and Blackfriars' Bridges to Graves's. The rain setting in again, bought me the cheapest umbrella I could find that was large enough. Cost ten shillings and sixpence. At Graves's found an old letter from Gahn, which Graves had overlooked, and also this letter from the captain. Intended to have gone to friend Allen's, but thought necessary to come home and reply immediately to the captain, demanding my passage-money. Found D. M. R. in possession of my room, with a fire. He wanted me to help him to reply to Gilpin, which agreed to do, and have done this evening.

When at J. B.'s this morning, lent him the Boston paper,

which he was to send to me at four this day. But, the paper not having come by seven, took that long walk, full three miles, and returning makes six, to get the paper. Got it, but did not see J. B., he being engaged. Dinner, rice and milk, and have had my coffee and a smoked herring.

23. Couché at one, but did not sleep till three; cause, took my coffee too late and too strong. Having offered Elizabeth, my little ménagère, sixpence to wake me and have a fire at half past six, she was punctual. I rose and had my breakfast at half past seven; and at nine was at Contissi's workshop. He has been for six weeks promising to do a small but necessary job to my repeater; and he appointed this hour and this day. He was not there. Waited near an hour; he came not. Went to his house at ten, found him just up, and complaining of indisposition. Appointed two P. M. to-morrow. Then to ——'s, another goldsmith, with whom had an appointment on similar business. He was still abed. To Dumont's, Haymarket. He had informed me that Lord Lansdown would give ten guineas for my Bayle, and would also, probably, buy Moreri at fifteen. I thought this quite sure; but Mr. D. informed me that his lordship had been otherwise supplied. Your ribands, too, have been returned; not sold. The medal-monger would pay for Gampillo's medals and coins little more than the value of the metal, which would not be three guineas. So my three grand resources have failed. Walked over to Graves's. He had nothing to communicate. Home, and wrote another letter to the captain, proposing that he should take me on board at Gravesend, and under a feigned name, so that the consuls could not know that I had embarked. Do not think he will do it, and am sure he will not pay, all which is "*very disagreeable*." There being no mail going out to-day, went to the stage-office to send my letter to the captain. The man would not receive it because it weighed less than four ounces. Went and hunted in the street till I found a stone weighing about a quarter of a pound;

wrapped that up in the letter, and then it was received. The captain will greatly marvel at the receipt of the stone sent from London. At half past three to Godwin's. There dined, and stayed till nine. The history of M. Turner, fils d'un bucher, lately married to M<sup>lle</sup>. Boinville, niece de Madame Frank Newton. There was only the family and little Hopwood. Have been reading the newspapers and the pamphlets which I bought on the controversy between Lancaster and Bell, which you shall read, to see the gross bigotry which still prevails here.

24. Slept uninterruptedly till near eight. At eleven to friend Allen's, to tell him of the disappointment about the retorts. He very kindly said he had some of his own that would answer. We agreed on a further experiment; but I begin to think we shall not succeed in any way that will be useful, i. e., without an operation of too much expense. To Graves's. Out. To J. B.'s to get some things; you know that my trunks are there. Some one called there to see me yesterday, but did not leave his address, nor did they inquire. While I was at J. B.'s in came A., whom I thought out of town. We met with the familiarity of old acquaintance. Did not see J. B. To —, the goldsmith, Princess-street, Leicester Square, which is set down for myself, and not for you, madame; he has very politely undertaken to repair another repeater for me. Then to Contissi's workshop, and stayed an hour assisting and directing a small job. Paid him three shillings and sixpence. Home at half past four, and greatly surprised to find that J. Hug. had called. Got my dinner, rice boiled, and went off to J. H.'s to see what was the matter, being greatly apprehensive that there was trouble. I was right. There lives in the same house a fellow of the name of Voché or Vaché, a Swiss engraver, who has taken upon him to talk about my visits. Stayed but a minute, and appointed J. to call on me at four to-morrow. I am much concerned at this circumstance. The idea of causing the least inconvenience to so good a soul would

distress me. Called at Godwin's to leave the newspapers which I borrowed yesterday, and to get that of to-day. Les goddesses kept me by acclamation to tea with La Printresse Hopwood. I agreed to go with the girls to call on her on Friday. Home at half past nine. Read the newspapers, and a pamphlet tolerably well written, explanatory of the causes of the French successes. Be assured that, though I have said nothing about finance, my head has not been idle. I have a project too ridiculous to be mentioned, and of little promise; but will tell you to-morrow. I shall have just enough to pay my weekly bill the day after to-morrow, and then be again on the sans sous establishment.

25. Rose as usual. Raining and blowing violently. At twelve to friend Allen's. The experiment had not yet been made; but Jones, the workman in the laboratory, was just preparing to make it. To Joyce's, a watchmaker recommended by Allen. Left with him yesterday my silver repeater, to be put in order that I may sell it; but I could not learn from Mr. J. what he meant to charge me, and now cannot call for it till I shall have wherewithal to pay for the repairs. To Graves's, where found a letter from the captain; a most impertinent letter, declaring that he will not pay a farthing. To Godwin's for a few minutes, and borrowed two volumes of *The Nairs, or the Rights of Women*, by Lawrence. And now must tell what was referred to yesterday. I was so much with Fonzi at Paris, that I became as good a dentist as himself; and, on coming off, he confided to me an assortment, perhaps one thousand, of teeth of his fabrique. I had intended this for Greenwood; but it occurred to me that something might be made of the dents and my science here. Have called on three of the most celebrated dentists. The first was engaged, and was not seen; the second was engaged, but I saw him, and made an appointment to call on Saturday next. The third I had a long talk with; he showed me his own fabrique, which I was constrained to acknowledge was fully equal to Fonzi's; and, indeed, I think, for

beauty, superior, but not so solid ; he, however, held Fonzi's in contempt, so nothing to be done. To-morrow will make further trial. It is unpleasant and unpromising. The rain has continued all day, which has prevented J. H. from calling. D. M. came in at five in a state of extreme despondency. He ate bro. and caso., and took coffee, and stayed till eight. I have been all the evening reading the "Nairs." The fellow has stolen a good many of my ideas, but I am glad of it. The subject will always be new in my hands.

26. It is already past one, my fire is out, and the weather cool. I have been the whole evening reading the "Nairs." Shall finish it in about three hours to-morrow ; and then, perhaps, may give you some account of it. Slept later than usual this morning. It is with some effort that I rise early. If my fire was made at six, I should be always up before seven ; but, after having slept my allowance, five or six hours, if I lay longer there comes on a drowsiness and disposition to slumber which is immoveable, and then the following night I lay sleepless an hour or two, and so gradually encroach on the morning, till I am obliged to get back by going a whole night and day without sleep ; then I am sure to sleep as soon as I lay down, though the sensation of being sleepy is what I am a stranger to, except in a stagecoach. At twelve this morning to see Hawkins, inventor of the parolic cement, with which have tried in vain to mend a broken dent. He was out. Then to A.'s. Out. Then to J. Bentham's. No better ; did not see him. Then by Westminster and Blackfriars' Bridges to friend Allen's, Plough Court, Lombard-street. The last experiment on the acid had not succeeded. Allen was at dinner. Left some directions with James, and then to Graves's. He had procured me a list of vessels about to sail to your region ; among them one to Providence, Rhode Island, and another to Portland, Maine. Wrote note to D. M. R. to inquire all the particulars of these two. He came in, promised to get the information, and to call on me with it this evening, but he has not called. I will go in

either of these vessels if things suit and a *passage on credit*. To Godwin's, to communicate something which I had undertaken to discover for them. Asked me to dine, which refused, but took a bowl of soup. Home at half past four. Expected J. H., but came not. Roasted by my fire some potatoes, on which dined. Have drank nothing but toast and water since my swelled jaws. Nothing new about finance. Paid this morning my weekly bill, and two shillings to Eliz., and have now left three shillings and three halfpence. Pray look at your map to see what distance I walk every day.

27. Vigil till four. Rose at seven. To Hawkins's at eleven. Out. To J. Bentham's. Nothing but a card from Lovett. To Dessaulles's to get the repeater; not done. Over again to Hawkins's for the other repeater; got it, but he cannot mend it. To Graves's. Waited an hour for him to come in. He came, and informed me of a fine ship to sail on Monday for New-Orleans, and a moral certainty that I can have a passage in her. Hastened home to make my preparations, and sat down to finish the "Nairs," which took till past six; but, in the mean time, dined on my potatoes; added meat and a pint of ale. Then off to Humbert's, J. H.'s beau frère, to get the ring-watch, which will be sold immediately. Not done. Then to Graves's again, to instruct him to write to Liverpool about the ship. Home at nine. Headache, and sick at stomach with that cursed ale. After vomiting freely, was better. In the midst of this operation, upset my teakettle and put out my fire, every spark. The family being all abed, was obliged to make it anew. Did you ever make a coal fire? No. Past two, and must be early up. Have been writing a long letter to E. Livingston lest I should not get a passage.

28. The headache returned, and had a restless night. Lay till ten. It was too late for the errands I had intended. Tea for breakfast. Wrote anew my letter to E. Livingston, and enclosed it in a note to Graves, which our pretty Maria

took for me. Was engaged to dine to-day at Godwin's, and to walk with the four dames. After dinner to the Hopwoods'. All which was done. The little Patty Hopwood, about twelve or thirteen, plays on the piano in a style that would do credit to a master of any age; of Hannah's talent for dessien you have already heard; two other daughters are engravers and painters. The eldest son an engraver of the first rate; a little boy musician. Fortunately, the eldest daughter is a good, steady manager. The father was in his youth a footman; he acquired, without a master, drawing, engraving, and music; has contrived to give good educations to all his children (ten, I think); the family seem good-tempered, united, cheerful, and happy. Hannah is handsome, Patty beautiful. Home at ten. You see, my dear Theodosia, that nothing has been done or attempted to-day to further my departure. My three shillings and penny halfpenny are reduced to eighteen-pence; but I cannot suffer before Wednesday (pay-day), for my little Eliz., who is about thirteen, sees what I want, buys it without consulting me, and renders the account at the end of the week. But this won't get me off. Will do better to-morrow. No more ale.

29. After writing to you last evening I found on my table a note from D. M. R. The most desponding you can imagine. I was really apprehensive that he would blow out his own brains before I could see him to forbid him. Was just setting out on this pious errand at ten, when in came Castella and sat an hour. I was very glad to see him. We walked together to Covent Garden, where lives D. M. R. I found him better dressed than usual, and apparently in good spirits. After writing the note to me yesterday, he had met a gentleman of fortune who listened to his disclosure of his new principles of wheel-carriages, and who, says D. M. R., "was delighted" with them, and is to call on me to learn more of it in a few days. I was greatly relieved to find his nerves in so good order, and went on to Dessauls's, who had fited the dent. I went on with it to Gonnell, the enameller. He

is to make an essay on Monday. Then called on Contissi to get him to alter his work a little. He was very surly, and said he was too busy, and should be too busy to-morrow. Then to J. Bentham's. There was nothing for me. Did not see him, but met there his beautiful little nephew, eleven years old, son of Sir Samuel; did not sit down, but back to Graves's. All out. To Joyce's, watchmaker, Lombard-street, with whom had left your picture-watch to be regulated and to get a key; half a guinea! Having only my eighteen pence I begged him to charge it till the other watch was done (a silver repeater, intended for Harry, but will probably be the only one I shall have for myself). Hastened home lest I should not be in time to receive J. H., who engaged to call at four to take coffee with me, &c. Got home at four, and J. H. came in a few minutes. We had our coffee, which was my dinner, and J. stayed till six. At seven came in, also by appointment, —, and stayed till nine. I walked with her to her door, and came quickly home, and am now going to occupy myself in filing and assorting papers. Have left in cash two halfpence, which is much better than *one* penny, because they jingle, and thus one may refresh one's self with the music. Called to-day for the ring-watch; not done. Am to have it on Monday, and shall employ Mr. G. to sell it. After weighing the subject very gravely, I think you would prefer that this beautiful trinket, rather than Bayle and Moreri, should be sold.

## TO THEODOSIA.

London, February 6, 1812.

It was about the 20th of July last that I left Paris, at twenty-four hours' notice, riding en courier, day and night, lest the ship *Vigilant*, in which I proposed to embark, should sail from Amsterdam before I could arrive. Owing to various accidents, but principally to the capricious orders of the government, we did not sail from the Texel (look at your map, Master 'Pillo) till the 30th of September. On

the same day we were captured by a British frigate and sent into Yarmouth.

I obtained permission, and came to London with a view to expedite the release of the ship, which I had no doubt would have been effected within a week; the case being a very clear one. The *Vigilant* is an American built ship; owned wholly by United States' citizens; having been carried into Amsterdam by a French privateer, bought in by the captain, an American, for the original owners, hired by the agent of the United States' government to transport distressed American seamen, and bound, by contract, to go direct to Boston. It was for these reasons that I preferred the *Vigilant* to any other ship.

The trial has gone through all the forms of law, and she was acquitted a few days ago, paying all costs, which may amount to about eight hundred pounds sterling. It has been all along my intention to continue with this ship, being a large, strong ship, well found, and sailing in ballast; but, at present, there are objections which make me hesitate. 1st. The captain has changed his destination to Bath, a small port in the province of Maine, whence I might find as much difficulty in getting to you as from another continent. 2d. As he lays on the east side of the island, it is probable that he would, at this season, be as long in getting out of the channel as in crossing the Atlantic. There is yet time to weigh these matters, as she will not sail within fifteen days.

I passed some days with Jeremy Bentham in the country. He came to town, as usual, in November, and he and la famille Godwins are the only persons of my former acquaintances whom I see here. The Achards are gone to Switzerland. Catharine Mallett and Ann Williamson are both married to men of fortune and consideration. You must have heard of the death of Mrs. Prevost. Her son, the colonel, is in Portugal, with his wife, a very lovely Irish woman, who often brought Margaret to my mind. I have

been much gratified by meeting Curran. His social talents are equal to his forensic. His daughter Amelia, who lives in this city, is equally interesting. Nous verrons. She has all the genius and eloquence of her father, and the vivacity, the ingenuousness, and the sensibility of her sex and her country. The beautiful and accomplished Miss de Visme has married a brother of Lord Mansfield. Mrs. Span is still a widow, and living with her beau père.

My health continues unimpaired. Indeed, I think it has rather improved. The last of your letters which has come to hand is of April, 1810, which gave me some ground of apprehension for your health. Ballston is your only remedy. The verbal accounts which I receive of you are very few and very unsatisfactory. All you say of the boy delights me. My profound respects to Mr. Aaron Burr Alston, and that I promise myself great pleasure in his society. I had several pretty things for him, and something for mother and father. All bought at Paris ; but have been robbed of them all. A much greater misfortune, however, is the loss of his letters. Since I heard that he had written to me, I have sent inquiries to Sweden, to Denmark, to Hamburgh, and, in short, ransacked all Europe, but to no purpose. No doubt they have got into the hands of Napoleon through some of his agents, and that he thinks them too precious to be given up.

My occupation for the moment is in making a chymical experiment. Something which I saw successfully practised in France, and which I supposed was still better understood in England ; but find, to my surprise, that it is totally unknown here. If I should hit on it, which seems probable, it will be of value here, and of much greater in the United States. A chymist of science and fortune assists me, and allows me the use of his laboratory. He is the friend of Bentham. This is some little consolation for my detention and disappointments.

You shall not be teased any more with that vile No. 20,

though I do admire the thickness of thy pretty scull. It is not new, but in accord with our agreement, that is to remove *chi* to any number, giving the notice which I did.

The preceding pages are the substance (a little more or a little less) of two letters which I wrote you, viz., 29th October and 6th February. Things are in statu quo. The Vigilant will not sail till about the first of March.

A. BURR.

FROM JEREMY BENTHAM.

London, February 9, 1812.

If you do not come to-day, which would be still better, I hope sincerely and entreat you that you will come to-morrow; the rather, as on Tuesday and Wednesday I am engaged at dinner-time, though neither day in any such manner as, after what I find has happened, your imagination may naturally enough be left to suggest. Yesterday exhibited some whimsical coincidences; an explanation of which, if you have not yourself, from the knowledge of my habits, anticipated, it will occupy three minutes by the watch, before some other points set down by you for arguing, some of them of much more importance than the coincidences brought upon the carpet.

J. BENTHAM.

FROM LORD BALGRAY.

Edinburgh, February 16, 1812.

I duly received yours of the 6th. You will be surprised that you have not heard from me as I promised, but I have been prevented by the great pressure of public business at this period of our session. The lord-president and I have had repeated conversations about you, and we are both so strongly impressed with the advantage to be derived to all from an *honourable* communication with you, that we have resolved to make an extract from your letter to me, and to put that, *confidentially*, into Lord Melville's hands. We

mean, also, to explain fully the high opinion that our late friend\* had of your honour and your character.

I have just time to inform you of this. Alas! my dear friend, what a loss at this moment do we feel in our departed friend.

If you happen to see any American gentlemen going to New-York, will you have the kindness to tell them that, if they see Col. Walker, Utica, they may inform him "that his late friend's family are all well, and that he will hear from me soon in answer to all his letters."

DAVID WILLIAMSON.

TO EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

London, Feb. 28, 1812.

On the 30th of September I sailed from the Texel in the ship *Vigilant*, Captain Combes, bound for Boston. On the same day we were captured by a British frigate; and though the ship was chartered by the government of the United States to take home distressed mariners, and had no cargo, we were sent into Yarmouth. I came hither to attend to the fate of the ship, and to hasten the decision, leaving my baggage on board, having no doubt but that she would be discharged within eight days. But it was only about three weeks ago that she was released, on paying all costs. The captain, having got rid of his sailors, chartered his ship for a voyage to New-Orleans without consulting me. I refused to go, and demanded my passage-money, which he refused to refund. Finally, at the solicitation of the captain, and considering that she was a fine ship; that I had paid my passage, and gone to considerable expense to fit up a cabin to my mind, I resolved to make the voyage, and told the captain so. He went off to Yarmouth to fit out his ship. Within two or three days after his arrival there, he wrote me that the American consul at that place (Williams) had forbid him to take me at his peril. What were the nature of the

\* Col. Charles Williamson, brother of Lord Balgray.

menaces he does not relate ; but, before leaving London, he informed me that the person acting as consul here (Beaseley) had also forbid him, and menaced him, but that he had treated it with contempt. Now, however, he got frightened, and wrote me he would not take me. 'This proceeds, I presume, from Jonathan Russell, chargé des affaires. He and your loving brother\* detained me about twenty months in Paris.

Since my arrival here I have already been twice disappointed in passages, which I ascribed to the caprice or malevolence of the respective captains ; but, no doubt, it emanated from the same influence.

It is impossible to think of New-Orleans without thinking of you and your beautiful wife, and I thought this story would amuse you. Tell madame that, in all my peregrinations, I have seen nothing so lovely as she was the morning she was on the gallery, and I *did not* take leave of her. She will see how heavy that sin lays on my conscience.

I have now no way of getting out but by the British packet, and so I abandon all hope of seeing you at New-Orleans. Write to me under cover to Henry Gahn, Swedish consul, New-York, and tell me what you are about. I shall recommence the practice of the law, but where exactly I may fix is not quite settled. Gahn, however, will have my address. Salute—no, I will mention no names, for fear of alarming or hurting some one.

It is now certain that Percival, Liverpool, & Co., the men most hostile to the United States, will continue in the ministry. There may be some unimportant modification of the orders in council ; something to furnish to our government a pretence for suspending the execution of their threats ; but I do not expect a repeal of those orders. It is humiliating to every American to witness the ridicule and contempt with which our vapouring and war prattle are treated here.

A. BURR.

\* General John Armstrong.

## JOURNAL.

*London, March 1, 1812.* Sor. at half past ten to Elms's, dentist, Leicester Square. He acknowledged with admiration the superiority of Fonzi's work; will take my proposals into consideration, and give a written answer on Wednesday. To Dessaulles's. He undertook cheerfully the little, troublesome, capricious changes which I desire to make. To Humbert's, where expected to meet J. H., but not there. Then away to George-street, Portland Place, to see J. Lawrence, author of the "Kingdom of the Nairs;" but the address was falsely given, for there is no such number as forty-four. On my return, passing the door of Madame Thorpe, I called, and was quite surprised that she should seem so very glad to see me, for my last visit was so triste that I did not think of repeating it; for no one shall ever say that I was de trop or ennuied them with my visits. She said she had sent repeatedly to inquire for me, and to invite me, but could not find my address; that she desired to introduce me to a Mr. —, late governor of Siera Leone, who desired greatly to see me. Home; smoked and read the Gazette an hour, and then to Godwin's, where madame had engaged me to dine. Seeing there was time before dinner, went to Graves's, where found a card from Achaud, and a message that he would be very glad to see me, which I don't believe, for he *would not* have been a fortnight returning my visit, and *would* have answered my note or sent an invitation. But do not regret the loss of his acquaintance, for madame and les petits enfans were the only persons of the family who amused me. Returned to Godwin's and dined en famille. After dinner, walked with Fanny and Jane to see the bust of Milton, and the spot where he was interred in — church. There is no monument, and the bust is placed several yards from the place of interment. Returned with the girls, and then came home without tea, preferring it at home in my own fashion, and wishing to go through with the assorting of papers be-

gan last evening. Have been working hard till now, half past two; but, as I have been drinking freely of high-burned coffee, fear a vigil night, and, therefore, you owe me no great thanks this time. M. J. G. thinks she can dispose of the ring-watch for me. Shall put it into her hands to-morrow, if I can get it.

But the wind has most maliciously come east, which is fair for vessels to go out, and I am greatly distressed lest the ship for New-Orleans, in which I had hoped to have sailed, should have gone, for this was her day of sailing from Liverpool. Yet it would be the first example since Noah of a vessel sailing on the appointed day. I will continue my preparations, i. e., try to get money. Have not had a penny (yes, my two halfpennies) since yesterday morning, and no hope of one to-morrow.

2. Slept none till past four. Rose at seven, and found I had slept enough. Sor. at half past nine. To Gonin, the enameller. You have had his name in various ways, but this is right, for I copied it from a medal. Not yet at his shop. He is a lazy dog, though good-natured and ingenious. Went then to his house. The girl said he was gone out. Told her I knew better, and that, if he would not come down to me, I would go up to him. This brought a message from him that he was a little indisposed, and not yet up, but would be at his shop at half past eleven. To Des-saules's. He had not yet done the affair, but would certainly do it this day. Then across the park to Reeves's, to demand passport in the name of *Adolphus Arnot*. He begged me to make the application in writing, which did at his table, and he promised to send the passport. Then back to Gonin's. Found him, and we repaired the broken dent in about half an hour, and beautifully. Certes, I have walked more than one hundred miles in vain endeavours to get this done. Home for an hour. No, called first at Humbert's, where met J. H., but the ring-watch not done. On my way home tried to pawn the picture-watch, but the rascal would

only give £4. So went on sans sous, for I had given my two halfpence to Gonin's little girl. Forgot to say that at Reeves's got a letter from V. D. L., dated *Paris*, January 30, and I thought the fellow long since in the United States. He had heard that the ship *Vigilant* was lost, and that we were all drowned, and writes to inquire *of me whether it be true*. On my arrival home, near one, found a note from J. Bentham, enclosing a letter for me from Robert Morris, requesting an interview, and permission to ask my advice about some matters depending on the laws of the United States. I could not refuse to see the face of my old friend, whatever might be his situation. So wrote a note appointing twelve to-morrow, at Q. S. P.

To Graves's, where met his father, as agreed, that we might go together to Lancaster's school. D. M. R. came in and went with us. It is about one and a half miles over the river. Stayed an hour, and was very greatly interested and pleased. A lad of fifteen years of age, who four years ago did not know his letters, instructs 1000 (a thousand) boys in reading, writing, and arithmetic. And those boys learn more in a month than, in the ordinary mode, is learned in a year. And yet they appear to be constantly running about, and are all cheerful, as if at play. No rods, or whips, or ferules. No boy is to be struck. But I have bought for you some, and shall buy all, of the books explanatory of this new mode of instruction. The expense is about five shillings and sixpence per annum for each boy, including all contingencies of fuel, books, stationery, slates, &c., &c.

In another room are three hundred girls, taught by one of about fourteen years old, in the same mode. But this was prettier. Am to go again this week. Was sorry not to have had one halfpenny. Got home at five; had eaten some dumplings or pudding at Graves's at two. Now took my coffee, and at six went off to Charing Cross to leave my note for R. Morris. Have been the whole evening assorting and filing papers. Now strikes one.

3. Slept very sound, and rose at half past eight, after being twice called by Eliza. At eleven to J. Bentham's, where, you know, I was to meet R. Morris. J. B. came down to secure me for dinner to-morrow, and to have explanations about my default last Wednesday. The truth is, that I read his note sans lunettes, and either did not read or not comprehend that part which invited me to dine.

R. Morris came punctually. He told me the most extraordinary story about Miss E. A. C., who, at eighteen, married on the Continent an Irishman named M., then about fifty, and who happened to have then, and now living, another wife in England. E. A. was very beautiful, and the parties became extremely attached to each other. M. became suspected by the French government, and was taken up and put in prison. She favoured his escape, and he got off; on which she was put in prison, and kept a whole year on black bread and water, and, in prison and among felons, was brought to bed. Soon after this, and about six months ago, she was released and came to England. M. had gone to sea and was drowned; but he had taken good care of his A. By the most extraordinary villanies, he bought and loaded a ship to the value of ninety thousand guineas, which he sent off to Philadelphia, and had there vested in her name. He got the ship ensured here for her full value, *not* in his own name, and procured such full testimony of *her total loss*, that the underwriters paid the amount of the policy without suit, and soon after it was discovered that she arrived safe in Philadelphia. But, *then*, the ship and cargo appeared never to have belonged to M., but a person of a different name, by whom the assignment was made to E. A., and all this without her knowledge. She is now just twenty-one. Am to meet her to-morrow, and then shall know more. From R. M.'s story, her sufferings and her fortitude are the most surprising. He was two hours in relating it. One of the parties to the fraud, a very elegant young man, has lately been convicted and hanged here.

But that fraud was the expedition in which M. was lost at sea, and by which he had intended to make another 90,000 guineas. Now what they want of me is to show them how E. A. may get and keep the 90,000 guineas, about 400,000 dollars, which are deposited in Philadelphia. R. M. paid me nothing, and I suppose E. A. is not in condition to pay, for she and her mother support themselves by making straw hats.

From J. Bentham's to Dessaulles's. He had done one piece very neatly indeed. Very lucky he had not done them both, as I had not a sous to pay him. On to Gonin's. He had perfectly succeeded in the piece on which we worked yesterday, and I left him the other, and proposed to pay him when that should be done. Tried, on my way home, at several places, to pawn your picture-watch, which ought to be worth fifty guineas; but they would not give more than £3, which refused. As I approached my home, ruminated how to get dinner and supper (coffee), for I had neither bread, butter, cheese, nor sugar. Fortunately, M. of herself discovered all these wants, and also candles, and bought them all. D. M. R. came in at five, and partook of my potatoes, to which was added the mutton I bought some days ago (for I eat no meat), and a pint of ale. My drink is still toast and water. Before he came in, however, I had completed the draught of a power of attorney for E. A., to be sent off by this packet. I wished to have written you by the same opportunity, but the four and sixpence requisite for postage is a fatal objection. D. M. R., having four three shilling pieces, lent me two of them; but one proved a counterfeit. He was in good spirits, having met one of his country acquaintance mentioned some time ago who "was delighted with his principles on wheel-carriages." This is certainly very nearly allied to insanity.

On coming in this P. M., received a note from Madame Thorpe, dated yesterday, inviting me to come and pass the evening with that same late governor of Sierra Leone. Mr.

Browne, who had before expressed so much desire to meet me. I regretted that the note had not come sooner to hand ; but this is a misfortune which must happen in this circuitous mode of communication, for my address to her, and to all at the west end, is at Q. S. P., and J. Bentham transmits notes and cards to *Mr. Arnot*. Walked off in the rain to Madame Thorpe, Foley Place, about two and a half miles. Took tea, and passed a very cheerful hour with the family. Have agreed to go with them on Friday to the exhibition of an orrery and an astronomical lecture, to be given at the Haymarket. Am to dine with her on that day. Got home at ten. Being very dark, and the streets very badly lighted, got lost, and wandered a good deal both going and coming. To-morrow is pay-day. You must stir yourself, Monsieur Gain., or you go out doors.

4. Castella came in at ten, and talked an hour on old subjects. Having nothing to do, he agreed to walk with me to continue the conversation. Went first to Graves's. Out. Wrote him a note to keep in his hands, till I should call to-morrow, the letter which Elms will address to him for me about the dents. Am in hopes to make something of that affair, for the man seemed "delighted" with Fonzi's "principles." This, however, cannot be in season for the present exigence. Passed by Joyce's, but would not call for the silver repeater, having nothing to pay his bill. Then to J. Bentham's. Castella left me at Covent Garden. R. Morris came in at three with la belle E. A. C. I was wrong in stating that she had been six months out of prison ; it is but a few days, and she has been but six days in England. She is tall, well made ; fine, large, long blue eyes ; a mouth that does not please me ; blonde ; well made ; but the marks of sufferings are visible. She is a mere skeleton, pale, and a cadaverous jaunatre. When in health, and with a reasonable embonpoint, she must be imposing and attractive. As R. Morris talked all the while, and for the most part incoherently, had little opportunity to judge of her understanding

or acquirements. But her letters, which, among other papers, I had occasion to peruse, are well written. They stayed an hour, and I promised to give her written instructions. She did not offer, nor did I ask for money; if she had offered, I should, in the present dilemma, have accepted. It would have been the first time that I ever took from distressed innocence; and such I believe to be her case. She will go instantly to America if I advise it, which I believe I shall; and she appeared extremely grateful for the interest which I took in her concerns.

Poor Jeremy Bentham is overwhelmed with trouble. The ministry are about to take away, in a manner the most horribly unjust, the whole of his little income, a bare competence, and he is seriously apprehensive that he shall be obliged to abandon the paternal mansion in which he has lived sixty years. To me, however, it appears that they will never dare to commit this outrage on justice, and law, and reason. The story is too long and too intricate now to be written, but you shall have ore tenus.

Came off at nine, deliberating whether to go home at the hazard of finding my weekly bill on my table, or to lodge abroad and try the events of another day. Had still D. M. R.'s three shilling piece unbroken; but my bill for this week will be at least twenty-five shillings. To the ordinary expenses is to be added a pair of boots mended, six shillings. Passing near the Godwins', went in and sat half an hour, and then ventured home. Complained of a headache, which is true, owing to two glasses of wine drank at J. Bentham's. Did not find my bill on the table, nor a word said about it. Now, to-morrow must either be sick, and lay abed all day, or go out before breakfast. Which do you advise? "Why, go out early, to be sure. If you lay on your back waiting for miracles, it may be some time before they come to your relief." You are right, ma min. I will be out and striving; if nothing else should succeed, will pawn the picture-watch for three pounds. Have not yet got the ring-watch. I am

pretty sure that ma hotesses has no suspicion of the state of the treasury; for, on coming in, I find a stock of coal and wood bought this day. Past one; must prepare for couché. A vile, chilly, drizzling day. Yesterday do. Mem.—Holcroft, the poet, bred a shoemaker; Perry, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, and having now an income of £10,000 per annum; his history, and that of his wife, will amuse, if not interest. Yet, as I am not sleepy, and fear I shall not sleep, having, like a blockhead and gourmand, drank high-burned, strong coffee at J. Bentham's, I will tell you that at J. B.'s found a letter from John Edw. Browne (doubtless the late governor spoken of by Mrs. Thorpe), avowing the utmost respect and desire to serve me, and full of flattering expressions. It was written yesterday, at the moment he was leaving London for Gosport, where he was to embark for Sierra Leone, where he knew I had friends to whom I wished to write confidentially. He gives me his address at Gosport. I think Madame Thorpe must have told him an incident which took place on our passage from the United States; one exactly calculated to captivate the heart of an Irishman. That story is not written, but shall be, for your amusement and Gampillo's instruction. Now ought I to be writing all to-morrow to my intrepid friend Captain J.; instead of which, must be coursing for twenty-five shillings. But I *will* write at every resting-place.

We may as well now say a word more of Perry (Perrie was the name originally). Born in the North of Scotland, and having received a good classical education, at the age of twenty he *walked* to London to seek his fortune. He had left on his arrival two and sixpence. For some time he nearly starved. At length he got employment and small wages with the editor of the Morning Chronicle, and subsequently he became principal editor; then a partner, and, finally, sole proprietor. At the age of forty he was wealthy. Happening to make a journey in the country, he saw in a milliner's shop a girl with whose beauty and manner he was

greatly smitten. He begged leave to repeat his visit; and, at the second interview, he told her he would marry her; but added, "I am a man of fortune, and wish to live hospitably, and to make my friends happy at my house. I am not accustomed to society, and must have a wife who can do the honours of my house with grace, and dignity, and fashion. Now you have seen nothing of the world, and know even less of these matters than I do; but you have talents, and would presently become a lady if you were under proper advantages. Then, if you will go to Paris, and spend two years there to perfect yourself, I will furnish the means and marry you on your return." The lady, who was seventeen, was not long balancing on so hard a condition. She went to Paris, passed the two years under every advantage which money could procure, returned an accomplished lady, and all that Perry could wish. They married; have six lovely children. She has been the pride of his heart, the ornament of his house, and the admiration of his friends.

I know an Irishman who did something of the same kind, but I doubt whether there be anything similar in the history of any Englishman.

I have been smoking, and drinking toast and water, and, at intervals, writing these scraps, till the watchman has proclaimed half past two. Now you may ask, why have I not been all this while writing my letter to Captain J.? So I have, madame; that letter is going on, and will be all ready before I rise in the morning. Once formed, it never goes out of my head, and the mechanical part can be performed anywhere and at any time. Salut.

5. A day of fruitless labour. Vigil till four. To Joyce's, and, instead of getting up the silver repeater, like a booby, left the picture-watch, and so deprived of both. To Graves's. Nix; but told me the ship for New-Orleans was detained for some days, and would then go by Havannah. Very interesting to Gamp. To J. Hug's. She had not the ring-watch, and don't know where it is! Sent her out to hunt.

To Madame Thorpe's to inquire about Mr. Browne; but she was out. Back to J. Hug.'s. Not come in. To Gonin's. He will repair the other to-morrow. Not a hope of getting a shilling, and had the folly this morning to ask for my account, which they would not otherwise thought of presenting. Round by Godwin's, where dined. Then to Graves's again, with Gampillo's coins and medals, to sell to him for old silver. Out. Ventured to come home. My account was presented, twenty-four shillings and one penny. Took no notice of it. D. M. R. came in and took tea with me, and gave me the name of a medal and coin monger, where shall go to-morrow. Mr. Godwin, with Mary and Jane, came in and sat an hour. Mr. G. will undertake to sell Bayle and Moreri, and Madame Godwin the ring-watch. But the books are at the custom-house, and the other, should be glad to know. Have been all the evening sorting and marking the coins and medals for sale. Poor little Gampy, how sorry I am. Now two o'clock, fire out, tired, cold, and must yet work half an hour at the coins and medals.

6. To Graves's, and pledged a part of Gam'lo's coins and medals for five pounds, which sum I actually received; so it is to the boy at last that I am indebted for this temporary relief. The little rascal, I did not think he was so rich. These were pledged at or near the value of the silver only, and it is not half his store, so that the real value of the metal of his little treasure must be more than fifty dollars. Observe, they are not sold, but only pledged. Then to J. B.'s, where found a great packet of papers from R. Morris about E. A. C.'s affairs. Got some things out of my trunk there for sale, viz., half a piece of cambric, which I had sealed up for you, and resolved to keep through thick and thin; but everything visible must go, or I shall lose the opportunity of this ship; and, as every day's delay diminishes my means, the longer I stay the less likely am I ever to get out. To Des-saules's, who had done both the pieces which I left with him, for which and the former work paid him twenty shil-

lings, which I thought very moderate. Then to Humbert's to get the ring-watch. Met J. H., who gave me the thing, but nothing done to it and the glass broken, which will be difficult to repair even here. I was exceedingly vexed that the fellow should have kept the thing *five weeks*, given me so much trouble, made so many promises, and, finally, returned your beautiful little jewel in ruins, and without apology. I said he must be a great rascal to serve me so. Hum. was in the adjoining room and listening. He burst into the room where we were in a rage, said it was his friend, a man of honour; and accabléd me with a volley of the grossest and most vulgar abuse. I smiled and made no reply; but, without altering my tone or manner, addressed something to J.; but poor J. burst into tears, and could neither speak nor hear. This rage of Hum. has, I fear, some other source than what appeared on this particular occasion, and I greatly fear that it will be vented on J.; and I can't tell you how unhappy this reflection has made me. Called at Gonin's. Out, though he had appointed that hour. Walked on homeward, but took Godwin's in my way, as well to hear from J. as to see about the sale of Bayle and Moreri. He thinks he can get twenty guineas for them. Home at two. After smoking an hour and dressing, to Mad. Thorpe's to dine. Mr. C. B. Wyatt, a sensible, sprightly young man, son or nephew of the celebrated architect, and the family, were the party. I was engrossed by the concern of poor J., and, of course, bad company. Stayed till nine, and got home at ten. Found a good fire. My little ménagère is punctual as the sun. Have *not* paid my bill, to avoid giving the affair an air of consequence. I ought to finish my letter to Capt. J. to-night; but the position of poor J. occupies me, and unfits me for everything. Not being able to speak a sentence of English, having no friend or acquaintance but this brutal beau frère, she will be robbed of all the avails of her industry, for she is confiding and unsuspecting as an infant, and will otherwise be made as unhappy as authority and malevolence

can make her. On such occasions I feel the sorrows of poverty. I was totally mistaken about that John Edward Browne. He is not the late governor of Sierra Leone, nor an Irishman, but an adventurer of about twenty-five. Anglois, e. d. in the navy, and of equivocal character. Am going to bed at half past twelve.

7. At twelve to Graves's, with more medals and coins; a packet full as large as the former, and I have still left to the amount of half that packet. I can't tell you how much I am surprised at this quantity. But Graves had no more money to advance. Got one guinea, which will do for Des-saules to-morrow. D. M. R. came in, and we walked a few minutes. Gave him six shillings. Called and left your little ring-watch with Joyce. He says the pieces of glass have got inside, and there must be a thorough cleaning; so that this will probably be a guinea job. Home, and took my rice and milk, and then went to Godwin's, where took tea with the children in their room. At nine to Graves's, where stayed till eleven. Supped on bread, cheese, and a glass of porter. Home at half past eleven. This is the first time of being out so late. At Graves's got a letter from Sheffield, mate of the Vigilant, who says that, on examining the Vigilant, she is found so rotten that he thinks she will be condemned. So that I have not lost much by being refused a passage. Bad, very bad news from Liverpool. The ship on which I had set my heart has changed her destination, and will neither go to the Havannah nor to New-Orleans. This is a grievous disappointment to me, for I had become fascinated with that voyage by Havannah to New-Orleans. Am now pretty much resolved to get to Liverpool so soon as I shall have the means, and there wait events. There are five chances from Liverpool to one from London. Ought to finish Capt. J.'s letter, but am fit for naught this evening but financing and projecting.

Already half past one, and shall set up an hour reading a parcel of newspapers which have brought from Godwin's.

Have also made to-day two trips over to Gonin's. At the second, met him in the street. He had my repeater in his pocket, finished, and perfectly well. He would put no price, which is a mode of asking tenfold; which, however, was this time a bad calculation. Gave him twenty-three shillings, which was very well for two hours' work. He was not tres content, but civil. Wished much to give him £5; but I have reserved barely enough to pay ma hôtesse next Wednesday; when, for aught that now appears, we shall be again on the sans sous establishment. I hope to-morrow to finish with Dessaulles this perpetual vexation. I think I must have walked, within the last thirty months, more than one thousand leagues on that matter. I am horribly afraid of that Joyce. He has a little the ways of a sharper under his Quaker garb.

8. Fanny, whom of all the family I trust to make me tea, gave it rather too strong last night, and I was vigil till past four. At twelve to Elms's, the dentist, to learn who was this Fisher who had twice called on me. Find he is a young man in the employ and under the patronage of Elms. Went, and had a confabulation of an hour with him. He seems disposed to treat and to give something, but fear it will be too little. Will call to-morrow, when I am to state terms and give further elucidations. To Dessaulles's; to my great regret, he was out. This comes of sleeping late, for I had agreed to be there at eleven. On to J. B.'s, where met D. M. R. waiting for me. He had a note from Brunell, requesting him and me to come out to his house on Wednesday morning about the shoe affair, to which I agreed. R. Morris then came to confer about the affairs of E. A. C. We talked an hour, and I agreed to meet him at E. A. C.'s this evening at eight o'clock. Home. Rice and milk for dinner. Read newspapers, and smoked till seven. Called at Godwin's to leave the Gazette, and to give William a gooden grochen which I had promised. On over Blackfriars' Bridge and past the Obelisk to Prospect Place. Madame C., la mère

de E. A. ; an elder sister of E. A., pretty and gentile ; two daughters of M., one of them grown ; un petit garçon de E. A. of two years old. Took tea and stayed till nine ; then home. Found at J. B.'s another card from Lovett, and a ticket of admission to the gallery of the Parliament House from a member, by his procurement. Have not finished my letter to Captain J. Think of setting about it now ; half past ten.

9. Finished last night my letter to Captain J., and took it this morning to the Godwins' to get one of the m'lles. to copy. Madame charged herself with the copying and transmission to Madame F., who is to forward it in her own name. Then to Koe's office to get him to go with me to try to get some copies of the Elements of Packing, a book thought too severely true on the courts and judges to admit of selling it here. K. thought best to go first himself. Then to Graves's. The ship Beaver, that in which I had hoped to go to Havannah and New-Orleans, has changed her destination, and will go only to Oporto. This is particularly unfortunate, as the owner at Liverpool is disposed to be civil to me. Called on Joyce. His language portends a most ruinous bill ; but there is no getting the articles out of his hands, for he has had the wit to take them all to pieces. Being hungry, came home at three, and ate p. d. t. Then away for my rendezvous with Fisher, the dentist. He had desired me to come prepared to make a final proposition. I was prepared, and had little doubt of getting more than one hundred guineas. But some trifling objection had occurred, and he was quite off. So fails that hope. Intended to have gone to Dessauls's, and to have given him a guinea for some small changes which I wished to his work ; but, seeing a prospect of hard times, thought better to keep my guinea, and came directly home at half past five. Have been reading trifling things ; ruminating on the state of the nation ; eating supper, i. e., tea, &c., and have had half an hour's employment by overturning my table, on which is my writing-

case, which is stuffed full of choses ; by the fall it burst open and displayed some hundreds of articles. Attempting to save the case, I overset myself and the table, with candle, pitcher, &c., &c. The noise alarmed the family who live in the cellar-kitchen, two stairs below me, and the three females came up in fright, but all was darkness, for my candle was out. There is, however, no injury that will cost money, except sixpence for the pitcher: Mais voilà, in gathering up the ruins I find a sixpence.

10. Castella came in at ten, and sat an hour talking while I made my toilet, &c., &c. Walked together to J. Bentham's, where I only inquired for letters. None. Then we continued by Spring Gardens, through Pall Mall, to look at Carleton House, which was built for the prince, I believe, thirty or forty years ago. He now occupies it. A row of pillars in front, about forty or sixty feet from the building, has a good effect, but wants ornament on the top. The portico of the house is handsome. The prince now inhabits it. Close by, on the left, lives his daughter la princesse. Farther on, to the right, opposite James's-street, is St. James's Palace, looking like an old tavern. Near this, and left of it, not on the street, but on the park, is a house built by the nation for the Great Marlborough, whose descendants disgrace the name and title. Then through Manchester Square and Portman Square to George's-street, Portland Square, No. 44, where called on James Lawrence, author of "The Kingdom of the Nairs." Introduced myself as one who had read his book with pleasure, and wished to know the author. He inquired if I were related to the famous General Burr. He had been at Weimar, and we knew there the same people. The D'Imhoffs, Bertucks, Eggloffsteins, Reizensteins, the ducal family, M<sup>lle</sup>. Gore, &c., &c. I stayed an hour, and he seemed pleased with the visit. He appears about forty two, small, fair hair and eyes, a flat face ; of sprightly, easy manners. Nothing striking in his physiognomy. We shall doubtless meet again. Then to Madame Thorpe's, where

met Mr. Wyatt, brother of the two architects, and son of the architect. We met by appointment, that he might show me the *model* made by his brother (I will learn the name) for Drury Lane Theatre. The general appearance is magnificent beyond anything I have seen of a theatre, and the distribution and conveniences are elegant and surprising. The model, which is on a scale of two feet to an inch, is a perfect representation, in miniature, of a theatre, and so contrived that you see into every apartment. Nothing is omitted. Every column is fluted, and the capital curved as intended *en grande*. Every window actually glazed; every step perfect; the doors panelled, and opening and shutting on their hinges. The seats cushioned. Little lamps and lustres wherever lamps and lustres were to be; and, that I might have a perfect idea of the appearance it would have within, all these lamps were actually lighted and burned. He told me that this model cost two thousand five hundred pounds sterling, about eleven thousand dollars. The building is three hundred feet long, the width not recollected. I thanked Mr. W. very cordially. Home at half past three, and, after reposing half an hour, to Godwin's to dine, where met by appointment Mr. Hume, who has published a translation, much esteemed, of *Tasso*. A very small, spare man of about fifty; a most benevolent and amiable countenance, and a very agreeable companion. After tea we played a rubber of sixpenny whist, and I won one and sixpence. Home at nine.

Walking in the street to-day, the Bishop of Norwich was pointed out to me. He is remarkable as being the only bishop who has spoken and voted in favour of the emancipation of the Irish Catholics.

You see, my dear Theodosia, that nothing has been done or attempted to-day on finance. Mr. Godwin, however, has found a purchaser for Bayle and Moreri at sixteen guineas. I was in hopes of twenty-five; but, seeing that they cost me less than three guineas, I ought not to complain. J. Hug.

called just after I had gone out, and wrote here a note. Begs to see me. Fear there is trouble. Mr. Graves called before I came in this evening. Hope he has something to communicate, but cannot see him before to-morrow evening, being engaged to go with D. M. R. to Chelsea to-morrow, and assist at a conference on the shoe matter.

11. Was up before seven, and at D. M. R.'s by nine. I had engaged to go with him to-day to Brunell's (Chelsea), as I believe I told you. He had not breakfasted. Gave him rendezvous at J. Bentham's, and went on to J. H.'s, whom saw a minute, and appointed to take coffee with me at four. On to J. B.'s, where an hour alone. D. M. R. came. We walked to Chelsea, which, from my quarters, is about six miles. But look at your map. Was two hours at Brunell's talking over the shoe business. Home at half past three. On the way saw an affiche on a window: "a metallic composition which would melt in hot water, and, on cooling, be again as hard as silver, at sixteen shillings per pound." Bought a piece for eighteen pence, and have tried it. All very true. It is with a composition of this kind that the police of France take the impression from the seal of a letter, and, after perusing the letter, seal it again with the writer's own seal. Home at three. Boiled rice for dinner. But, as J. H. has a very good appetite, bought half a pound of viande, eight-pence. J. H. came at half past four. We took coffee, &c.; gave her my new metal to try if it would travailler. She has suffered no sort of inconvenience from the fracas with le frère, which relieves me greatly. Escorted her home, and then to Graves's. Perhaps I never told you—yes, now I remember, I did—of the pledging my gold repeater and a medallion watch to Capt. J. for twenty-five pounds, payable on demand. He called to-day on Graves for the money. Now, shall I sacrifice them for twenty-five pounds, or try to redeem them? They would readily fetch two hundred dollars in the United States, which is about double this twenty five pounds. Yet, if I should make out to redeem them, I may

be obliged to sell them at still greater loss to get off. Must decide in the morning. Graves told me also that I had got into the London papers; but in what way he did not say, nor did I inquire. On that subject I never manifest the slightest curiosity. Home at eight, and have been a full hour, with the aid of my little attendant, hunting for them. At length I dismissed her, and, after searching in every probable and improbable place, knowing that I had them when I came in (for I had taken a parcel out of my trunk and laid it on my table), I resolved to dress myself again, being in my nightgown and slippers, come in as from abroad, and endeavour to go through the same motions; so put on my boots, my cravat, coat, and waistcoat, and then took up my hat to sally forth—out tumbled the keys. You see what important avocations occupy the time of Gamp.

12. Sat up till past two, perusing a long statement of the affairs of E. A. C., and writing thereon. Wrote, also, notes to D. M. R. and Graves. Went this morning before ten to Capt. Johnson's. He consents to take the watches to the United States, and to receive the money there at par of exchange, which is about fifteen per cent. gain to him. Then to Graves's, to get him to inquire about a vessel going to Boston, in which I am disposed to take a passage, if everything should suit. To the custom-house to get Bayle and Moreri. The officer said that, if I took them out to use here, I must pay duty, which would amount to more than double the original cost. Went then to the office of Mr. Cooper, the solicitor, who on the former occasion was so civil to me. Unfortunately, he was out; so that must rest for another day. To Joyce's, the watchmaker. Be assured he means to swindle me horribly. Said the ring-watch cannot be done in ten days. Talks of the great trouble and difficulty, &c., &c. Home to receive D. M. R., who was to call at three; but he came not. To Godwin's, where was engaged to dine, and to go with them to the Lyceum Theatre. They had tickets gratis from the author. After dinner ran off to

Graves's again, to hear his report about the Boston ship. The report is favourable, and he will sail next week. It remains to be known what is the temper and disposition of the captain. To ascertain this, shall to Johnson in the morning. Graves had had an offer of fifteen shillings per dozen for the Seltzer water; this being less than the original cost, I refused. Back to Godwin's; took tea. H. Hopwood came in, and we six went to the play. The "Hypocrite," an imitation from Molière, and "Turner," a new farce. We were amused, and laughed a good deal. Mrs. —, the principal character in the play, from sudden indisposition, did not appear, and her part was read by another. She did as well as possible for reading. In the farce, Miss Duncan did perfectly well. The two hypocrites, or, rather, the hypocrite and the fanatic, were admirably well performed in the play. The carriage-hire cost me three shillings. Home quarter before twelve.

I have been thinking seriously of writing to Lord Ballygray about the state of finance. Nothing short of the apprehension of never getting off could induce me to think of such a thing.

13. Rose before seven. Got breakfast, and was at Capt. Johnson's before nine. He had not seen the consul, but had got some particulars about the Newburyport ship. She will do if the master will do. Of that Capt. J. will inquire. To Koe's office, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had done nothing about the "Art of Packing." On to Graves's. He had naught to say, and had done nothing with the Seltzer water. Then on to see Mr. Cooper, at the custom-house, near the Tower, to get Bayle and Moreri. Mr. Cooper had so totally forgotten my person and business, that it took some time to awaken his recollection. He says the intention of the order is, that my books may be exported as part of my baggage without paying the entrance duty; but, if taken out of the custom-house for use or sale, the duties must be paid. The duties on Bayle and Moreri would amount to

seven guineas; so there is an end of that resource. (Before this, had called on D. M. R., and got him to address and transmit a notice of the Seltzer water to ten of the most eminent physicians.) Home from the custom-house at one, and, after an hour, to Godwin's, to escort Fan. to Lancaster's school; as we were to lose our dinner by the excursion, she got me oysters, bread and butter, and porter; on which dined. All the oysters I have eaten in *Europe* have that vile copper taste which Europeans love and we abhor. Fan. and I took our walk. A boisterous, chilly day. Were received with great civility by Mrs. Picton, the principal, and Mr. Cross, the director, and by Miss —, the directress of the girls' school. Were shown all that could be shown in two hours. Off at five. A squall of snow. Bought for you a book giving an account of the mode of instruction, four shillings. I am more and more charmed with it, they all seem so cheerful and happy. A negro boy, aged about nine, arrived from Africa five months ago, not knowing a word of the English language, and having never heard of Messieurs A. B. C. He now writes a fair, legible hand, and has made some progress in arithmetic. Saw Fan. home, and then came to my den and made me tea. Though I drank but half the pint of porter, it brought on sickness and headache; yet for four months after my arrival I never drank less than a pint a day; often a quart, and then thought it agreed wonderfully with me.

At seven to Capt. Johnson's. He had seen Capt. Potter, who is willing. Huzza! Capt. J. says he is just my man, and will manage the embarcation in the way I wish. Capt. J. offers me a letter of introduction to his brother in Boston, and says I shall lodge there, or, if I prefer, at his house in Kingston, thirty miles from Boston, to which port Capt. P. is bound. But he sails on Wednesday next. Will it be possible for me to find the means so soon? Am almost giddy with the hope of approaching you and Gam'lo, and

feel as if I were already on the way, though no resource yet offers itself. Yes, I will go.

Home at half past eight, and found here D. M. R., who had made himself a dish of coffee. Took one with him, and talked and read papers about his shoe affair till half past ten. Let my fire go out, and have been a full hour rekindling it. Now two o'clock. Wrote a note this evening to R. Morris about the affairs of E. A. C., giving him rendezvous to-morrow at one at Q. S. P. Don't like much to write to him.

14. Rose at seven. To Capt. Potter's, at the Minorities, about three miles, by ten. He was out, which, perhaps, was fortunate, for I hear that the house is full of Americans, by some of whom it is probable I should have been known. To Joyce's for the ring-watch. Not done. That trinket must get me off, and yet I fear the ship will go before I get it. To Fox's, a dentist *tres célébré*. Saw his partner, who did not seem greatly to value the inventions of Fonzi. He invited me to call again to see Mr. F., which I shall not do. To a shop in Wood-street, where bought ten shillings of platina. My last bill, having only four shillings left, and not having paid my week's account, due last Wednesday, I designedly omitted to call for; having the money ready, I could safely make the experiment now, long before it would be demanded. To Graves's. Out. Wrote him to see Potter for me, and bring him to his house to meet me. To Koe's office. Nothing done about the book on Packing. To Des-saules's. Out, or reported to be out. Sorry for it. No other man can do so well my business. To D. M. R.'s; sent up a note which I wrote at Koe's, and he came down. Got of him sixteen shillings. On to Q. S. P., and there waited till three, but R. Morris came not. To Capt. Johnson's; he gave me a kind letter to his brother in Boston, and another to his wife, who is at Kingston, near Plymouth, where the captain says I may be at home as long as I please. The captain went off to Liverpool this day. Home. Din-

ner p. d. t., and some of the half pound of meat bought nearly a week ago. You see how little I am carnivorous. After dinner to Graves's. He had not seen Potter, but will call at his house early to-morrow morning. To Godwin's. He was out. Madame and les enfans up stairs in the bedroom, where they received me, and I drank tea with his enfans. Stayed till near ten, and then home with a parcel of newspapers, which I have been reading. Asked for my bill this evening, and have paid it, fifteen shillings and twopence halfpenny, and one shilling and sixpence to ma petite ménagère. Terribly afraid of vigils to-night, for Jane made my tea, and, I fear, too strong. It is only Fan. that I can trust. Must be up early for affairs which you will see to-morrow. One o'clock. I never go to bed but with regret, and by violence to myself. Forgot to say that, after writing you last night at two (this morning), qu., when was that? resolved to write to Lord Balgray. Wrote my letter, and, on coming in to-day, copied and gave it to the postman; the bellman he is called. But only gave him (Lord B.) a hint, historically, vide the copy. These bellmen go through every part of the city, two hours before the closing of the mail, to collect letters, which saves you the trouble of sending your letter. You pay the bellman one penny. Bespoke two pairs of pantaloons to-day!

15. Slept from two till near nine. Very ill done, Mr. Gamp. I waked, indeed, and was disposed to get up; but it was cold, and had no materials for making fire. Did not get to J. Bentham's till past eleven. R. Morris had been and gone. There was no appointment between us; but I knew he would call, and wished to charge him with the sale of la montre-bague, les rubans, et les medailles, et monnaies, when redeemed. D. M. R. put this in my head, and says he is more able than any man living to do it. I have no doubt of his willingness, seeing how much pains I have taken about his E. A. C. Wrote him note and left it at his lodgings, giving rendezvous for eleven to-morrow. Then to

Graves's. Out; but had left me note, saying that he had appointed Captain Potter to call at seven P. M. Home. Rice and milk for dinner. D. M. R. came in and sat an hour. Then came J. H. and took coffee. Off to Graves's, and at seven came in Captain Potter, of the ship *Aurora*. He agrees to take me for thirty guineas paid here, and to give me a stateroom. I accepted the proposal; am to pay the money on Wednesday, and embark at Deal, under the name of *Arnot*, about Sunday. Now where this money is to come from is a thing yet to be discovered; but I shall go on with my preparations just as if there were no manner of doubt on that head. The captain, Potter, is a small, still, discreet-looking man, of about thirty-six, who, I believe, will keep my secret, but who would not go three yards to do me good or harm. He appears sober, good-tempered, and intelligent, and is said to be an excellent mariner. Thence to Godwin's, where played an hour at whist, and lost one shilling and sixpence, which I was unable to pay, having only eightpence au monde; but, as madame recollected that she owed me threepence, she took credit on account. Home at half past nine. Have been writing a great many notes and making memorandums of what I have to do. You see I am in earnest. Yes, I will go; I will see you and Gampillo, if I am hanged for it next day. Now will I make a cipher letter of two lines to you to announce the fact.

16. Up before seven and without fire, though much the coldest day these two months. Sor. at nine to Joyce's, the watchmaker; two brothers, twin knaves. Nothing done. They told me twenty lies about the great difficulty of getting a glass. The watch is taken to pieces, and I am wholly in their power; they mean to swindle me out of two or three guineas for doing nothing, and, what is worse, I shall not get possession of the thing in time to aid me off. To Graves's a few minutes, and then to J. Bentham's. R. Morris came punctually at eleven, and, after talking an hour of the affairs of E. A. C., I talked of my own. He cheerfully undertook,

but did not much encourage me. I gave him *les rubans*, and am to meet him again at one to-morrow, when shall give him all my merchandise, and a poor little remnant of seven yards and a half, which I had folded up nicely, and sealed and addressed to you, resolving to rescue so much from the catastrophe. R. M. thought he could do something with the coins and medals. So went back to Graves's, only a league, and redeemed them, by pledging in their stead the silver repeater (Harry's). It was expressly bought for him, and intended as an acknowledgment of his fidelity and courage. But, on the way, called on Koe. He had done nothing about the "Art of Packing." D. M. R. met me at three at Graves's, and we took dinner at our beer-house, for which he paid, I not having a penny. After dinner went again to the Joyces'. They told me the same lies over again about breaking six glasses, &c., &c., but will fix no time when I can have it. It was with difficulty I forbore to call them rascals to their face; but, then, they would undoubtedly spoil it from malice. Gave D. M. R. the medals and the remnant of cambric to give immediately to R. Morris, as they live in the same neighbourhood. Home, cursing the Joyces all the way.. I was this morning, too, at Godwin's to return gazettes; and I have been two hours trying to make all my possible resources amount to the sum barely necessary to get me off. Can't make it out, even on paper, without your ring-watch, and that I shall not get in season, if at all. Did not write to you last night as was proposed. Happened to get engaged in arranging this history of Robinson Crusoe, and I am really ashamed to send you such a mass of dull repetition and inanity. When I go to bed and get up, and where I go and do nothing, and come home and do nothing. The only good to be expected from it is that it will bring to recollection many little incidents which may amuse; but let me go and contrive to get money. Bon soir.

17. A little, *leetle* ray of hope. But let us go on, as usual, chronologically. Ten minutes before seven. Wrote let-

ters to Theodosia, to S. Swartwout, to Reeves, and was at Graves's before eleven. He being out, gave him written instructions how to address and forward the letters. Then to Koe's. He had finally made an attempt to get a copy of the Art of Packing, but the printer would on no account let a single copy go, so afraid is he of prosecution. On to J. Bentham's, and at one came R. Morris. We talked of E. A. C.'s affairs and then of mine. He had sold the remnant of cambric for a guinea a yard, and gave me ten pounds. I then put into his hands eight handkerchiefs of the same batiste to dispose of, being also those which had been folded up, sealed, and addressed to you. The rubans and monnaies not yet sold, but he has hopes. Thus am I obliged to plunder you and Gampillo to the very last article. Engaged to meet E. A. C. at R. Morris's, and dine there. It being now only two o'clock, came home. After much inquiry, found in this neighbourhood a person who grinds glasses for watches, &c. Gave him the form of the glass required for the ring-watch. He said he would make one for two shillings, and that I could have it to-morrow morning; but it was necessary he should have the watch to take exactly the form and size. And yet the Joyces have kept me thirteen days, pretending the amazing difficulty of getting a glass of that form; that *their* workman has made as many essays, but can't yet succeed. Shall go to-morrow morning and make another attempt to get it out of his hands, but almost despair, and am sure of a most exorbitant charge. The great watchmakers (watchsellers), and the venders of manufactures of all sorts, do nothing themselves or at their own houses. All the nice work is done by starved wretches who live in dens and garrets. None of these venders will on any account give you the address of one of these workmen. No, they themselves will get it done for you, and then charge you from four to ten times the cost.

I have omitted to tell you, in due order of time, that, while at Graves's this morning, there came a man about the Selt-

zer water, and offered one and eightpence per bottle, or twenty shillings the dozen. Am to give an answer to-morrow, choosing to wait one day to see if no better offer. At this rate it will bring five pounds, which I suppose will about pay those rascally Joyces. At half past five to R. Morris's. Madame was already there, and very handsome. Stayed till half past seven. To Godwin's, where took tea with the children, who always have it at nine; Mr. and Madame at seven. Walked half an hour with Mr. G. in the street, and home at half past ten; and, while I write, am frozen stiff; so let me make more fire. Not quite so economical with *dix livres à la poche*.

18. Had done breakfast and shaved before eight. Castella came in, and he made breakfast for himself. Sat till half past ten. Wrote note to D. M. R. requesting him to meet me at Graves's at twelve. I went thither at eleven to meet my captain, and he came; says he shall clear out to-morrow, and my baggage must be on board. He spelt a little for his thirty pounds, but I did not pay it for two good reasons; first, that I had but my ten pound note; and, second, that if I had had a thousand pounds should have preferred to delay the payment till the last moment, lest something might happen to stop me or him. Agreed to meet again to-morrow evening at eight. Then walked with D. M. R. to put your letter and others for the United States into the letter-bag of the "Howland," but found she would not sail till Friday, and so kept the letters; but, passing the South Carolina Coffee-house, called to inquire of a ship just arrived from Charleston. Could not hear of her, but heard of one just going, the Ceres, Captain Callender, a very fine ship of three hundred tons. Immediately thought of quitting my little Yankee, and going in the Ceres direct to your door. Lord, how I was delighted with this idea. We could not find the captain. Went again to Graves's, who was out. Wrote him to find Callender for me and to make the necessary inquiries. Then to Godwin's a few minutes, and on

to Madame Thorpe's. My letter to Captain Jewett arrived at Plymouth one hour after Mr. Browne had sailed, and was returned to Madame Thorpe. Sat an hour. She gave me, or, rather, I took a little note she had written me, but not yet sealed or directed, about the book I had lent her, "The Kingdom of the Nairs." Home. Bought twopence worth of biscuit, which ate on the way, and then had tea at four. At six over the river to E. A. C.'s, and there till eight reading over her papers. Then to Graves's. He had faithfully obeyed my orders. The Ceres is not yet unladen, and her destination not quite certain. There is one inconvenience in quitting Potter. He has the secret of my name, &c., and no doubt would publish it the moment I left him. On the other hand, it will cost me one hundred dollars to get from Boston to Charleston, delay me a month, and thus bring me into the bad season, and you will be gone to the mountains. In this dilemma events must determine me. Graves will make further inquiries to-morrow about the Ceres, and then we must resolve. I will not leave the certainty of Potter without a certainty of the Ceres. Drank tea a second time at E. A. C.'s, and took bread, cheese, and porter—very little porter—at Graves's. Home at eleven, which is so unusual an hour for me that the family were concerned lest some accident had happened to me.

I took D. M. R. with me to-day to the Joyces'. I will not relate any more of their conversation, but think I shall get the ring-watch to-morrow. They begin to suspect that I am not quite so ignorant as they at first imagined. Truly I begin to feel as if I were going, though the means are not yet discovered. Shall work hard to-morrow. The last night was the coldest this winter. The drains and gutters were this morning frozen solid, which has not happened since my arrival.

19. No progress made to-day, though one of great diligence. Rose before seven. To D. M. R.'s, where left a note, he being in bed. On to R. Morris's. He had done no

thing further, except sold one medal for one guinea. To Reeves's, to get my passport altered, and to get a certificate that I was authorized to assume the name of Arnot or any other. He consents to all, but did nothing. Will do it tomorrow, &c. Got from him a note to one of the clerks in parliament to procure me admission to the House of Lords this evening, when an interesting debate was expected. To J. Bentham's. Nothing there. To the Parliament House. After long search, found the clerk, who said he would try, but doubted whether it would be possible to get me in, there being already so many permits. To D. M. R.'s, and, being a little tired and a little hungry (now half past twelve), went with him to a beer-house, where took some porter, bread, and cheese (ninepence), among about a dozen labourers, &c. On to Koe's, to talk about E. A. C. To Graves's. The captain had been twice there, saying that he could not clear out his ship till my things were on board. Graves and I went out to see further about the "*Ceres*." Saw the owner, Basinghalist. He says she will positively sail for Charleston within eight days. She is a much finer ship than the *Aurora*. Sent Graves to hunt the captain of the *Ceres*, to know terms, &c., and I went on towards Limehouse, below the West India Dock, and three miles and a half from the Exchange. Was fortunate enough to get into a stagecoach the greater part of the way for one shilling. Had a deal of inquiry and hunting for two hours to find the *Aurora*. Finally found her, and, for one shilling and sixpence, got on board. Everything is very plain, not very neat, but the ship seems tolerably good, and my cabin has a skylight, and, though very small, may be made tolerably comfortable. The mate says they shall positively sail tomorrow. Took some lemonade and smoked a pipe at a tavern, one shilling and sixpence. Got a ride again to Leadenhall-street. Stopped at Joyce's. Ring-watch not done. Tremble for the bill. There's no help. To Graves's. He had not been able to find Callender. Being engaged to meet

my Captain Potter this evening, left it to Graves to make an apology, and came on home. Ordered fire and teakettle, and went to the glass-grinder's to get a "lunette" put into my silver repeater, which I borrowed of Graves for the purpose. Got also a spare glass, and paid for both four shillings. Home. Took my coffee. Wrote note to Mrs. Thorpe, excusing myself from taking tea with her to-morrow as I had engaged. Also a note to Graves. Drew a will for D. M. R., and made some notes on the affairs of E. A. C. Now *one*, and leave with regret a fine fire to go to a cold bed. Do not yet see how I am to get off. To-morrow may produce something. Gave D. M. R. twenty shillings. Paid my bill, nineteen shillings and eleven pence. Bought a pair of pantaloons which I did not want, twenty shillings. My ten pounds is reduced to six. And thus I progress.

20. Rose before seven. To J. B.'s at half past eight, to breakfast. Snowing and blowing most tempestuously. A walk of a league in such weather gives one a good appetite. Koe told me he breakfasted at eight, but would wait for me till half past eight. It was a quarter past nine before I got breakfast, and then by violence. Had engaged to meet D. M. R. there at ten, and thence to walk with him on *his* business to Chelsea. He came not. At eleven to R. M.'s. Out; for which was very sorry. Wrote him note. To Reeves's. He altered my passport, and gave me a line allowing me to assume any name. To D. M. R. He was quite astonished that I should turn out in such weather. Gave him an errand to do for me, and went on to Graves's. He had done nothing. Had not seen Callender. Was not at home to apologize to Potter when he called last evening. Potter left a note, saying that my things must be all on board at ten this morning. To Joyce's. Got the ring-watch! but did not get the bill. Left the silver repeater, which had stopped already. They were very jealous to see a lunette in it, and at once said the man had spoiled the watch in putting it in. To Godwin's, and left the ring-watch with

madame for sale. Then on towards Castella's, where had engaged to dine. Being at Lessom Grove, beyond Paddington, about five miles from Graves's, treated myself to two shillings worth of coaching, and got there at four. We were en famille, as agreed, and talked over our Mexican affairs, &c., &c. Off at seven, and took it leisurely. The storm and the cold had abated. Got to Graves's at nine. He had seen Callender, who will be glad to take me, and has not, that he could learn, any exceptionable person on board; but asks £45, which staggers me, for, as yet, no means are found of getting even the £30 for Potter. But have got £10 to-day in a very strange, and not altogether a very pleasant way. When at Reeves's, I offered him my Bayle for £10; he asked why I would sell it; told him that I wanted the money; he agreed to take it; gave me the £10, and said, "You had better keep your Bayle, and send me the £10 when you please." The thing was so sudden and unexpected, that I was not prepared to say anything.

Got home from Graves's at ten. Have been washing my feet, and, in bearing too hard on the pail, the bottom came out and has inundated my room. Do tell me what to do between this Callender and Potter. Have weighed the pros and cons, and am still undetermined. But perhaps Potter has already sailed, and thus I shall be spared the trouble of deliberating.

21. Can never get to bed before half past one. Rose before seven. Wrote several notes, and was at Graves's at half past eight; the hour at which he said they breakfasted; but they were yet asleep (so went first to Godwin's to see what madame had done about the ring-watch; she was still abed, but had left a note for me. She had spent the whole day in running about town for me without the smallest prospect of success. Not an offer of any sort. The city is full of all sorts of bijoux and watches, in the hands of distressed emigrés from France and Germany. She could not get an offer. So took the thing into my own possession). Now

to go on. The Godwin's got up and made me breakfast, and then Mr. G. went out with me on a tour of discovery. First to the London Docks, which you will see are below the Tower. Made the complete circuit of the docks, and also of the basin, before we found the Ceres. At length found her, and the captain aboard. Rather a surly-looking fellow, and, from his manner of viewing me, suspect he knows me. His price is £45, paid here. A small state-room and ship's fare. Alongside lay the brig Atlantic, Captain Green, also from Charleston, and to sail in eight days. A little, coarse thing, but could be made comfortable. Made no arrangement. Then to the custom-house to see if Potter had cleared out. He had cleared out and the vessel *gone*. Then cruising among the coffee-houses to learn whether Potter himself had gone, and, after much search (for we did not like to go to his lodgings), found that he was still in town, and would not go till Monday. Then hunted up Captain Green, and I paraded the streets while Graves went and conversed with him. He is not brother of T. Green, as I had hoped. Asked also £45, and will only give a birth and ship's fair. He is therefore out of the question. Then resolved to go with Potter, if my cabin was still vacant, and sent Graves to hunt him, but he could not find him; and thus the thing must lay over till to-morrow, which is, in fact, no loss of time, as my things cannot be got from the custom-house till Monday, and then with some additional expense. Then to R. Morris's about the affairs of E. A. C., and also those of A. Burr. He had sold the remnant of cambric for twenty shillings per yard; but, instead of eight yards, as I supposed, says there were only four. Quod mirum. Had sold the ribands for the pitiful sum of sixty-five shillings, or three guineas and two shillings. Had sold one medal for one guinea, and the eight handkerchiefs at sixteen shillings apiece, which is very well. He gave me another £10. Then to Q. S. P. to hunt for more things. Took your eight pairs of beautiful silk stockings, and all the

fine cambric handkerchiefs, only five, and could find nothing else saleable. There were, indeed, two pairs silk stockings, which, as well as yours, were made to measure which I gave; but nothing could be had for them, and thus the little rascal will save them. Again to R. Morris's. He was out, but left the things sealed up and addressed to him. It was now half past five. Was so solicitous about Potter, that resolved to see Graves this evening. Thither walked. He was out, but madame said he had not seen Potter. Home at half past nine, and am now about to eat the rice which I had ordered to be ready for me at four, and which was then ready; for they are very punctual. I learned also at Graves's that the Seltzer water was sold for five pounds. You see there is a little progress to-day, but the watch affair is a sad disappointment. To-morrow, as nothing can be done, have agreed to go with Godwin to dine with his friend Hume, at Kensington.

22. Resolving to reform. Couché at twelve. Rose at six, an hour before the family stirred. Dressed sans fire, and at eight to Captain Potter's, at the Minories. He was just up. The vessel has not sailed. My cabin is still vacant. He goes on Tuesday morning, and I have engaged to go with him. What a day of bustle will be to-morrow! though I have been here six months having nothing to do, yet everything is now to be done in twenty-four hours. It seems I must always move in a whirlwind. Then to Graves's to get breakfast. They were all asleep, and I was too hungry to wait. On to Godwin's; found him at breakfast, and joined him. Madame abed. After breakfast, home. To Kynaston's, the glass-grinder, to get something done to a repeater. He could not do it. Then asked him to make some spare glasses for the ring-watch. He could not do it in season; but he knew the watch, and it is him who was employed by the Joyces, and about whom they told me so many lies. They paid him one shilling and sixpence. To Joyce's, Lombard-street Exchange, to get the other watches. All out. To

D. M. R.'s, Covent Garden. After hearing something of his wheel-carriages and steamboat, and his distress at my departure, sent him of some errands for me, and then I waited for Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, as agreed. They came at two. We walked out to Hyde Park Gate, and then took a hack to Hume's, where dined. A very good dinner. A neat little house and garden. Seven children; the five younger handsome. Off at eight, and walked in to St. Giles's, about four miles. We separated at Hatton Garden, and I got home at half past nine. Have made and drank tea, and am now going to consider what is most necessary to be done. Shall not write you again in London. Shall be too busy to think of you. No, that's a lie. Shall think of nothing else but you and Gam'lo. It is you that animate and impel me.

23. Got breakfast, and was at Graves's at half past eight. The captain came at nine, persisting in going to-morrow morning. Paid him twenty-five pounds, of which Graves advanced fifteen pounds. To Joyce's for the watches. I had expected, with horror, an enormous bill of three or four guineas. His bill is eight pounds twelve shillings! I choked and was petrified; but remonstrance and scolding would have been vain. Took the silver repeater, and left your picture-watch till the bill should be paid, for I had only twenty shillings, and Graves nothing. Much fear I shall not be able to redeem it. Home. Graves procured and sent me a porter. Packed up my small lumber which I have here, and sent him off with it to Q. S. P., and I followed. Castella, who came in, and made himself breakfast while I was out, walked with me to Charing Cross; but went out of the way to call on the Godwins. Stopped at R. Morris's in hopes of the money he had promised. He had not a penny. On to Q. S. P.; packed all up with aid of the porter, and sent them off, under his care, to the custom-house. I then came home, got dinner, and at six walked off in the rain to Madame Thorpe's, about a league, having written her this morning that I would take tea with her. The children were

all at home except Ralph, and all love me except the eldest boy, who "loves mutton." Off at eight; raining hard, got wet. Home at nine. But I have not told you one tenth part of the running I have had to-day. It does not seem possible for me to go without twenty pounds more, and I do not yet see where a shilling of it is to come from. Have again sent out the ring-watch by Graves, who is to try what can be done with it. Yet, don't be discouraged, mes enfans, for I will go.

24. Have a great deal to tell you (though little or nothing good, not a penny of money), but have no time. Must write to New-Orleans by a ship going to-morrow morning. Let us, however, say something. Breakfasted, and to Graves's at half past eight. Captain came at nine, and will not leave town till to-morrow. I may stay till next day if I then take an early stage. At eleven to the custom-house with some solicitude; for, first, the vessel having cleared out, there was difficulty anticipated in the embarkation of my baggage; second, the change of name from Burr to Arnot; third, the quantity being thirteen trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus, without entering into details, all passed smoothly; not a trunk, nor box, nor any one parcel was opened or examined. It is all embarked on board a lighter, and am left without any change of clothes save a single shirt; and, without twenty pounds at least, it will be impossible for me to follow my baggage or to get back my passage-money. From the custom-house to Graves's, where found a note from A. announcing her return; but she had been five days in town. Replied, promising to call on her. Then home. At three to Godwin's, and then on towards J. Bentham's. Called on A. Koe was there. Stayed one minute. Learned that there was something wrong, and went on to Q. S. P., where had engaged to take a parting dinner. He was extremely kind, and after dinner opened his heart, and told me a long story which he ought to have told from day to day as things happened. There is not only a rupture, but a most terrible eclat, all which could have been prevented if I had been in confidence. The

story is very long, and you will laugh a great deal when I tell it you. Took affectionate leave of J. Bentham, who will love me the better for this little wandering of his heart, and for the manner in which I have treated the thing. D. M. R. came in as I had appointed him, and we walked together. He had seen R. Morris, but got nothing, and scarcely the least hope from that quarter. This P. M. called on Reeves, and gave a hint of the state of the treasury, but he did not take it. Home by way of Godwin's, where took tea. Got home at ten.

How very awkward would be my position if the Aurora should sail without me. Without a rag of clothes, or a penny of money, or anything to make money of (yes, the ring-watch; Graves can do nothing with it), I should be truly *en philosophe* or *en pelerin*. *Bon soir, mes enf.*

25. Rose and got breakfast early, and off to Graves's to see about the captain's movements. He had gone, actually gone, and left word that I must be at Gravesend to-morrow at noon, the hour the tide serves, or lose my passage. The case was now nearly desperate, twenty pounds being the very least sum that would clear me out. Off to R. M.'s; he had not a penny for me; had not sold your silk stockings nor the medals, but he had sold the ribands for the pitiful price of two shillings and sixpence per yard, and the produce does not pay his advances. How much I do regret this bagatelle of ribands. There were thirty-six yards; that is, six different kinds of six yards each, chosen by myself at the Palais Royal for you; and they were really so pretty, and would have pleased you so much. But pardon, my dear Theo., what could I do? Everything must go, or I must stay.

Every resource had now failed. Resolved on a desperate and humiliating experiment. Went direct to Reeves, and told him that the ship was gone to Gravesend, and that I must lose my passage unless I could have twenty pounds. Without a word of reply, he drew a check on his banker for

twenty pounds; and how I did gallop across the park to the said banker's to get my twenty pounds. The first money I laid out was to buy four half eagles and one doubloon, together amounting to thirty-six dollars, about eight pounds seven shillings; so that, on landing in America, I might be able to get on to you, or wherever else it might be my destiny to go. This disabled me from taking up your picture-watch; so that, after all the trouble and money that toy has cost me, I shall not have the pleasure of offering it to you. From the banker's to General M'Carthy's to take leave. He is a good fellow, and is just going to Bourbon as paymaster-general to the British forces in that quarter. Found the whole family together, and parted *à l'amiable*. Charged him with my excuses and adieus to the Bartlett family, from whom, you perceive, I have experienced no civilities since my last advent; but they are an amiable, friendly, hospitable family. Doubtless they have heard reports respecting me—what, I know not—which render me an object to be avoided; and for crediting them I do not blame them. Home to pay some little bills, &c., and then to the Godwins', where dined. Found here a note from R. Morris, returning the six pairs white stockings as not saleable, being too small; but the black, two pairs, he had sold for two guineas, which just about pays his advances; I therefore received nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin would not give me their account, which must be five or six pounds; a very serious sum to them; they say that, when I succeed in the world, they will call on me for help. To Graves's. Note, I owe him about fifteen pounds, and he also is *gêne*; he consents to let that remain, and has promised that he will, in a few days, redeem the picture-watch, which remains in the hands of those rascals, the Joyces; hope, therefore, that at some future day you may see it. Left also with Graves the ring-watch, and a selection of the coins and medals, the best of them, as you may suppose, by way of security for the twenty five-pounds which I shall owe him. He offers to go with me to Gravesend to

see me on board, which is kind and acceptable. Took note of a stage to go at nine to-morrow morning. Then home.

And now, at twelve, having packed up my little residue of duds into that same unfortunate white sack, and stowed my scattering papers into my writing-case, I repose, smoking my pipe, and contemplating the certainty of *escaping* from this country, the certainty of seeing you. Those are my only pleasing anticipations. For as to my reception in my own country, so far as depends on the government, if I may judge from the conduct of their agents in every part of Europe, I ought to expect all the efforts of the most implacable malice. This, however, does not give me a moment's uneasiness. I feel myself able to meet and repel them. My private debts are a subject of some little solicitude; but a confidence in my own industry and resources does not permit me to despond, nor even to doubt. If there be nothing better to be done, I shall set about making money in every lawful and honourable way. But again, as to political persecution. The incapacity for every purpose of public administration of our present rulers, and their total want of energy and firmness, is such, that it is impossible that such feeble and corrupt materials can long hold together, or maintain themselves in power or influence. Already there are symptoms of rapid and approaching decay and dissolution. Tell M. to preserve his state influence, and not again degrade himself by compromising with rascals and cowards. My great and only real anxiety is for your health. If your constitution should be ruined, and you become the victim of disease, I shall have no attachment to life or motive to exertion.

I forgot to tell you that I called to-day on ——. We took affectionate leave and swore eternal *friendship*. Adieu. My next will be from on board ship, unless she should be gone, and then it may most likely be from some *goal—jail*.

Thursday night. On board the Aurora, Captain Potter,

bound for Newburyport, now in the Thames, but exactly where, cannot explain.

*March 26, 1812.* Really on board, mes enfans, and thus far on my way to you. But what a job it has been. Let me give you an historical sketch of the day.

Rose this morning at five, and, by the time breakfast was ready, Castella came in. Got a porter to carry my sack and writing-case, and set off at eight for the stage-house, to be sure to be in good season. Arrived there, I was told, to my utter dismay, that the stage had gone at eight, the hour having been changed, of which Graves was ignorant. Went with Castella to Graves's. No other stage would go till one. Castella recommended that we should take a postchaise, which would cost about three guineas; but, not having a quarter of that sum, and Graves not proposing to advance any more, that project was given up. Castella, indeed, offered to lend me so much; but he is so poor, and having a wife and two children, that I could not in conscience take it, especially as Graves said that the wind was ahead, and that the ship could not possibly move. So agreed to take the stage at one. Castella would have been one of the party, but had an appointment of business ten miles in the country. Called and passed an hour at the Godwins'. That family does really love me. Fanny, Mary, and Jane, also little William; you must not forget, either, Hannah Hopwood, la printresse. At eleven to Graves's again. Took luncheon, and at half past twelve to the stage-house. Started at one, and arrived at five at Gravesend. The ship had sailed with the first ebb at noon. The alien office was shut. First we hunted up the officer of that department, and, having got my passport arranged, and my sack and writing-case examined by a custom-house officer, went out to hunt for ways and means to get on. The boatmen asked four guineas to put me on board. On such occasions they always combine to fleece a stranger, and will make one pay four or five guineas to be put on board a ship not a quarter of a mile off. At length,

however, Graves found a man who was not in the plot, who offered to put me on board for two guineas, and to return one guinea if the ship should be found within twelve miles. To this I agreed, and, to get the means, was obliged to draw an order on poor Castella for three guineas. I embarked just after sunset, the wind strong at S. W. and very chilling. I had no greatcoat, and was nearly perished. Got down the twelve miles, and heard that the ship was at least ten miles lower down. On promise of some grog, got the boatmen to stop at a little tavern on the river-side to warm myself. I was so benumbed that I could not get out of the boat, nor even walk without help. Found a good fire and got a dish of tea. As we were going out to the boat, the coxswain addressed me, "Now, sir, you recollect that our bargain was to have two guineas if the ship should not be more than twelve miles, and more according to the distance." "Oh, yes," said another of the boatmen, "that was the bargain, and the gentleman must recollect it." "Two guineas for twelve miles, and so in proportion," the other boatmen echoed. Now nothing could be more impudently false; for, to prevent any after-explanation, I called the men into the tavern where I was at Gravesend, and made them repeat over distinctly our bargain, in the presence of Graves and of the landlord; but I had no other alternative but to submit to any imposition the boatmen might please to practise. I told them that I would satisfy them if they pulled smartly, for I was apprehensive that the ship would get under weigh about midnight, when the tide of ebb would make again. Bought a bundle of straw for ninepence, which took on board our little wherry, and made me a bed in the bottom of the boat. The boatmen lent me their greatcoats, which I had not before thought to ask, and I found myself well secured against the chilling winds. In five minutes I was sound asleep, and was unconscious of anything till I was waked to get into the Aurora just at midnight, having come about twenty-seven miles in this open boat. After some parleying, I got off for three

guineas, being exactly all I had. The first thing I learned on getting on board was, that some of the London tide-waiters, seeing the quantity of my baggage, and that it had passed without examination, concluded that there must be treasures of a seizable nature, followed the ship after she moved from Gravesend, then came on board with hatchets and chisels, broke open every one of my trunks and boxes, and rummaged to the bottom, but found not the smallest article to gratify their rapacity. The only things of that description which are still in my possession are your half dozen pairs of silk stockings, which, fortunately, I had in my pocket. This event has consoled me a little for the articles sold and left; for, had the cambric, the ribands, or one of the watches been found among my things, they would undoubtedly have been seized and forfeited. These custom-house harpies; then, did me no other mischief than that of spoiling six trunk-locks, injuring the boxes, and putting the things in utter disorder. The captain says he stood over them the whole time to see that they stole nothing.

All hands were abed and asleep when I got on board. The captain and mate got up, and also a Capt. Nicholls, an American mariner, who is passenger. They made me a good fire, and, after talking an hour, have all turned in, so that I have the cabin to myself; and, as I had three hours of sound sleep on board the boat, and have nothing to call me up early in the morning, I have devoted this hour to you, to show you the conclusion of my English travels. I hope never to visit the country again, unless at the head of fifty thousand men. I shake the dust off my feet; adieu, John Bull. *Insula inhospitabilis*, as it was truly called eighteen hundred years ago.

Poor D. M. R. called on me, and stayed about three\* hours last evening; that is, Wednesday evening, at my Clerkenwell quarters. He parted from me in a state of despondency little short of desperation. I cannot think of him without pain. There never was a\*man of more genuine honesty and honour.

Our two captains, Potter and Nicholls, expect to find war with England by the time we arrive in the United States. Indeed, they are seriously alarmed lest war should be declared before we get home, and thus we be exposed to capture. But I have no such apprehensions. I believe that our present administration will not declare war. If the British should hang or roast every American they can catch, and seize all their property, no war would be declared by the United States under present rulers. When Porter's war resolutions first came, I considered them mere empty, unmeaning wind; and thus all the subsequent measures are merely to keep up the spirits and coherence of the party till the elections should be over; those elections for state legislatures which will decide the next presidential election. But J. Madison & Co. began this game too soon, and I doubt whether all the tricks they can play off will keep up the farce till the month of May. I treat their war-prattle as I should that of a bevy of boarding-school misses who should talk of making war; show them a bayonet or a sword, and they run and hide.

Now at some future day we will read this over, and see whether I know those folks. I did not dare write such things while on shore, for I never felt perfectly secure against another seizure.

Capt. Potter only, of all on board this ship, knows me; so far, at least, as I am informed. I came on board under the name of Arnot, and am so called. It will be very wonderful if this secret should be kept during the whole passage Salut. Bon nuit.

*Friday, March 27, 1812.* On board the ship *Aurora*, of Newburyport, Captain Potter, bound to Boston, now at anchor in the Thames, twenty-six miles below Gravesend.

Lay down in my clothes at three and slept till eleven. Wind S.E. Have lain at anchor all day. I have been occupied in fitting up my cabin, and have made some progress. Have got my berth enlarged, and got an excellent writing-

table, i. e., some boards fitted to my mind against the partition. The captain has put in a skylight, and in a few days I shall be better fitted up than I was on board the *Vigilant*.

The dramatis personæ on board is as follows. 1st. The captain, small in stature, quiet. Always speaks in a low tone of voice, and speaks but little. May be about thirty-three years of age. A Yankee.

2d. A person named Smith, with his wife and three small female children. The oldest about five. Has the appearance of a mechanic; probably a tailor. That would be convenient. Father, mother, and children have ordinary physiognomy—rather vulgar.

3d. Captain Marvin, an American, from New-England. His countenance resembles that of his cat, but without its wickedness. This is all.

Seeing that it is impossible for me to amuse myself in conversation with these, I shall have the more time to devote to reading and to your entertainment.

It is remarkable that I have never written you a word at sea. On my voyage to England I had no room, only the third part of a very small one; and there being twenty-six passengers in a very small cabin, it was impossible to write a word without being overlooked. On board the *Vigilant* I had, indeed, every convenience; but, in the first place, I was not free of apprehension that my papers might be seized, which imposes such a restraint as renders writing no longer familiar. One must weigh every sentence in the scale of the enemy for the time being or in expectancy; and, second, J. H. and madame kept me in employment and amusement. None of these impediments or excuses now exist, and therefore it is really intended to keep a nautical journal of this voyage. You must expect to hear only the observation of latitude (as to longitude, it is beyond our science, and we have no instrument but the quadrant), the wind and weather, and our progress, which would be merely a copy of the mate's log-book. Cold, chilling weather. Rain in the evening.

28. Wind at west. A breeze, cold, rainy. Couché at twelve. Rose at half past five. Had a good sleep in my new berth, and with my own bedding. Found the wind had changed, but said nothing. About eight the pilot waked and we got under weigh. Note, while a pilot is on board, he has the entire command of the ship. The captain cannot give an order except about eating and the interior police. His authority seems limited to the cabouse. We made only five miles, and cast anchor off Margate, but distant about three miles. The coast presents a continued white cliff. Margate, famous as a summer resort for idlers, has nothing inviting from this point of view.

Evening. The wind blows a gale, and we roll most uncomfortably. Chilly, mist, and occasionally rain.

29. Have not weighed anchor all day. Wind continues southwest. A gale, mist, rain, chilly. These dates have got confused, and I cannot rectify them. We certainly came to anchor off Deal on Sunday P. M.; for the captains Potter and Nicholls, who went on shore, could purchase nothing because it was Sunday. We lay in the same position all Monday, but the wind was so violent that there was no going on shore, and thus I bought nothing, nothing for my comfort on the voyage. The wind at northwest. Weighed anchor at eight. Passed the North Foreland and South Foreland. Still white cliffs, but here and there interrupted by a beach. Off Deal at twelve. Always in company with the Howland, bound to New-York, by which I have written you. The Howland and the Aurora are often within a few yards of each other, which I like not, being known to several on board the Howland. Though I am not seasick, yet I am, as usual at sea, uncomfortable, restless, and sans appetit. Two P. M. cast anchor off Deal, about two leagues east of the lofty Dover cliffs. The thick weather prevents our seeing the coast of France. Cold, cloudy, and high wind, but no rain. Here we shall lay till the wind changes and our pilot leaves us. I ought to write half a dozen let-

ters, but fear not one will be written. At three our captain went on shore. Made out a long list of my wants, which forgot to give him. It was no matter, for, being Sunday, nothing could be had. Wrote to Graves, enclosing my letter of March 9 to Captain Jewett, and directing him to make duplicate. Also a note to Koe about Natalie's picture, which I had for three years past supposed to be finally lost, but which I found in his bedchamber a few days ago. Directed him to send it to W. Graves; who will send it to me, with other things. At six this P. M. set in to rain, and continues now, eleven P. M.; but we have got nearer shore, the wind less violent, and we lay quite easy.

30. The wind still at west, and blowing a gale all day, with mist, fog, rain, and cold. This evening has cleared off a little, but wind the same. The boat could not go ashore to-day, and we remain at anchor. About seven this evening were boarded by a man-of-war's boat with six armed men. The officer, who, from appearances, must have been a boatswain, inquired the name and destination of the ship; and, being informed, said he was mistaken in the ship, and appeared to be going off. Our captain came down, leaving him upon deck. This was deemed such a disrespect to *his majesty's officer*, that he drew his cutlass, made many flourishes, called all hands upon deck, examined their protections, cursed, swore, and abused them all. The captain then invited him into the cabin, where I was with Mr. and Mrs. S.; but here his majesty's officer took no such airs, and presently left us. We have plenty of what is called ship's fare, beef, potatoes, turnips, carrots, salt fish, sea-biscuit, and small beer; good firkin butter, tea, coffee, sugar, but not a passenger has a drop of wine or spirits, or any luxury but those above mentioned. I propose to lay out about ten shillings in fruit, and milk, and bread. As to biscuit or rusk like ours, they are not to be had in England, nor anything like them. Have read to-day "*Le Viellard et les jeunes Gens*," a comedy of 118 pages, without a single stroke of wit or

humour, one new thought or striking expression; 118 pages of such dialogue as you may hear every day in every trifling French society. To render it still more ennuiant, it is in verse. French verse! Yet this is one of the list of *best plays* given me by Barrère. Read also a memoir "Sur la Condition des Femmes dans une Republique," an. VII. About seventy or eighty pages. He sets out pretty well, and lays down good principles, but ends in idle declamation. Have also written to Castella, and began a letter to Lord Balgray.

31. Noon. The wind came round during the night. We made sail at six this morning, with a five-knot breeze at east. The weather being thick, had no glimpse of the coast of France. Dover Castle is on the summit of the cliff, said to be about two hundred and fifty feet high. The town is in a narrow vale, between this cliff and another of equal height, leaving a narrow opening to the sea, and apparently almost on a level with it. Pass Dungeness lighthouse; between which and Dover is Romney, in a bay scarcely visible to us. The land as you approach Romney, and thence all round Dungeness, very low. There is about Romney an artificial bank twenty feet high, like your rice-field banks, to keep out the sea, and protect a meadow said to contain fifty thousand acres. We are now so far from the coast, and the air so thick that the land is only discovered at intervals. We must be now nearly opposite Hastings, where William the Conqueror landed.

Evening. The wind rose soon after noon to eight or nine knots. Pass in sight of Beachy Head, the highest land I have seen along the coast. Have had no opportunity to send on shore my letters to Lord Balgray, Castella, and Bentham, nor to buy anything.

TO W. WICKHAM.

London, March 10, 1812.

"Have patience, and I will pay ye all." How I was first imprisoned in England, and then transported. How I was held in durance in France more than two years by the kind offices of my loving friends Armstrong and Talleyrand, will hereafter be told. I came here this time against my will, the ship in which I sailed from Amsterdam, bound to Boston, having been captured in October last and sent into England. She has been since released, and I had intended to continue my voyage in her to the United States, having paid in advance the whole passage-money. But the captain, just before sailing, wrote me that he could not take me, alleging that the American consuls, both at London and Yarmouth, advised him not to take me, and had threatened him with the displeasure of the government of the United States if he should; and so I am now devising ways and means how to get out in spite of them.

In the mean time, and preparatory to my return, I have empowered my friend S. S. to make certain arrangements with my creditors in New-York, and also to inquire of the state of my affairs in your city. I am extremely solicitous lest some of those who have become my bail in civil suits should have been molested. If I can be allowed the use of my faculties, and to breathe the common air on my return, I will very soon put all these matters right. Pray have the goodness to inform Mr. S. on these subjects.

I send no message to any of my friends of either sex, not wishing to be recalled to their recollection until I shall have better merited the interest which they take in my welfare.

Alas, poor Botts! That he should have gone before I had an opportunity of doing him any good. A. BURR.

FROM MRS. JUDGE THORPE.

London, March 2, 1812.

Mr. Browne leaves town for Portsmouth. If you are disengaged this evening, will you come to us? You will meet him, and I can send to Major M.

The doctor (yesterday) prescribed society; but very often, in what is generally so termed, I feel alone; nor am I, at present, very poetically disposed; but, if you do not come, I will endeavour to have you lampooned. I acknowledge 'tis a great sacrifice to relinquish Mr. Bentham's society even for a few hours.

S. THORPE.

FROM MRS. THORPE.

London, March 14, 1812.

The letter has been returned, but I dislike sending it by the twopenny post. I have read your book. What an abominable, detestable system, devoid both of sentiment and sensibility. Oh, surely you would not advocate such rights for woman—interesting, timid woman! Never let her, “unsought, be won.”

The author, I think, must have been unfortunate in his intercourse with the world; else why suppose so much deceit practised before marriage? I never met it, and I know many equally fortunate. Young people have seldom power to deceive.

But I very much admire the liberality of his ideas on female education. Were our minds more cultivated, we should have more power. Lamentable as it is to associate with an uninformed woman, how much more lamentable to mingle with men whose knowledge extends very little beyond the court; therefore, I hope their education will be considered in his Utopian system. Coachmen and grooms are sad companions for literary women.

S. THORPE.

## TO LORD BALGRAY.

London, March 14, 1812.

My long silence has no other cause or excuse but that I had nothing to say. The following incident may show you what sort of obstacles I have to encounter in order to get out of a country in which I have nothing to do.

The captain of the ship in which I arrived, after various projects of voyages, finally resolved to go to New-Orleans, and urged me very much to go with him. This was greatly out of my way ; but, having a predilection for the ship, and having paid my passage, I at length agreed to sail with him. He went off to Yarmouth to get his ship ready, and I was just about to announce to you my approaching departure, when I received a letter from him, stating that the *American consul* had warned him not to take me, and had menaced him with the displeasure of the United States' government, if he dare to do it. He (the captain) therefore begged to be excused from receiving me.

On two former occasions since being here, I had engaged a passage, and was afterward refused, and, as I then thought, from the caprice and malevolence of the masters or owners but which I can now trace to the same source. The malice of these agents of a feeble and timid administration did not stop here ; for to their influence may be ascribed also that the captain refuses to pay me here the amount of my passage, and a sum which I had advanced him at Amsterdam, which has put me to serious inconvenience.

You will be at no loss to conjecture the motives to this interposition on the part of the American government. It has, however, convinced me more thoroughly that I ought not to lose a day to be there. I have now found a sea-captain who will not be deterred by any menaces from taking me. He will sail in ten days, and I hope to be able to embark with him.

Your letter of the 16th ult. was duly received. Nothing  
VOL. II.

has been heard from Lord Melville. Your message to Walker will be communicated by a gentleman who will sail to-morrow.

A. BURR.

TO J. REEVES.

London, March 16, 1812.

I had hoped to have taken passage in the ship *Beaver*, which was a few weeks ago advertised to sail for the United States from Liverpool; but she has changed her destination, and will go to Portugal. Having now a prospect of getting a passage in one of the ships lying in this river, I request that you will add a note to my passport authorizing my embarkation from Gravesend or Deal; or, generally, at any port on this river. I must also ask you to give me some certificate, in any form you please, purporting that the assumption of the name of *Arnot* is with the knowledge and consent of his majesty's government; for it might be very inconvenient to be recognised at a distance from London under an assumed name.

A. BURR.

FROM LORD BALGRAY.

London, March 17, 1812.

Day after day have I intended to write you, but an uncommon pressure of business at this period prevented me. I, however, took a spare moment to write to General Alex. Hope, and explained to him, in the mean while, what had occurred to the lord president and to me.

Yours of the 14th reached me this morning. The proper extracts from your letter have been prepared, and are by this time in the hands of Lord Melville, and of which I think it my duty to inform you; and I have to beg that you will leave notice at your former lodgings where you are to be found. I am sorry to observe so much jealousy in your government; a never-failing sign of great weakness. Our people, surely, cannot be so absurd as to give the least countenance to anything that is unfriendly to you.

The conduct of the prince's friends surprises *us here*, at least, very much indeed. Whatever may be their abilities, somehow their want of common prudence has been of much service to their opponents. The moderate of both sides are disgusted at their conduct. For, if the country be in so much danger as they pretend, it was their duty to lend their aid to support it, even although their measures were not completely followed. Their rejection of all overtures puts a stop to even partial good, which they might have attained. In a little time they would have obtained the emancipation of the Catholics, as they call it. But almost none, at present, can forgive their views as to the Peninsula. The desertion of the Spaniards, even the commonest of the people cannot think of with patience.

By-the-by, as to the Catholic emancipation question, I have seen lately several well-informed people of the middle rank from Dublin and other parts of Ireland, and they say that they are quite surprised at the noise about that question in this country. They hear nothing of it in Ireland. It never enters into people's heads. And, barring about a dozen lawyers in Dublin, and some choice spirits in several districts whose noise nobody minds, the thing never interests anybody. I am afraid that it is made a mere political question; but, as there is justice in it, there surely can be no harm to grant it. I wonder how Lord Grenville gave up *the veto*. Would Bonaparte permit such a thing?

I shall write the president to-day. He is in town, at drill with his regiment. I am, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

DAVID. WILLIAMSON.

TO ———, SOUTH AMERICAN AGENT.

London, March 23, 1812.

Permit me, my dear sir, before we part, to repeat my advice and my entreaties, that you return forthwith to your native country. Believe me, you have nothing to do here, neither for your country nor yourself. So long as the trea-

ty and alliance subsists between Great Britain and Spain, it would be absurd to expect that this government should favour the independence of the Spanish American colonies, either directly or indirectly ; and, even if that treaty and alliance were dissolved, your independence and your increasing greatness would be viewed with jealousy by Great Britain. The patriots of Buenos Ayres should turn their whole attention to the United States. Though the feebleness and timidity of the present administration of the United States has hitherto restrained it from openly espousing your cause, yet the feelings of the people are warmly and almost unanimously with you. All your wants can be supplied from the United States, and nothing is wanting but money, and a better knowledge of the mode of doing things, and of the men to be addressed.

To prevent a dependance on foreign countries for arms, you should establish manufactories at home. Machinery for the manufacturing of arms could be established in a few months, and the whole expense would be saved in less than one year. The machinery, and everything necessary for such an establishment, could be had from the United States.

Again I pray you not to let your country be longer deprived of your services. It would afford me very great pleasure to meet you in the United States as minister from your government.

A. B.

FROM MRS. ———.

London, March 24, 1812.

Thank you for the memoranda respecting the books, though I censure myself for having encroached on your time.

Surely you cannot sail with this wind ! and, although I commenced with repentance, I am strongly disposed to sin again. Yes, another demand. Will you have your profile taken and leave it with me ? It is done in less than

five minutes; the expense a mere trifle. You must have had a solitary, wet walk last night. *Toujours la même.*

---

FROM MRS ———.

London, March 20, 1812.

You certainly are very teasing, to have so many city engagements. You are, perhaps, making fine speeches to some rich belle residing there. Do you mean to inculcate the Nair system? As to leaving this country, you will not have it in your power to accomplish that design with as much ease as you speak of it. Many things must concur, and I am selfish enough to hope you may be detained for some little time.

Now my husband is absent, I seldom hear any conversation calculated to amuse even the passing moment. And if I sometimes meet what I conceive calculated to enlighten, it is very natural I should wish for improvement acquired in a much pleasanter mode than by intense study.

What can Mr. Castella fear? *Fear!* shocking. You ought to take him under your protection entirely; but, as you are engaged to-night, you had best consign him to the care of two or three watchmen.

FROM J. REEVES.

London, Alien Office, March 20, 1812.

I send you your passport enlarged for another month. If you are tired of the name of *Arnot*, and wish any other, you may have it.

J. REEVES.

TO JEREMY BENTHAM.

Off Deal, March 30, 1812.

We came to anchor here on Saturday. The wind being from the S. W., we must remain here till it shall please to change. I am a little dissatisfied with the levity with which you have put in circulation some of my very trifling letters,

particularly the first which I wrote you after leaving London on my visit to Edinburgh. That was eminently a letter fit only for the eye of the most indulgent friendship.

I must again beg that that letter, and also that which I wrote you from Paris, be returned. Any letter or parcel for me may be sent to Mr. Graves, whose punctuality may be relied on. Transmit me a list of the American books you possess, that I may avoid sending you duplicates.

A. BURR.

JOURNAL.

*Thursday, April 2, P. M.* The wind changed on Tuesday night, and came directly ahead, with a rough, broken sea. We have been beating ever since, making very little progress. The tossing so great that we don't attempt to put anything on the table, but eat off the floor. I was yesterday a little sick; could not write a line; ate little; lay all day and till two this morning, and again from eight till now, five P. M., reading plays and novels. Have finished "*La famille de Halden*," four volumes, j'en suis tres content. We passed yesterday near the Isle of Wight, which presents on this side again lofty white cliffs. Were boarded by a British sloop of war. The officer examined the papers and let us go; but he insisted that I was a Frenchman.

We have constant mist and rain, with chilling wind. We are now within half a league of the English coast, but the captain would not put in, because it would cost three or four guineas in pilotage. I wish very much to make any port for a few hours, to get bread, tobacco, and lemons. The prospect of wanting tobacco is the most distressing to me. There is not an ounce aboard. I have left six segars, all which I would gladly smoke this evening. Mais il faut economiser.

Eleven P. M. The wind the same. We are still beating. These last two days we have made about sixty miles. The rocking and tossing is worse and worse, and I am constantly a little giddy and unfit for anything. Have been laying on

the floor before the fire since seven o'clock. Have read only "Le faux Stanislaus," comedie, which is tolerable, and no more. Am now going to turn in for want of occupation, finding it impossible either to read or write.

3. The wind blew a gale all last night and to-day till sunset, when and till now a calm, rain, and mist, without intermission, with hail, and sleet, and flakes of snow occasionally. The air so thick that nothing can be seen half a league; had a glimpse of the land at three P. M., and suppose we have *lost* a few miles the last twenty-four hours. The captain has been quite willing to-day to go into port, but the thickness of the air renders it impossible to find the way. We are now driving where the tides please; the rocking has been intolerable all day; begins now to abate a little; the rain continues; we have not been able to use chairs or table. Smith, his wife, and three children all deadly sick. I continue *comme ça*; should be well if I had tobacco and fruit, and some of that Seltzer water which was sold at twenty shillings the dozen jugs.

Have read a *second time*, and with pleasure, *La Revanche*, comedie; also began and got through the first vol. of *Les Barons de Falsheim*, par P. Le Brun, auteur de mon oncle Thomas, &c.; and think to read another vol. before I turn in, for have been laying in my berth and sleeping half the day.

4. See how the ink sinks into the paper; everything is so damp; have been obliged to dry this by the fire before I could write on it at all. About two o'clock last night there came a light air from the E., and we went on our course about two miles an hour till morning, when the sky cleared off, the sun appeared, and again a dead calm, and much tossing and rolling; but I am not so giddy as yesterday. Made a good dinner on codfish and potatoes. Supposed we saw the Eddystone lighthouse about noon directly ahead. At one the wind came again at west, directly ahead, but very light. At sunset it got round to north, and we stood our course

about three miles per hour. The sky tolerably clear and starlight. Have just now seen the lights at Lizard Point, bearing about north.

*Sat up* last night (*laying* on the carpet before the fire) till three this morning, reading *Les Barons de Falsheim*; but was more than an hour occupied in drying a change of clothes, shirt, &c. Have just now finished *Les Barons de Falsheim*. There are some pretty episodes (I hate episodes) and good scenes; the characters well supported; often an attempt at the humorous and ridiculous, calculated for stage effect. To me, it is well. Several instances of grossness the most disgusting. The author is one of the most popular novelists and romancers of the day.

5. The wind died away, and we lay quite becalmed part of the night. Towards morning a light breeze at S. E., which I hope my Gampies have, by their astronomical and geographical knowledge, discovered is a fair wind for us who are going west. At eight this morning we supposed ourselves off the Land's End, and expect to pass the Scilly Island before night. Then we have the open ocean, and may hope at least for a clearer sky and more settled weather. I could wish to land on one or two of these islands, where are said to be some Druidical remains. Of what nature can they be, seeing that their temples were groves? But a better reason for stopping would be tobacco, lemons, &c. The largest of these islands has seven hundred inhabitants. We are going on about three knots, eleven P. M. The wind came round to S. this P. M., and has gradually risen to six knots, at which rate we are now going on our course. Mist and rain. Suppose that we passed the meridian of the Scilly Isles about two P. M. So that we have now no hope nor wish of seeing land till we see that of America. Spent two or three hours in overhauling my trunks of books. Have taken out the works of Mad. Roland to read, three vols., octavo. Have read about one hundred and fifty pages. Read over two contemptible little comedies; also some pages, which

sufficed, of *Un Traité sur les Langues Ancienne*. Got up this morning with a sore throat, which has rather increased. In rummaging to-day, found seven segars; and the captain, who is a smoker, made me a present of about two ounces of tobacco, being all he had. An effort of generosity of which I should not have been capable towards an indifferent person.

6. Noon. The wind continues at the same point, and more fresh. For the last ten hours we have been going seven and a half knots, and now more than eight.\* We must be more than one hundred miles west of the Scilly Isles. Had we gone into Cowes (or Isle of Wight), we could not have got out with this wind. We suppose that our comforts are all there. So that our captain has shown his judgment, and reaps the benefit of his industry. I am quite content with our little *Anrora*. She rides light and easy on the water, and sails well. There is a regular sea, and our motion is not excessive; enough, however, to render writing laborious and difficult. My giddiness has not left me, but has sensibly diminished. Have done nothing this morning but arrange my cabin and stow away my duds. The family of Smith tolerably well except madame, qui est toujours le même. At four the wind came to S. W., which puts us about four points off our course, and reduces us to five knots. Have finished the first volume of *Madame Roland*, and read sixty pages in the second; but my eyes are fatigued.

7. At noon we had latitude 50°15', longitude 11°5'. I began a sheet this morning, i. e., noon, but cannot find it, and thus am obliged to begin another. About two P. M. the wind came to west, directly ahead, since which we have been stretching southward with a very high wind and a very heavy sea. Just after writing you to-day at noon, I grew sick and dizzy, and took to my berth, where I lay till four, sleeping the greater part of the time. Did not go out to dinner, but took one cup of tea at six, and about ten a slice of ham and a biscuit. Am now better. The sore throat

2

nearly well. Madame Smith continues the same. It is now fifteen days that nothing has lain on her stomach. She is reduced to a skeleton; pale and hollow-eyed. I have this evening administered five drops laudanum.

About sunnet to-day we discovered a sail two or three leagues north of us, apparently standing the same course. She frequently changed her course and bore down for us. We were for an hour in great apprehension lest it should be a French privateer; but, just before dark, she passed under our stern and within a quarter of a mile, but did not hail. It was in putting away my papers to prepare for a visit that I mislaid the sheet. Now two A. M., light wind and great tossing. The little motion we have has for the last twelve hours been retrograde.

8. Noon. About sunrise the wind came to south by west, and we go on our course about four knots. Mrs. S. has not vomited since taking the laudanum. Cloudy, mist, and chilly, but we got an observation. We have a more regular sea and less motion. I am tolerably well, and, two P. M., have made a good dinner of coddfish and potatoes. Have read nothing, nor all yesterday but one hundred pages.

9. About two P. M. yesterday the wind came about two points more south and blew fresh. By eleven it was a gale, and we went about seven knots under reefed foresail and mainsail. About six this morning it began to abate, and by twelve (noon) was a dead calm. At seven this evening it sprang up from the west directly ahead, and there continues. Much rain last night and to-day, and with a great sea, which has tossed us most unmercifully. We are now standing north, and thus, going with the sea, feel it less, but till now (ten P. M.) it has been impossible to write a line. Have finished the third and last volume of Madame Roland, and have begun Humboldt, though half sick all day. Mrs. S. better. This is the fifteenth day since my embarkation, and we are not one hundred miles from the English coast.

10. Noon. Lat. 49°29'. We had a light breeze from the

north during the night, and made about three knots an hour southwest. At seven this morning calm, and so till twelve; much tossing. Just now has come a light breeze west, and we are standing north. A fine, clear, mild spring day. Mrs. Smith quite recovered. Have already finished the first volume of Humboldt.

Just after writing the above, the wind came round to south, a very gentle breeze. It rose gradually to seven and eight knots, and presently blew a gale. At four we took in sail; could only carry foresail and main-topsail reefed. The gale, with heavy squalls, rain, mist, continued till eight, then suddenly cleared away, and beautiful, bright starlight, and a pleasant breeze at south, but a tremendous sea. Took out our reefs and set all our topsails. Thinking the weather settled, the captain turned in. At ten, again heavy squalls, with rain, which continue, but the wind has got round to southwest, so that we are close to it, standing northwest by west, but make very little headway by reason of the heavy sea. Chairs and tables are of no use to us to-day. We eat on the floor, bracing ourselves as well as we can. Am not much giddy, notwithstanding the excessive rocking, but have read only one hundred pages.

11. The gale from southwest has continued with increasing fury. We have been scudding under reefed foresail. No prospect of any abatement. It is with difficulty I can write thus much.

12. Lat. 50°1'. The storm of wind, rain, hail, mist, continued till about four this morning, when it began to abate, wind still ahead. At eight began to clear away; by noon mild and clear, light breeze at southwest, which came round south, and then southeast, which is just where we wish it, and we are now, eleven P. M., going about six knots before the wind. A fine, mild, starlight night, and, as the moon changed yesterday, we hope that this wind and weather may continue for a fortnight. It is surprising that we made so little northing during that thirty-hours' gale. There must

certainly be a current setting south in this longitude ; probably the reflux of the Gulf Stream, or, as St. Pierre will have it, the melting of the solar ice and snow. . Suspect that Captain Nicholls knows me.

13. Latitude 47°49'. The wind rose to eight and nine knots, S. E. and E., and by eight this morning N. E. We have run, by our reckoning, one hundred and sixty miles the last twenty-four hours, and, by the same reckoning, have made eighty-four miles of southing ; but, by our observation to-day, one hundred and eighteen southing, which leaves thirty-four for the current. No doubt St. Pierre à raison, for what else but his system could give us near three miles an hour due south. We conclude that this current sets S. W. ; at least such is the opinion of the two captains. We have, therefore, probably exceeded our reckoning more than forty miles ; so that we have advanced two hundred miles the last twenty-four hours. About twelve more such days would land us in Boston. And what then ? Nous verrons. The wind now nearly N., with rain. Seven knots. We have had, since noon, a succession of rain, squalls, calms. Yet, whenever wind, it has been from some eastern point, so that we have generally been going five or six knots. Since ten this evening a dead calm, and, of course, a little rolling. The weather not so cold as for the last fortnight, but still too cold to dispense with fire.

14. The calm, with now and then very light winds from the eastward, continued till eight this morning, when sprang up a brisk breeze at S. E. We have been going about eight knots the last four hours. Showers all day. Two P. M., we have dined at table, and sitting on chairs. The wind continues the same, and still rain. At six this P. M. came alongside a wreck marked on the stern "*The Eunice*, of *Portland*," a brig. Masts all gone, bowsprit standing. Sent our boat to see. She proved to be quite a new brig. All her cargo on board ; beef, fish, and lumber, and in perfectly good order. She had only about three feet water in

her hold. The captain must have been frightened, and abandoned his vessel too soon. We took out nothing but a few pieces of beef. The wind lulled from six to eight, to give us time to examine the wreck, and then freshened again. Since eight we have been going at about six knots.

15. A mild, pleasant, clear day, with a constant and regular wind at N.E., going at six knots. An observation to-day gave us lat. 45°45', and, at the same time (noon), our *reckoning* gave us lon. 29°30'. The night is most brilliant; like an American sky. Passed a large turtle about six P. M., but did not see him time enough to take him. What a fine feast he would have made us.

The steward of our ship is a young man from Albany, who engaged to do the duty of steward for his passage. He has affected to consider himself as above the place. A dirty, negligent, morose rascal as I ever met. He has insulted us all repeatedly. For the last eight days I have not asked of him the slightest service. He has repeatedly been impertinent to our captain, who is certainly a very civil and good-natured man. But to-day Mr. Steward carried his insolence so far that the captain could not bear it. A battle ensued, and the captain beat the steward till he was quite disfigured; then tied him up, and left him to cool two or three hours, and made him strip off his waistcoat, and beat him with a rope's end till he howled most piteously, and promised reformation. Since the which process the afore said steward seems exceedingly modest and complaisant.

16. The wind mentioned on Wednesday night continued till six the following morning, then gradually fell to a dead calm, and so till four P. M., when came a light air from the west; so that for the last eight or ten hours we have been going about two knots *north*. The day has been mild and clear. Lat. at noon 45°06', whence it appears that we have made thirty-nine miles southing the last twenty-four hours, which is wholly due to the current. Longitude supposed to be about 33. We have not, during this whole serene day, saw

a fish or bird of any kind. Our steward is amazingly swollen and disfigured, so as to be wholly uncognoscible; but the damage physique is amply redeemed by the amelioration de la morale.

17. The calm and light winds are continued till seven this morning, when suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, sprung up a very fine breeze at N.E. Since which we have been going eight knots. Raining all day. Took physic last night for my headache. Have been sick all day. Eaten naught.

18. Latitude 44°14'. The wind continues at N.E., and with the same force, i. e., from seven to nine knots. The day clear, with flying clouds. We were accompanied this morning by a shoal of porpoises, who gambolled about us till the mate threw a harpoon, but without hitting; instantly they all disappeared. Capt. Nicholls, an experienced mariner, says porpoises are never seen more than five or six leagues off landings. If this be true, we must have greatly overrun our reckoning. Temperature of the water, 56; do. of the air in the shade, 49.

The wind has continued without intermission. Flaws this evening, but always fair. Now a beautiful moonlight, and going eight knots. We have been playing whist all the evening. Capt. Nicholls says there never is frost *out of soundings* when no farther north than *forty-five*.

19. The wind continued from the same quarter, and with the same force, till five this morning; then gradually diminished. We have gone all day, and till seven this evening, at four knots. At seven came a lively breeze from the south, and we are now going at eight knots at the least. Lat. at noon 43°35'. So that we have made forty minutes southing the last twenty-four hours, though our course is all that time to the northward of west. The current must have been at least two miles per hour; and, if that current should set S.W., as is supposed, but which we cannot ascertain, we must have overrun our reckoning of longitude some hundreds of miles during the last eight days. I shall

not be surprised to find ourselves on the Grand Bank to-morrow evening; but the captains, who know better, say not till Wednesday.

The day has been mild, and the motion the most gentle. Instead of improving it in writing, I have been reading P. Le Brun's *Romans*, in four volumes, which have just finished. Temperature of the water at eight this morning, 58; do. of the air, 52.

20. Our good wind stood till five this morning; then fell, and at eight a little air from the S.W. We have not made twenty miles in any direction since five this morning; and the little we may have gone has been about N.W. The charts lay down a current setting N.E. in almost the whole course across the Atlantic; but they lie. Certainly the current sets south or southwest till you have passed 45 longitude, and north of 44 latitude. How much farther the same current prevails we don't yet know; nor have I the means of pronouncing whether it be the same at all seasons; but should think probable there would be less current, or no current, from the north during the autumn and winter months, as the melting of the Polar ice and snow has then ceased.

The two captains, finding the colour of the water much changed, this morning tried its temperature with my thermometer before I was up, and found it 47; at ten, however, I tried, and found it 49. But either result would show that we are on soundings; yet no bottom could be found at one hundred and twenty fathoms. Lat. at noon 43°56.

21. The calm continued till twelve last night; then a breeze at S.W. Stood northwest and by north, and at about four knots, till ten this morning. Four sail in sight. One of them, right ahead, made signal to speak. We came near and lay to. It is the *Margaret*, of New York, Capt. Ward. Sailed from Dublin March 29, and in the gale of the eleventh lost some of her sails and spars. Our captain spared him a topsail. Had a great mind to write to you by

this ship, but concluded that there was very little probability of her reaching port so soon as we; and, again, did not know exactly what to write.

No observation to-day. Temperature of the water at ten this morning, 54; by which it would seem that we are again out of soundings. We are, no doubt, on the edge of the Grand Bank, and are all extremely impatient to get there; where, if becalmed, we may at least amuse ourselves with fishing, and where, also, we are certain of meeting with American vessels, who will tell us the news. Lat. at noon 43° 7'. Long. by reckoning 59.

22. The light head-winds lasted till midnight. Then came a breeze at N., and soon after N.N.E., and we have ever since been going seven and eight knots, and the same now. At noon to-day the temperature of the water was 59; but at five P. M. was at 42. Seeing this and other indications of shoal water, the captain hove to at seven and threw the lead, but found no bottom, which surprised us much. It is evident, from all these facts, that the outer bank on our map, called the Flemish Cap, extends south to at least 44 of latitude, and that it must commence in about 44 of longitude. But as the water is too deep for fishing or to be interesting to mariners, it is not laid down. Further, that from the outer bank to the edge of the Grand Bank is at least four degrees of longitude.

The thermometer in open air this evening is 39.

23. The captain called me up at six this morning to see some ice islands, a spectacle not expected in this latitude, nor at this season in any latitude. There were several small floating masses of ice around us. One or two of them were two or three yards out of water, and this corresponded with the idea I had formed of islands of floating ice. At the same time, however, was discovered another island, supposed to be then about a league ahead. But, though we were going six knots per hour, it was fifteen minutes past ten before we came abreast of this last. The captain, to

gratify me, went as near as he durst; perhaps within three or four hundred yards. As we approached, we were astonished at the stupendous height and grandeur of this object. It presented to the northward and eastward, the side on which we passed, a perpendicular rock of alabaster or white marble, of an elevation not less than two hundred and fifty feet, having a small declivity towards the south; so that at the southern extremity it had not apparently more than thirty or forty feet elevation, and at the southeast corner it shelved away to the water's edge. It presented the appearance of a parallelogram of four or five hundred feet by two or three hundred. No doubt it was aground, as the highest part was towards the wind. Just after discovering this, i. e., at seven o'clock, we discovered two others, bearing nearly north from us, both of them much larger, and one of them much higher than that which I have described; but, being more out of our course, we did not attempt to approach them. One of them was certainly ten times the size of that which we examined, but I think not quite so high. At ten saw two more bearing northwest. One of them presented the appearance of two obelisks, or two lighthouses of white marble. But this was undoubtedly afloat, for it offered a new phase at every ten miles. Sometimes a solid mass, then an obelisk and a pyramid, then a church with a steeple, and repeating all these changes.

The temperature of the water at eight o'clock was 34, and we found bottom at eighty fathoms, but whether on the east or the west edge of the bank, we doubt, though the bank is more than one hundred miles across, so little accurate is our longitude. The two captains, however, seem very positive that it is the east edge, and that we are just coming on the Grand Bank. We are to sound again at two P. M.

Latitude 45°56', though our course has been N.N.W. Still a southern current, you see. These ice islands are naughty things. If a ship going at six or seven knots should

come in contact with one of them, the shock would certainly be fatal. We must have run the gauntlet last night. Nothing but the vicinity of ice could have given us water of the temperature of 34.

At three we hove to and threw our lead, but could find no bottom. We have continued to sail at about six knots, with a fair wind, a serene sky, and a smooth sea. Could not have wished a finer day.

24. A little past twelve last night the wind came to S.E., and presently blew such a gale that we were obliged to take in sail. We continued, however, to go on our course about seven knots till seven this morning, when suddenly a calm, and shortly after a gale of equal force from the north. We made about five knots all day. About sunset the wind became more moderate, and came round to N.N.E., and we are now going on at six knots. The air has been so thick that we have had no observation; raining much. At two P. M. the water was 46.

Have had a headache all day. Eaten nothing. Not yet relieved.

25. Lat. at noon 42° 6'. Headache diminished, but not removed yet so as to eat. We came in sight of a ship about three leagues north of us about sunset yesterday. Saw another, or the same, two leagues south this morning, standing west. The wind continued north-northeast, a gentle little breeze, till about eleven this morning, then fell to a dead calm, and soon after a little air at northwest. We are probably now less than five hundred miles from our port, either Boston or Newburyport, as the wind may favour. I should prefer the latter, wishing to have a day on shore *incog.* before announcing myself. A. Burr is not known or suspected on board, save by Captain Potter, in confidence. Mr. Arnot is a grave, silent, strange sort of animal, insomuch that we know not what to make of him.

We have not made more than three or four leagues the whole day. The calm still continues, mais "en revanche."

The afternoon and evening are clear; calm, mild, and smooth sea. The full moon now traversing a cloudless sky. Head-ache gone. Have not seen whale or porpoise these three days.

26. The calm continued till four this morning, then a breeze at east, since which we are going very smoothly about seven knots. The wind has now got south, which suits us very well, as we are to the south of our port. At eight this morning the water was at 52. The breeze rose to eight and nine knots; about four came to southwest, and by seven to west, directly ahead (note the moon became full at that hour); the sky, which had been all day cloudy, now became clear and colder. About four this afternoon, seeing the water change colour, I tried its temperature, and found it 44; a pretty certain indication of soundings. Yet the ship's reckoning would give us soundings by many degrees. The two captains were a good deal puzzled to know what to think of it. Captain Nicholls rather thought we must be on the edge of George's Bank. It is more probable that we are on the Sable Bank. We continue, however, to stand north. Just now we have tried the water again, and find it 41.

27. By an observation of the moon at midnight last night, our latitude was 43° 8'. An observation of the sun at noon to-day gave us 43. Temperature of the water just now, 49; so that we are nearly off the bank, whatever it may have been. At four this morning we tacked and stood S. and by W. We are probably something farther off our port than we were at seven last evening. The wind has continued steadily at W., and so heavy that we carry very little sail, and are rather lying to than sailing, but with a most uncomfortable sea. Eleven P. M., the wind continues at the same point and with the same force. We are unmercifully tossed, and think we do well if we hold our own. Not a cloud in the sky the last thirty hours.

28. Midi. Raining hard. No observation. At four this

morning the wind fell, and soon after a light breeze at S. about five knots; it has gradually freshened, and is now at N.E., the best possible point, and about seven knots. \* \* \* \* \* Something analogous is a dialogue which took place between two noble ladies at a party at which I was present, though not at the moment within hearing. The ladies were at cards and high bets. "But, my dear countess, you cheat." "No, my dear duchess, you lie."

Four P. M. Soon after noon the wind rose to a gale. We are scudding under a foresail and double-reefed topsail, but scudding on our course at seven or eight knots. For about two hours this afternoon it has snowed very hard, with continued thunder. Captain Nicholls says that in the Gulf Stream it often thunders when there is not a cloud in the sky. You, who have had so much gulf-navigation, did you ever hear it under a cloudless sky? We are not now, however, in the gulf. About seven the wind rose to a tempest; we can carry nothing but foresail and main-topsail, both double-reefed, and even thus we go on our course near ten knots. It has cleared off and is cold. At seven the water was 58.

29. Lat. 41°3', which is nearly one hundred miles S. of our port. Temperature of the water at ten was 56. The wind continued all night with the same fury and at the same point, N.E.N. It is now a little, but very little abated. It renders us very uncomfortable by the tossing and the spray; but, to console us, we advance to our destination. Our longitude must be about 64 or 65, so that one day's good sailing would take us in; but, as we are south of our port, we can not get in without a wind some points more south. To make things worse, we are now every minute making more southerly. Forgot to say that at eight this morning the water was 44, which disturbed us a good deal. Our captain concluded that we were on the S.E. point of George's Bank. Finding how much we were south of our port, at noon hauled up close to the wind, after which we did not make more than

two knots per hour of headway, and full as much leeway. About nine this evening the wind has so far abated that we set all our topsails, but reefed. The day and evening clear and fine, except too cold. Thermometer in the air at 39. A heavy sea throws us leeward in spite of our course.

30. Lat. 40°40', just that of Sandy Hook. Temperature of water 60, which looks like an approach to the Gulf Stream. Our reckoning gives us long. 67°56', say 68. The wind at the same point and more moderate. We have just now taken the reefs out of our topsails and set our mainsail. For the first time these three days we have breakfasted at table and sat in chairs. But the wind is at the same point. Cold, cloudy, but not very thick. The wind has gradually fallen, and we are now in a dead calm.

## TO THEODOSIA.

London, May 9, 1812.

If there should be war, and national honour and national interest loudly demand it, I advise your husband to apply for a military commission. He has extraordinary talents in that line, and may never have another opportunity to display them. If he would succeed, he must apply in person; he would assuredly have the support of your governor, whoever he may be, and of the members from the state. I think he would easily obtain a regiment.

I am not content with the exclusive domestic education which you give the boy. It imposes on him a dreary labour, enough to benumb his faculties, and which will have that effect. None of the sports of youth to enliven his leisure hours! No emulation! no example! no associate in his labours! Besides, it is now that he should begin to imbibe that knowledge of the world so essential in democratic governments, and which can only be acquired by mingling with his equals on equal terms. It is high time that he commence this apprenticeship.

Think, also, of the moral effects which your mode will

produce. I mean, its influence on his temper, his cast of mind, and his future views and projects. I could write an essay on this subject, but you can do it just as well; nay, better, for you will say all I could say and something more. So, madame, set about it forthwith. Keep in mind, in composing your essay, the difference, in this particular, between a republic and a despotism.

As to the controversy, so long subsisting, about the preference due to public or private education, all that I have read on the subject is little better than downright nonsense. There are those who can never agree about the sort of public or the sort of domestic education; nor about the destination of their pupil. I would unite the advantages of both, thus: So soon as I shall be settled in New-York, send me the boy *and his tutor*. They must both live with me. The college in New-York has excellent teachers in every branch, good mathematical instruments, philosophical apparatus, and library. The boy shall there try his strength in the arena of competition, where he shall have fair play, but no favour. I shall superintend his studies and his pursuits of every kind (for which I shall have abundant leisure, proposing to abstract myself from all political concerns), awaken his genius, and keep every faculty on the stretch.

Is it not manifest that, in this way, he would in one year acquire more, and with an ardour, an animation, and enthusiasm to which he has hitherto been a stranger, than he would in your way in four years of monotonous and gloomy toil? But the difference in the quantity of literary acquirements is of infinitely less moment than that which will be produced in his character, and in the invigoration of his faculties and the expansion of his mind. If, indeed, it be resolved that he is to do nothing in this world but drive negroes and plant rice, the present plan may do well enough; but even then I should pity the poor little fellow, for all the dull, irksome, unsatisfactory drudgery he must undergo. *Pensez y mes enfans.*

The United States' chargé des affaires here, Jonathan Russell, and the consuls, have done all in their power to keep me here. They, at least the consuls, and supposed under the influence of Russell, have menaced masters of vessels with the displeasure of government if they should dare to take me out. Whether this be by instructions from the government or of their private malice, I know not; but it has put me to great trouble and expense, and you and the boy will suffer for it, for I have been obliged to sell all the pretty things I had bought for you at Paris. Don't cry, dear little soul, pappy will buy thee more! But, in truth, I do not think either of you will much grudge the sacrifice of your watches, and trinkets, and cambrics, and ribands, when you know that the object was to get me out, and that there was no other way. Now I tell you that I shall get out in spite of them, and very soon. A. BURR.

## TO JONATHAN MASON.

Boston, May 14, 1812.

*Private.* I pray you not to conjecture *aloud* who may be the writer of this note; he wishes to remain *incog.* a few days. You will be pleased, therefore, not to mention his name in case you should recognise the handwriting. If you will take the trouble of calling at Mrs. Goodrich's, Cornhill Square, back of Joy's buildings, you will find an old acquaintance who wishes half an hour's conversation with you. If you should prefer any other place, I will meet you from eight to ten this evening wherever you may name; but be precise as to your hour and place.

## FROM THEODOSIA.

Oaks (S. C.), May 16, 1812.

Your letter of the 25th March, London, has just reached me, and I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of it, although quite in uncertainty as to your address, of which you say nothing. But, upon the whole, I think there can be no risk in adhering to the old way.

The arrival of 60\* rejoices me. How anxiously I await the packets, &c., you have confided to him. I hope he will not fail to perform his promise of visiting me this summer. He must know my solicitude to hear so directly from you. As it will suit his affairs better, probably, he had best sail for Savannah, thence by water to Augusta, which is eighty miles from Greenville. The road is frequently travelled, and wagons pass so often between Augusta and Greenville that his baggage may frequently find conveyance. Our house is not finished and our purse is low, therefore his fare cannot be very sumptuous; but he does not mind those things.

As to my health, let me beg you not to suffer it to give you a moment's anxiety. It is neither good nor bad. Sometimes more of one than the other. A kind of gentle vacillation, to which I have long been accustomed. Indeed, I am not ill. More of this when you give me some more assured channels of communication; and then, likewise, I should wish to know what are your plans and prospects.

In a few days, perhaps, we shall know whether we are to starve, or starve and fight too. A war with England would necessarily affect the plans of all Americans at home or abroad. In that case, suppose you should offer your services to government. I hope soon to hear from you, and to see 60.

Gamp. is well; his little soul warms at the sound of your name. His health has been better since we have adopted the plan of residing at Greenville during the summer, though we do not go early enough. We leave this the latter end of June. Gampy has a tutor, who fulfils his task very well.

For personal reasons, I am very desirous of having some unrestrained conversation with you. As to your plans, my opinion and that of Mari still remain what my last announced. Adieu.

THEODOSIA.

\* Col. Burr; then at Boston, to which place this letter was forwarded, and from which place his letter, dated "25th March, London," was written to Theodosia.

## TO JONATHAN MASON.

Boston, May 17, 1812.

I learn, from the gentleman to whom you wrote, the reserve which you think necessary to impose on yourself, and that the motive to it is a respect to the prejudices of others, and not from any which have invaded your own mind. To this conduct I can certainly have nothing to object, being totally ignorant of the force or extent of those prejudices, which will also apologize for the indiscretion, if such it can be deemed, of the request lately made to you. The inducements to that request being no longer of any consequence, this note will be confined to a mere personal concern.

Owing to circumstances even more extraordinary than those which you witnessed, and emanating from the same vindictive source, but which it would be manifestly improper here to detail, I have been detained against my will more than thirty months. Thus my finances have become exhausted; but I have now here several trunks and cases of valuable books, mostly in foreign languages, and all selected for my own use. They may be worth from six to eight hundred dollars. These I would propose to sell to you, or to deposite with you, as you may prefer. If, however, you should be willing to advance me a part of that sum, say from two to three hundred dollars, to be repaid so soon as I shall be established, it would be more agreeable to me.

It is with regret I add, that, without the aid above proposed, I see no probability of quitting this place. A catalogue of the books shall be transmitted as you may direct. Allow me to expect an early answer. It is proper to add, that I have no view but that of making money.

A. BURR.

## JOURNAL.

*May 1.* Early this morning a very light breeze at N.N.E., the old quarter. It has come round, and is now at N.W.; so that we stand a north course, but our progress not more than two knots per hour. A clear day and smooth sea; but the air too cool for comfort. At twelve (noon), latitude 40°20'. At four P. M. found the water down to 45. As this is a degree of cold which indicates soundings, we lay to at eight, threw the lead, and found bottom at thirty fathoms, which our mariners concluded to be the S.W. or S.E. end of George's Bank. But, this afternoon, the wind coming round to west, we stood on the starboard tack, and made good a north course.

Spent some hours this afternoon in writing you a little cipher letter to announce to you my arrival. This letter I shall put in the postoffice the moment of landing.

The wind still at west, and now a stiff breeze. The day and night clear.

2. *Midi.* Latitude 41°4'. The wind rose last night to a gale, so that we were obliged to take in sail. About four this morning it shifted to N.W., which obliged us to stand on t'other tack; our course S.W.W.; so that we are now losing the little northing which we made yesterday. The thermometer at 48. We suppose ourselves to be in what is called the south channel, i. e., between George's Shoals and the Nantucket Shoals. Though we have been these five days in the high road of all outward-bound ships, yet during all that time we have not seen one, and have seen only one inward-bound. Our captains conclude there must be a very rigorous embargo. They say that they never either of them passed this way without meeting from fifteen to fifty vessels. The day very clear, but cold.

"The sun's perpendicular height illumined the depth of the sea,  
And the fishes, beginning to sweat, cried, D—n it, how hot we shall be."

The first of these lines was written at the top of a sheet

on the table of a poetaster, as the beginning of some sublime ode. An acquaintance, passing, added the second.

Four P. M. The wind very light, but that little has come to W.S.W., and we have just shifted to the starboard tack, and are standing northward; but make more leeway than headway.

Minuit. A dead calm for several hours past. Cloudy. Not quite so cold as this morning. Thirty-five fathoms water.

3. About four this morning came a light breeze from the southeast. By ten it was at five knots. At eleven it came round to northeast, where it is now, with rain and hail. We lay our course very well, and go on at six knots. Twenty fathom water. Supposed to be on George's Bank, very near the shoal; but both our captains say that the George's Shoal, such an object of terror to all mariners in this quarter, is no shoal at all. Both say that they have often sailed over it, and never found less than five fathoms water. Further, that they never heard of a vessel wrecked or grounded on this shoal. Yet Captain N. says that it is very possible that, in a very heavy gale, the water might break in five fathoms, and thus, at such a time, be dangerous.

I forgot to tell you that in all the charts are laid down one or two little islands on the Great Bank, and two or three more between that and the Azores, but some degrees distant from the latter. These islands have no existence but on the charts. Early navigators may very probably have seen islands of ice in these positions, and may, very honestly, have reported them as islands of land or rock, and thus has been handed down the error. George's Shoals are, I think, about sixty miles from Cape Cod. Nantucket Shoals thirty miles from Nantucket Island, being the nearest land in each case.

Five P. M. Our wind freshens a little, and continues about east. Varying a point or two sometimes to the north, sometimes to the south. A beautiful, steady breeze, and as fair as possible. We go eight knots and more, and a smooth

sea ; but, unfortunately, rainy and thick, which is not pleasant so near land. Sounded at three, no bottom ; again at four, no bottom ; so that we have passed the George's Shoals, but whether to the north or the south we are uncertain. Gamp. has had an alarm of a different sort. Captain Nicholls asked me to-day if I knew V. D. L., the painter. Now, as Nicholls was at Paris when I was there, ten to one but he has seen me ; certainly he has seen my picture. Shall I make a merit of necessity and put the confidence in him, or take my chance ?

Our breeze has become a gale, and we are again under reefed topsails ; going, however, at eight and nine knots. We have just sounded and find no bottom. The captain determines to stand on, though the weather be thick.

*Boston Harbour, May 4, 1812.* At four this morning land was discovered. At seven, Cape Ann Lighthouse was shown to me. A pilot is in sight, and within two miles of us. All is bustle and joy except Gamp. Why should he rejoice ?

At three P. M. we cast anchor off the wharf at Boston. At eleven this forenoon a most violent N.E. storm, with rain and snow in abundance. The captains Potter and Nicholls have gone off to Newburyport. Smith and family have gone on shore. Forsdyck, the mate, on shore. I chose to remain on board. Have just been dining with the pilot and the second mate, on salt beef and potatoes, with sea biscuit. Sent off a letter to you this morning, and another to S. S. It was by mistake we got in here. The Cape Ann lighthouse, which I told you we saw at seven this morning, proved to be the Boston lighthouse. We had got too far to go back with this wind, and so came in of necessity. No custom-house officers have yet been on board. I am now quite alone in the cabin, smoking my pipe, and writing to mes enfans.

Seven P. M. Forsdyck went on shore, and has brought with him his friend Palmer, formerly mate of this ship, and

whose father keeps a boarding-house in this town; a very decent young man. He brought me newspapers, and has told me a deal of news. Forsdyck brought me bread, butter, and cider, the only luxuries for which I sent, except milk, which could not be had, by reason of the weather. I never saw it snow faster in January; and now, again, a mixture of rain and snow. I have been drinking a whole bottle of cider and reading the newspapers; but won't tell you what I have learned, as you know it all already. My enemies, I see, are not at their ease. I think to remain on board till Potter returns, which will be some time to-morrow, and then—why, then, we will see.

It is a most tremendous gale; how fortunate that we are in port! What an infernal racket there is above. Let us see what's the matter. Matter enough. The gale has driven us from our moorings about three hundred yards, plump against a ship alongside the wharf, to the great hazard of both vessels. We are moored to the wharf, and, if the rain should cease, I shall take the liberty of stepping on shore, to see if I can walk on terra firma. Noon. The storm rages with the utmost fury. The deck and the cabin doors are a glaze of ice. Not a soul on board the ship but myself. Now, if the wind should come round to N.W., and drive the ship from the dock out to sea, what a charming voyage I should have all alone!

5. We had no fuel, no cook, no steward; could boil no kettle. So was obliged to leave the ship and take quarters on shore. Am lodged at a plain boarding-house, kept by Mrs. Goodrich, widow of a sea captain, who has three grown sons; fine, cheerful, active, obliging young men. She is a most civil, obliging creature. The dramatis personæ of the house shall be given another time. I have not yet got all their names.

The wind came to N.W. last night, and has ever since blown a tempest. If we had been two hours later in making the land yesterday, it would have been impossible for us to

have got in, and we should have been now buffeted in the ocean, or, more probably, lodged on Nantucket Shoals or Cape Cod. There has been a battle between the mate and one of the sailors, whom he had offended on the passage; poor Forsdyck has got shockingly beaten.

6. Went to the ship at nine this morning to get my things landed, but was told by the agent of the owners that, as the ship was going to Newburyport, and could not enter here without incurring an expense of one hundred dollars, our effects must all go round to Newburyport, as nothing could be taken out till entry made. This was unpleasant to me, as it would occasion an expense of at least twenty dollars to get my things from Newburyport to Boston. However, set to work, got my things in order, and gave them in charge to Southwick, the second mate. Just as this was done, in comes our rascally steward, with a permit from the collector to land his things. He said no difficulty at all was made by the collector. On this Smith went up and presently came down with a permit for his effects. Now here occurred a dilemma. Dearborn, the collector (son of the general), knows me as well as you do, having seen me hundreds of times both in public and in private; for me to go direct to him to take an oath and demand a permit in the name of *Arnot*, seemed to be an experiment that promised little success, and, in case of discovery, might expose me to serious inconveniences, as the family of Dearborn have been extremely vindictive against me, and, no doubt, would, under pretence of searching for goods, have possessed themselves of my papers. On the other hand, to spend twenty dollars out of thirty-two, which is my whole stock, in going to Newburyport and returning my things by land, might disable me from ever getting out of Boston. I preferred, therefore, the contingent to the certain evil. Took with me a young man to show me the way to the custom-house, and entered with all possible composure; passed under the nose of Mr. Dearborn into the adjoining room, where the first

part of the business was to be done. The officer to whom I was directed asked me to enumerate my effects; for this I was not prepared, supposing that the list of them would be taken from the manifest. Nevertheless, I repeated them off as fast as he could write, though they consisted of eighteen different articles; trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, bundles, rolls, &c. He then bade me sign my name to it, which I did, thus: *A. Arnot*; I think that is very like it. Then he directed me to take it to the collector, who would sign it; here was the rub. I told the young man, my conductor, to take it and get it signed for me, for that I was obliged to run as fast as possible to see after my things, the ship being just about to haul out. He took it, and I got out as fast as I could, passing again under the nose of Dearborn. I do assure thee that I felt something lighter when I got down into the street. But my trouble and danger were not yet ended. When I got to the wharf, all my effects were already laying pellmell on the ground, and two tide-waiters there, ready to examine them on the spot. As everybody here is now idle by reason of the embargo, there were collected more than five hundred people to see what was going forward. Trunks, boxes, bundles, every one opened, and rummaged to the bottom. In many of the books my name was written, but it happened that he did not open in that page. Every parcel of letters showed also the name of A. Burr; but, as I assisted in the search, I took care how I presented these parcels to him. The ceremony lasted about two hours, and I was another hour repacking; working and sweating like a horse, the mob crowding round to see the strange things. Of the number present, it is probable that more than half had seen me before; and I expected every minute to hear some one exclaim, "Col. Burr by —!" But I heard nothing. Finally, got all to my lodgings, the whole expense being six dollars.

*Boston, May 7, 1812.* Sat up till twelve last night reading the newspapers, and have done nothing else all this day.

Having heard no hints about A. Burr, nor seeing anything about him in the papers, conclude that he escaped notice during the vexatious proceedings of yesterday, though it is possible that Dearborn may have recognised me, and had the policy to hold his tongue and to write to the president; but this is not probable. Besides being on the wharf yesterday more than five hours, I was obliged to walk no less than six times the whole length of State-street and the *long wharf*, the most public and crowded parts of the town. Thanks to Dr. Smith's wig and my huge whiskers if I have not been recognised. In this house there are, besides the family of Smith, my fellow-passengers, four other ladies and three gentlemen boarders. But you are impatient to learn how long this state of inaction will continue, and when and how it will terminate. That it cannot last long, the state of my finances will attest. But I must wait for answers to the letters which I have written to New-York, and for those you may have written the last twelve months, and transmitted to Gahn as I directed; then it may be necessary that I have one confidential friend here to aid me in certain matters, which it would take too much time and paper to explain; in order to determine on such confidence, I have been reading over the whole directory. Among all that part of my acquaintance whom you have ever seen or of whom you have ever heard me speak, I do not find one that will answer. I find the name of Benjamin Fessenden; one of the same name, perhaps the same person, for he was a New-England man, served under my command during my hard campaign in Westchester (1779, 1780) as ensign. If it prove to be the same person, I think to make myself known to him on Saturday or Sunday. My letters from New-York are not expected before Monday.

Eleven P. M. I have been walking an hour to gather inspiration from exercise and fresh air, but no illumination came. We will try the effect of a good sleep. I do sleep like an angel, or, rather, like an infant, five or six hours,

without dreaming, without turning, and wake doubting whether I have been ten minutes in bed.

8. Eh bien, mes enfans. La premiere de marche est fait et n'a pas trop bien réussie. J'ai l'este toute la journée chez moi comme hui, mais croyant que mes lettres peut etre arrivés chez le Major Johnson, car j'ai ecrit a cet effet de Londres quelques remaines avant mon depart, et ne voulant pas les demander personnellement, j'ai sorti ce soir et me juis render chez mon compagnon de Gerrare. C'etoit à ce terors la un assez jolie Galliard, mince, gai, badinant. Actuellement c'est un gros bon homme Viellard. Mais vieux. Mon Dieu ! que je dois etre vieux aussi. Apres l'avoir fait plusieurs questions pour me bien assurer que c'etoit mon homme, je me suis annoncé. Il en à temoigné beaucoup, beaucoup d'étonnement, mais pas le moindre plaisir. Ne amains, il a promis de garder mon secret, et je le crois. Aussi ira-t-il demain matin demander mes lettres. Je me repons un peu d'avoir pres ce pas, for it was unnecessary. He had not the slightest recollection of me, and could scarcely be persuaded of my identity. It would have been better to have sent Mr. Arnot with a letter of introduction from Col. Burr. Mais nous voilà.

#### *Dramatis Personæ.*

Mrs. Goodrich, fat, forty, bien conservée, active, good-natured.

Mrs. Smith, wife of mate of a ship, and sister of Mrs. G., thirty, well-looking, nervous, sentimental, religious.

Three fils de Madame G., say fifteen, seventeen, nineteen, tres bien.

Simson, young merchant, intelligent, well-behaved.

Lincoln, grandson of the late general, rûé.

Madame Tarbaud, née Anglaise, passed her infancy in France ; married a Frenchman in Martinique ; two enfans ; thirty-five, blonde, artificielle.

Mrs. Smitz, sa mère.

VOL. II.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and three enfans, my fellow-passengers.

We had this evening an action between le fils aine de le maison and son parent Smith, which terminated in a manner wholly without example in ancient or modern history, or even in fable. A black girl of Madame S., stout, active, and well-made, is the principal servant in the house. The theatre of war was up stairs. The girl, being below and hearing the racket, ran up, seized one of the combatants round the waist, and, before he could extricate himself, carried him down and placed him in the common room; then went about her business as if nothing had happened.

9. My friend the old soldier came at eleven, as he had promised. He began by complaining of what an amazing long walk he had had to Major J.'s (it is less than half a mile), how tired he was, and how he sweated. It is true he did sweat and blow a good deal. Then told me he had come from the major, who had no letters for me. Asked me to call and see him, to which I assented; but, recollecting himself, added, "Better let that alone till I call again to see you."

Have not been out of my room the whole day, except to take my meals with the family. There is a great run of people coming and going, principally of the mariner order; an order by whom I am more likely to be recognised than by any other. The door never opens but I expect to hear the comer exclaim out, "Col. Burr!"

10. At home, as yesterday. The old soldier did not visit me to-day. Whether from godliness, or negligence, or temerity, or perfidy, time will show. Mais je n'en suis pas trop content. Have been occupied in repacking my papers, in filing all the scattering letters, and principally in gathering the sheets of this journal, in order to send you a sample. Have found, for it is really a discovery, a regular continuation from the 15th March to this day, which it is proposed to send you, by way of sample, by the first vessel which may

sail from this port. So soon as a sheet is finished, it is thrown anywhere, and then you know what a job it is to collect them.

It is impossible that I should be much longer in this situation undiscovered. My strange habits; my seclusion; my reserve—for I make no familiarities, lest, among a race so prone to curiosity, some one should suppose he had the right to question me. I observe with some concern that I am treated with a sort of deference. I can play the fool. No one can do it better, no one does it more. But I could never play the blockhead.

11. Have not left my room to-day. *La vieux soldat* n'a pas veruc. If he has abandoned me, he will not stop there, but will undoubtedly add treachery.

I find that the mail goes to New-York and returns in five days. Thus answers to the letters I wrote on Monday last ought to have been received on Saturday. But, if not now in the hands of Major J., something has happened either to my letters or to those answers. Mr. F.'s conduct is in either case unpardonable. He should have called on the major as he promised, and should have informed me that there were or were not letters.

Looking over the Directory to-day, I see the name of Jon. Mason, my college-mate, and heretofore, through all changes in politics, my friend. I have resolved to call on him or write to him to-morrow. I will know what are the feelings of my old acquaintance in this quarter. Have been all day looking over my papers, and selecting a few that may be wanted.

*La famille* have hired a house and have moved to-day. Just before going, madame came on behalf of her mari to borrow twenty dollars, and offered to leave with me in pledge a little parcel of jewellery, value about twenty guineas. I lent her sixteen dollars, but refused to take the jewellery. Have left ten dollars. How very prudent! But don't scold. I am sure they will repay it.

12. Nothing done. No advances; no letters; no intelligence. Having waited till five P. M., and hearing nothing from the old soldier, I wrote him a note, and sent it by the eldest son of the house, Edward, the sailor. He replied *underneath my note* (very common mode in this country, without meaning incivility) that he had called on Major J., but no letters; and that he (le soldat) would call on me to-morrow. But what does he mean by his "dear sir?"

But a dreadful inroad has been made on the treasury to-day. Being a week complete since I came here, I asked for my bill. It is ten dollars and a half! and Capt. Nicholls, who recommended me here, told me the board was four dollars per week, and so I presume it is for him and others of this country. But there is no parleying where no bargain has been made. Again I sent for a blacksmith to mend the hasp of one of the locks broken by those London freebooters. The repair did not require five minutes; the charge three quarters of a dollar. Fortunately, I had made a small advance to Mrs. G. on first coming, so that I had enough and two dollars over.

13. Another day of seclusion. No letters, no intelligence, and the treasury exhausted. The old soldier has neither come nor sent. By way of exercise this evening, walked to Smith's (l'Anglois). Found the family settled in a neat, comfortable house. The neighbours have been in to offer them kindnesses, at which these English are mightily pleased and greatly surprised. Such a thing could not have happened in any part of England. Have written, but have not sent my letter to Jonathan Mason. J'y pense. Wrote another note to the old soldier, who sent a verbal answer that he would call to-morrow.

14. The old soldier has not called. No letter. Madame — called and paid the sixteen dollars. "Did not I tell you so?" Have found in the Directory the name of Mrs. P., with whom we lodged. She had, as you may recollect, a son, a very fine lad of fifteen or sixteen, to whom she was

unable to give any education. But what you do not know is that I furnished some little aid for that purpose. This evening I called to see her, but the house was locked and no one at home. Think to make another attempt in the morning. After losing your watch in Paris, I resolved to buy the cheapest possible thing that would serve tolerably to mark time. Bought a new watch for thirty francs, with steel chain. In twenty-four hours it was out of order, and, putting it in the hands of a watchmaker at Amsterdam to repair, he condemned it as utterly worthless. That I brought here, and yesterday sent Edward to ask a watchmaker the worth of it. Edward immediately took a fancy to buy it himself; but I refused to sell it to him, knowing it to be good for nothing. He went out to get it priced, and told me the watchmaker had valued it at three dollars, and then again proposed to buy it himself. Finally I gave it to him. I then sent out the other brother with the silver repeater intended for Harry, to get that priced. He came back with a report of fifteen dollars. Now, as I know this to be worth at least sixty dollars, it is obvious that the same game has been played in both instances, for this brother also wished to become a purchaser.

15. The old soldier has not been near me. At noon sent Edward with another note, begging a written answer. He did reply in writing that he had sent his *clark* to the major's, and would inform me as soon as he came back. But now, at eleven at night, have heard nothing from him. Called about eight this morning at Mrs. P.'s. Notwithstanding my wig, my whiskers, and my change of dress; that she had not seen me in sixteen years, and that she is half blind, she instantly, with an air of pleasure and surprise, called me by name, but with as little hesitation as if I had been invited and expected. She called down her son. They two are the whole family, having no servant. He is a handsome young man, and of good countenance; is respected and esteemed in the city; is a magistrate, and will

probably be made clerk of the House of Assembly. They both expressed very great joy at seeing me, and great desire to be useful to me. I charged the young man with my letter to Mason. At eleven young P. called on me. He had delivered the letter to Mason, who said that he had great respect for Col. Burr, and bore him much good-will; *but*, that his position was very delicate. Nevertheless, he would think of it, and either call or write me an answer. Now I engage he will do neither one nor the other. When a man takes time to consider whether he will do a good or a civil action, be assured he will never do it. The baser feelings, the calculations of interest and timidity, always prevail.

But did you ever hear of such meanness? This very J. Mason was at Richmond during the trial, saw all the vile persecutions which I encountered, and spoke of them with indignation and contempt; came often to see me, and openly avowed a friendship for me. He is immensely wealthy, and not a candidate for any office. What should restrain such a man from expressing his feelings? Timidity. I suspect, too, that he has said something to alarm young P. For he (P.) now spoke of the *delicacy of his situation*, which, with regard to him, is perfectly true, being quite without fortune, and dependant for the bread of himself and mother on public opinion. But as to Mason, not only is his position such as I have mentioned, but we were college-mates, and on terms of courtesy and friendship at all times since till my departure for Europe.

I got P. to address two letters for me, one of which, to S. S., I took myself this evening to the postoffice. My former letter to him of the fourth instant, the day of my arrival, has either never been put in the postoffice (though young P. undertook to put it in), or rather that letter, or the reply of S. to it, must have been purloined from the postoffice at New-York; for no doubt S. has replied punctually, and his answer ought to have been received on the 9th instant.

16. At six P. M. no one has been near me. Have kept my room all day, having a slight headache. I have given up all hope of a letter from New-York before Wednesday next. If by that day nothing, nor any change, shall sell Harry's watch for what it will fetch, and then—and then—well, &c.

Eleven P. M. Just as I had written this, young P. came in and sat with me the whole evening till ten. He is a sensible, well-informed, and well-behaved young man, and in person very handsome. He showed me a letter addressed to *him* by Mason, saying that the state of prejudice was such that he must decline to see me *alone*, but wished very much to "befriend" me, &c., &c. Truly there seems to be as little independence of spirit or conduct here as in France. P. brought for my amusement an oration which he delivered before, at the request of, a charitable institution in this city. Also, "Alexis the Czarowitz, a tragedy, written by Alexis Eustaphie, Russian Consul in Boston," a Russian by birth, and who spoke not a word of English till about seven years ago. It is in English blank verse; with some newspapers and other things.

17. Have kept my room all day, pretending indisposition. There are so many comers and goers in this house, that I never go into the common room without apprehension. P. came in just after breakfast, and sat two hours. Soon after came in the soldat, but so dressed and smoothed up that he looked ten years younger. He apologized for not calling sooner, having had company every day, which is probably true, for they say he is very hospitable. He had called often at Major J.'s, but no letters. He had also called at the post-office; no letters there for the major. So the hope of any is now gone. Certainly my letter of the fourth has never reached S. S.; but what may have become of it leaves a large field for conjecture. The second letter to S. S. I put into the postoffice myself, as I ought to have done with the first, but answer cannot be had to it till Thursday; not Wednesday, as I supposed. Have read the tragedy of

"Alexis" with great pleasure, and never should have suspected that it was written by a foreigner. P.'s oration does him credit. Have this evening written another letter to Mr. Mason, offering to sell him my books ; must think how to send it.

18. Indisposed as yesterday, and have not been out of my room. The good lady brings me my meals. P. has not been here. Shall charge him with my letter to Mr. Mason. S., my co-passenger, called to borrow ten dollars, which I lent, and have just three left, having paid the goldsmith five, and owe him, I fear, five more for work. To-morrow, alas ! is pay-day to Mrs. G., and my bill, including washing, will be about eleven dollars. So you see I am again on the sans sous establishment. You will think this loan to S. a great folly, and so it is ; but, when I tell you all, you may think it venial. Poor Harry's repeater must go to-morrow, and, I fear, for thirty-five dollars, though it cost near fifty ; then I shall be wholly rid of all plague of watches.

The old soldier, when here yesterday, proposed to take me in his carriage to Cambridge, and introduce me to the president of the college, his particular friend. "You may," says the old soldier, "rely on his honour and discretion." Verily, I think to accept the offer ; but it surprised me not a little. Such an overture from V. S. !

19. I received a letter ; yes, a letter from S. S., containing a pretty full answer to my queries, with assurance that I have very many and warm friends and no enemies. The letter is stamped with that enthusiasm which marks his character. As regards business, however, things are not propitious. The two creditors who have judgments against me are inexorable. Nothing will satisfy them but money or approved security, neither of which are in my power. The alternative is to be taken on execution and go to the limits. To this I should have no great repugnance in point of pride or feeling, but there are two objections pretty cogent ; first and principally, *you*. I fear

your little heart would sink to hear that Gamp. was on the limits. To be sure, if you could come there and see how gay he was, be supported by the light of his countenance, and catch inspiration from his lips, you would forget that he was not in paradise. The second is, that I have a project of entering into the holy state of matrimony. The charming object is already designated, and love, almighty love ! The fair object is a worthy lady some few years *older* than myself, with fortune enough, and, I think, good-nature enough to make that appropriation of it. Now this fine sentimental project would be utterly defeated by the limits-establishment. I shall write this evening, and make farther propositions.

The old soldier called this morning and brought me that letter. In the evening called young P., and I charged him with my letter to Mason ; on the success of which I do not, however, much rely.

20. Have not gone out ; take all my meals in my room ; eat no meat, and very little of anything, being, as you know, greatly indisposed ; but, to tell you the truth, I am hungry as a wolf, and could now eat a pound of beefsteak. We have a new lodger, Mr. Horton, merchant, of Newburyport, who has been a good deal about the world. I had not seen him for good reasons ; but last evening the landlady pressed me so much to go down and smoke a segar with him, that I could not get off. Went down with some apprehension, but all is well.

Young P. called this evening, and copied and addressed my letter to S. S., which is not in my own name. P. had not yet seen Mason, who lives a little out of town, and may not come in, perhaps, during the continuance of this N.E. storm, and I may be starved or turned out of doors before it is over. Gave Mrs. G. my three dollars, to prevent her from rendering her account due yesterday. Have left one five-cent piece. Hope Smith will pay me to-day ; but even then I shall be three dollars minus, for the goldsmith's bill is six dollars. Have sent out Harry's watch, but can get no

offer above thirty-three dollars, though it cost me near fifty, and is here worth one hundred.

Stole out this evening, and put my letter to S. S. in the postoffice.

21. Still a storm at N.E. Young P. has not been here yet (five P. M.), but will certainly call; but the weather permits no hope that he has seen Mason. Smith called and paid the ten dollars. The watch not disposed of. Have dined below to-day, concluding that the weather would keep off visitors.

Have ruminated beaucoup on that limit arrangement. It has even its advantages. I should be then more at ease; should have nothing to apprehend; could pay my debts in the order I pleased; could live better; be exempt from the trouble of paying visits. On the other hand, there are the weighty objections before stated. I am sure your pride would suffer to have Gamp. in jail for debt, for it would be called being in jail. You have already suffered too much on my account, and I come now to sacrifice myself for you in any way and every way; that of marriage is one, and no hope of that while a prisoner; and as to the payment of my debts, if I am confined to the mere practice of the law, debarred from all those speculations in which I might engage if at large, it will be the work of many years, and in all that time I could do you little or no good.

Eleven P. M. P. has not been here. No letters or intelligence. The storm continues, which has undoubtedly kept Mason from coming to town.

22. P. called this morning. He had seen a son of Mason and had given him the letter. I may or may not hear tomorrow. Paid my goldsmith six dollars. Sold Mad. G. a pair of pantaloons for her son, three dollars and thirty-three cents; so that my remaining four will about pay her to Tuesday last.

Find there are here several small vessels up for New-York. Think to take my chance in one of them; but will

wait till Sunday next for an answer to my last two letters to S. S. A clear day. Many visiters, but have avoided them all, though I breakfasted and dined with the family. Kept awake all last night by strong tea. Have not slept a wink. Refused tea this evening, and have supped on milk-porridge. Went twice to-day to my goldsmith's, being only the adjoining yard; but it has the appearance of going abroad, and so will banish suspicion. To-morrow il faut faire le malade.

22. My milk-porridge brought on a headache, which, without any affectation, kept me abed till three this afternoon. Have taken a bowl of tea this evening, but not eaten a mouthful. Mr. P. has not been here, though he promised. Without promise or without asking, he ought to have called. I infer that he has no answer from Mason. Got Smith to try to sell the watch yesterday. He brought it back this morning, having had no offer of more than eighteen dollars. I begin to fear that I shall not now get thirty for it.

It is now the tenth day since my second letter to S. S., but no answer. No doubt there is foul play.

The legislature of this state meet on Wednesday next. It consists of eight hundred members, and I think a few more. This mob will so fill the town with persons from all quarters, that I must leave it before that day. But where to go, or how (*sans sous*), is not so easy to resolve or to execute.

24. My headache has passed off; but I have taken my breakfast in my room, and declined taking any dinner, *mais pour te dire le vrai, j'ai du faim comme un ours*.

Mr. P. called this forenoon. He had received a letter from Mason, begging that he (P.) would inform "the gentleman" that he (Mason) had withdrawn from commerce, and that it was not convenient to him "to make advances." Now, then, poor Harry's watch is my only resource. Have written to *le veuve soldat* to call on me, and shall try to get him to buy or sell it.

There has already come in one member of assembly to lodge here, and *eleven* more are expected to-morrow and

next day. I must therefore be out to-morrow, and, if money cannot be had to pay, must leave my effects in pledge.

There are two little (very small) sloops going to New-York on Wednesday next. Not one for Charleston. Think to take passage in one of those sloops. Price twenty dollars, and found. But it is embarrassing to go thither before receiving farther information. There seems, however, to be no alternative. Were there a vessel for South Carolina, I should, under all circumstances, prefer it. But go I must somewhere. When I have mangé'd the watch, I am here fixed. The preceding page was just finished, when it was announced that a stranger inquired for Mr. Arnot. He was shown up, and proved to be the clerk of the old soldier, with a packet of letters for me. Among them, one from you was kissed and hailed with joy. Nor was I disappointed on reading it. The dignity and firmness which I had hoped to find, but which, in your weak state, I had scarcely dared to expect, are displayed throughout. What will please you to hear is, that it is in answer to things written you in this journal during the last week. Most particularly I had asked, with great solicitude, whether you could endure to hear that I was within the limits. You could not only bear, but you advise it. This terminates my indecision. On Wednesday I embark in one of those little sloops for New-York, and shall there take my stand, constantly consoled and supported by your affection and your counsel. The letter is dated 10th May, 1811. How many events may have happened to you within that long year. Your good health may have again yielded to that destructive climate. But I will not anticipate evil.

The same packet contains a short letter from S. S., urging me to come on immediately. Now for financing. That forlorn watch and some neckcloths are all that I can find which are saleable, and they will barely suffice.

25. "I can't get out." Mrs. G. asked me this morning for five dollars, which having not, nor any part of it, sent

to the goldsmith for change of the ten dollar bill I had given him to take out his six; but he had supposed that I, meaning to pay magnifiquement, had given him the whole ten; and it was not till after a very unpleasant scene that I could get back three, which appeased Mrs. G. for the day. It is not possible to leave the house till she is paid. Nothing has been done to-day on this head. Le V. Soldat, to whom I wrote yesterday, and whom it was intended to employ to sell the watch, has not called.

The two sloops which are *up* for New-York have neither of them the third part of a cargo yet engaged, and will not go till they have full freight, which may not be these eight or ten days.

Three more lodgers, members of assembly, have come to-day, and now the good lady says she expects fifteen in all. The whole will probably be in to-morrow, as the legislature convenes next day.

P. has not called to-day. It is presumed that he is canvassing for his election, which comes on the day after to-morrow. I have written another note to the old soldier, to be sent early in the morning.

26. For several days past I have slept only from four in the morning till nine, and cannot get rid of the habit; nor is it material, for, being very ill, as you know, it is quite in order that I should lie late in the morning. Le V. Soldat came to-day at eleven, and very cheerfully went out to try the watch. Though the watchmakers told him that it would be cheap at forty dollars, yet no one offered more than twenty-five. He himself then offered to lend me twenty-five dollars upon it, repayable in three months. But this would not get me off. Le V. Soldat then renewed his invitation to go with him to see Dr. Kirkland. "The doctor (says he) knows—who you are—but I have—only told him and—my wife—and my sister—but—it's all very safe—there's no fear at all—of their mentioning it." I thanked the V. S. for his *great discretion*, and also agreed to go with him to visit the doctor

this afternoon. You should imagine to yourself a very fat man, drawing breath at every three words. Such is the old soldier, which it would have been more *en règle* to have told you before. Hence you see that my secret is in the keeping of eight persons known, probably of eighty more not known; and it will be almost miraculous if it should not appear in some gazette within three days. Madame G. came in to inquire of my health, and told me incidentally that there had been in the house these two days past, as lodgers, Parson Cooper, and a lawyer whose name she did not know, both from New-York. To the priest I am well known, but think he has not yet seen me here. The sloops bound to New-York (it is now said) will positively sail on Friday, having, as is alleged, their cargoes engaged.

Eleven P. M. Le V. S. came at four this afternoon in his carriage, with his wife, and a Miss Gowin, a stranger on a visit to his family, and we rode out to Cambridge to see Dr. Kirkland. It happened that the doctor was in town, so we stayed an hour walking over the house. The housekeeper offered us refreshments, of which I partook. Seeing, on coming in, two comely young women, I asked the old soldier how many there were in the house. "Why, in *or'nary*—the doctor keeps—only two girls—but then—he takes others—*occasionally*." I thought this very extravagant for a New-England priest, and the ladies seemed to think so too, but the old soldier thought nothing about it. Dr. K. is a bachelor, said to be a very handsome man of about forty. His house is spacious, convenient, comfortably and well furnished, and extremely neat. He has certainly shown taste and judgment in the choice of his female attendants. We passed an hour at the doctor's, then rode a mile or two farther on, and returned to town by way of the bridge. I alighted with the V. S. family at his house, not choosing, by going home, to hazard a rencounter with the New-York parson and lawyer in broad daylight. Stayed at V. S.'s till half past eight. Besides the two ladies who rode, there were

two others. Home at nine. No letters or news to-day. The New-York priest and lawyer went off this evening. I must be very sick to-morrow and next day, but have not yet determined what disorder I will have. For the three days past it has been a dysentery (very strange selection). The headache did very well for two or three days preceding, and I think to come back to it to-morrow. Le V. S. has promised to call on me to-morrow morning to concert about ways and means. It seems that the good Mrs. G. is in debt to him, a debt which he thinks desperate, and he has proposed to assume my bill, and thus shift the debt from her to me; but his mind does not seem quite settled whether this may not be making bad worse.

27. This is a great holyday—election day—that is, the day on which the election of governor is declared. Poor Gerry is out and Strong comes in. The governor is escorted into town with military attendance and great pomp. But what I can't understand, and which no one I converse with can explain, is, that it is the old governor, Gerry, who has to-day this honour. I have not been out of my room, being, as was yesterday resolved, very ill of a headache. Ate no dinner. A man must be very ill, you know, who does not eat. But, *entre nous*, I secured last night about a pound of bread, which I have devoured, and my drink is toast and water. I shall soon be pure as an angel.

Le V. S. has not been here, though I told him how pressing the case was. But he has no idea that anything in this world can be in a hurry. He never was in a hurry in all his life. P. has not called either yesterday or to-day. He is appointed clerk to the House of Assembly; very important to him. We have, as yet, only eight lodgers. The sloops are locked up all day, and all hands gone to see the show. So nothing new of them; neither is there of any of the other essentials.

28. At eleven le V. Soldat came in, but not in a hurry. Dr. Kirkland was at his house, and V. S. had told him of my

books and of the state of my finances. One ought never to quarrel with good intentions. The doctor said he would take Bayle and Moreri for the college. They were immediately sent to V. S.'s house. At one I went out to hunt a passage. Found the sloop *Rose*, apparently ready, and the captain declaring he would go to-morrow. It was just the hour when all the world was in the street and gaping. At six P. M. received a note from V. S., requesting me to call at half past eight at his house, to meet the doctor, who wished greatly to see me. Went accordingly, and sat an hour tête-à-tête with the doctor. He has much the appearance of kindness and good sense. As much frankness as is consistent (compatible it should be) with his profession and his scene of action. Less warmth than I expected. He paid me forty dollars, and left it at my election to take back the books and repay the money when I should please. Home at half past ten, and took my usual supper. Soupān.

29. Have embarked all my effects. It has cost me four trips through State-street, and the whole length of the long wharf in open day, amid thousands of idlers. The captain says he will go down with the ebb at twelve this night. Adieu, Boston. Pollard has not called since, I believe, Sunday last. Le V. S. called about noon, and begged me to take tea with him en famille. Called at eight, and passed half an hour with him and ux. Very kind and civil, and very earnestly begged me to write to them from New-York. It is now eleven. Am just going to eat my soupān, close my writing-case, and be off. The *sloop Rose* is a *lëëtte teeny* thing of about thirty or forty tons. Three female passengers occupy the after cabin. But of this when aboard. The soupān is growing cold. Bon soir.

On board the *sloop Rose*, Capt. Dimon, off *Boston Harbor*, May 30, 1812. At twelve last night I came on board, but the tide would not serve till one. I agreed to keep watch till that hour, and then wake the captain. The *sloop* lay at the end of the long wharf, and I passed the hour walk-

ing on the wharf or sitting on the timber, ruminating on *things to come*, and talking with you and Gam'lo. It was a beautiful, clear, mild moonlight night. A light breeze at N., just what we wanted, sprang up. At one we made sail. At two I turned in and slept till seven, and now, *midi.*, we are about fifteen miles east of Boston lighthouse, with a gentle breeze at south, which enables us to lay our course. A smooth sea and clear sky. When I rose this morning there was fog, and to the west a bright colourless arc en ciel, but very distinct, and even strongly marked. The sailors call this a fog-calm.

The passengers are, first, the captain's wife; a handsome, very handsome woman. A Mrs. Hall, wife of a physician, and her daughter, about thirteen years of age; all of Fairfield, the birthplace of my father, and I doubt not that the captain and his wife are both my cousins. Previous to and at the commencement of the war, I resided some time in Fairfield with a cousin of my father, and of my name. I think I then saw this Mrs. Hall.

Eleven P. M. The day has been mild and clear; a light breeze from S.E., rather ahead. We have had the coast on our right within about ten miles all day. At seven this evening were off Cape Cod lighthouse. Then came on a fog, which is the curse and torment of this coast. It continues so thick that a lighthouse at one hundred yards would not be discernible. The wind light at S.E.

Our captain, who is about twenty-five years of age, is the son of my most intimate friend. But whether the father is dead or living, I have not dared to ask. Mrs. H. is the sister of a priest named Elliot, a man of sound sense, and much esteemed. He came to establish himself at Fairfield, with his two sisters, while I was there. We were much attached. Mrs. H. is the youngest of these two sisters. She would be greatly astonished were I to recount to her all the little anecdotes I know of herself and her family. But I shall refrain from it. For Mr. D., I have not yet heard his

family name. Fortunately, no person on board is acquainted with the name I went by in Boston. I shall give myself another. I now baptize myself, and introduce you to Mr. De Gamelli. You shall know to-morrow or next day all the reasons of my establishment on board the *Rose*. The captain's lady bears a strong resemblance to my sister.

*On board the Rose, off Mill River, Fairfield, June 4, 1812.* We cast anchor at this place yesterday at eleven P. M. It was on this morning that I had the happiness to learn the name of my sister. The tattler, in relating some little anecdote (she is always talking when she is not sick, and then she asks questions), said that her father's name was Sherwood. He is a poet of some talent, and married a niece of my father. The captain's wife is the youngest child by that marriage. Was I not in the right? Formerly I was often at my father's house. He loved me much, and I have no doubt that his nephew is named after Gamp. Hereafter we shall call her cousin. On leaving the vessel, she invited me to come and pass the time at her house until we should sail. I have promised to call on her before my departure.

To stop on the way with a fair wind will not answer; but, in stopping, the captain promised to land the ladies at four o'clock A. M. We all slept until the sun was two hours high. Breakfasted, and at eight the captain went with the ladies and their baggage. We are at anchor about three quarters of a mile from the shore. Then I learned, no, it was at the return of the boat from shore that I learned that great part of our cargo, including the whole of the timber, with which our decks are full, was to be landed here. The wind is still at north, a brisk gale, and, so long as it blows from that quarter, we cannot commence the landing of our timber. We must therefore wait for a head wind before we can unload, and then wait for a fair wind before we can go.

The captain is owner of the vessel; is a kind of merchant, and has a pretty enough house, to be seen from the

vessel. I would say, on the shore, directly off against where we are now anchored. The village of Fairfield is two and a half miles from this landing-place; all this vicinity, particularly along the shore, now in view. I have been urged to accompany my cousin, Thaddeus Burr, on a fishing and shooting excursion. I have a mind to go to-morrow morning to renew my former acquaintance with all the inanimate objects; but, then, the hazard of recognition; that is the rub.

P. M. The boat has made a second voyage to the landing and just returned. My pretty cousin has sent me a large loaf of bread, a bottle of milk, and two bottles of cider. Being alone in the cabin, I have enjoyed tranquillity. No trouble since the departure of the captain and the ladies. Now, therefore, let me perform the promise made some days ago, to describe to you my position aboard.

I never make a move on the most trifling voyage without being duped and plundered; and, when it is past, I console myself with the experience I have gained, and the full assurance that it is the very last time; and this has gone on in pretty much the same way near forty years. And now, at this day, with all that vast store of experience, I verily believe that Gamp. would get on *avec moins d'embarras*.

I sent out Edward, eldest son of my hostess in Boston, to hunt me a passage, and bid him choose a young man, and one that did not reside in New-York, for a captain. As to the vessel, I was not difficult to please. The reason for selecting this description of maître was to escape recognition. He reported to me this captain, and I first saw him, as you have been told already, on Thursday evening. Came into the cabin and chose my berth, but first inquired whether any other passengers, letting him know (very silly) that this would form an objection. "None for certain. Two ladies talked of going." Learning, however, that these dames were not of New-York, there was no obstacle. Left on board two or three light articles, which the boy and I had

brought in our hands. Next day, at noon, he was actually hauling down to the end of the wharf. This was so good an evidence of his determination to sail forthwith, that I went up, got a cart, and brought down all my lumber save the writing-case. When it was all fairly on board and under hatches, mons. le maître informed me that there were three dames; that is to say, his wife and two other ladies, and he feared they would require the whole after cabin, which has only two berths. I remonstrated, and he promised to endeavour to arrange it with the ladies so that I could have one; and, if not, he would make the other very comfortable for me.

On coming on board at twelve (midnight), the three dames were aboard and in possession of the after cabin. My mattress was spread in one of the *four* berths in the outer cabin, which is just six feet fore and aft, and the breadth of the sloop, but from this space must be deducted the staircase; the cupboard or pantry containing our table-furniture, cold victuals, and also our beef and pork barrels, and all the provisions laid in for the voyage; also, a large Franklin stove, two large seamen's chests, and various smaller boxes, &c.

When I approached this den, I was smitten with an effluvia so nauseous that I feared to suffocate merely by going in to look. I ventured down, and here were stowed seven other passengers, viz., the old pilot and another to be landed at Martha's Vineyard; one for New-York, who worked his passage; and four young Irish emigrants, who were received as steerage passengers, and found and cooked their own provisions. The mate also slept here—voilà *nine*. I saw the impossibility of my existing here. But there was no receding. My baggage could not, at that hour, be got out. To complain was useless, to separate from my baggage impracticable, as all the trunks save one were unlocked. Le maître saw my disgust and disappointment, and, to encourage me, said he would, on the next day, make berths in the hold for the seven steerage passengers, so that there would be left only le second and moi.

After my hour's walk, and when the sloop had cast off, I entered my den and climbed into my berth; but found it so impossible to breathe, that in one minute I crawled out, and went on deck to get breath, and to search for some place on deck; but she was so filled with the timber that there was not a vacant spare foot. The longboat was bottom upward, and lashed down so that I could not get under. I was weary, having ran about and worked all day, and it was now past one. Resolved to make another trial of the den. Crawled in again, and presently concluded that I should not live one hour in that air. Just as I had resolved to go and sit all night on the timber, I got asleep, and slept like an infant, without stirring, about six hours. Got up refreshed and with a good appetite for my breakfast. No other berth has been made for the steerage passengers, and we have lived in the same way (abating two left at Martha's Vineyard) till the departure des dames ce matin, and now I am sole occupant of the after cabin, and think I shall retain at least one half of it, how many soever may come in.

These tricks of our master will not give you a very correct idea of him. Add to this, the delays at Martha's Vineyard, &c., were carefully concealed, as I have before stated to you. Nevertheless, he appears possessed of no kind or tender feelings—he is not capable of them; but a kind of forbearance or negative indulgence, of a common cast, for his wife.

Our cousin is in every respect a peasant; and in her conversation Yankeeish, but with so much goodness, and sweetness, and good sense, that she would everywhere be distinguée. She was well-dressed this morning preparatory to disembarking. Always very neat.

And now, as this is probably the last leisure we may have before being quietly lodged sur les limites, let us say one word more on that subject before it be too late.

In two points you seem to be under misapprehension. 1st, as to my project of going to Charleston. It was with no

view of concealment or disguise, as you seem to suppose, and why I know not; but with the determination immediately to announce myself and engage in the practice of the law. Another project for making money could be attempted only there. 2d, as to the limits establishment in New-York, you seem to consider it as temporary. It might be, probably would be, during life. *Est ce que tu voudrais ça.* I doubt whether you would. I go, however, suivant vos ordres, with the intent to encounter this; but reserve my final determination till I shall be on the spot, and have all the facts before me. What I may then decide will, I have little doubt, receive your approbation. I wish to be a few days in New-York *incognito*.

31. This morning, when the fog broke away, we were in sight of Cape Cod lighthouse, bearing N.W. We have continued under weigh, with a very light breeze from the south, till eight this evening, when the excessive thickness of the fog obliged us to cast anchor in five fathoms water. Our soundings to-day have varied from seven to three fathoms. The shore in view, when clear, and about three or four leagues off. Pass within half a mile of the great round shoal, where breakers.

All persons who are here spoken of are known to me. I frequently hear the name of my family and of my relatives alluded to, but not yet my own.

June 1, 1812. We made sail at four this morning, with a very light breeze at W.; passed to the E., and within two leagues of the Isle of Nantucket. At ten A. M., tide coming ahead and a dead calm, we cast anchor in two fathoms water; yes, two fathoms. The ignorance of our pilot has placed us on this shoal; but, during a calm, there is no danger. There are always from twenty to thirty small vessels in sight. We can just see the island of Martha's Vineyard, distant about fifteen miles. It is proposed to stop at this island to land our passenger; and also at —, to put on shore our three ladies. These circumstances, which will

cause a delay of forty-eight hours, perhaps more, were concealed from me. But this matters but little. I wish no intercourse with them, for fear of betraying myself; yet I burn with impatience for news of the many male and female friends of my youth.

This foolish little hussy of thirteen, whom Frederic calls "sprung up," amuses herself one half of her time in gazing at me in the most impudent manner. She has just got into her berth, and is looking at me with "all her eyes;" she is perfectly annoying; takes the first place, gives the tone to conversation, and decides all questions spitefully.

At ten P. M. we cast anchor in Holmes's Hole, Martha's Vineyard, and here we shall wait for a wind.

I am more and more struck with the resemblance of Madame la Captaine to my sister. The same large mouth, replete with goodness, sweetness, and firmness; the same large, aquiline nose, contour of face, and the two dimples; and, when disturbed, knits the brow and forehead in the same singular manner; the form of the eye the same; very long; the colour not quite so dark. There is only wanting the broad forehead of *ma soeur* to be perfect.

2. We made sail at six this morning, with a very light breeze at east. The distance between the Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands does not appear to me more than five or six miles, though stated at much greater. Passed Gray Point or Gray Bluff, being the west end of the Vineyard, about noon. Both these islands seem little cultivated. Very destitute of timber; indeed, are said to be rather barren. The day is very mild; a gentle breeze at east takes us on about four miles per hour.

This morning we have, as usual, been annoyed by fogs; so thick that land could not be seen a quarter of a mile, which renders the navigation among these shoals and islands very dangerous. By great good luck we had, about five this P. M., a sight of the west end of Block Island, which

served us for a new departure. Towards sunset, thunder and lightning, succeeded by a calm, which still continues.

The captain's wife has also the same commanding figure of my sister. Many of her attitudes and movements, of which, you know, every human being has something peculiar. I look at her for hours together with an inexpressible interest, particularly while sleeping; but I speak not, for fear of betraying myself. She must be a relative; but, thus far, I have not learned her family name. I dare not question any one, from apprehension of being questioned in return.

3. The fog cleared off towards daylight, and we made sail with the wind at N. At seven, in the Horse Race, between Fisher's Island and Gull Island, the tide came ahead, and we buffeted with great perseverance till one without gaining a foot. Then came the tide, and we are now, six P. M., off New-Haven. We have tossed a great deal, and had spray constantly dashing over the deck, so that one cannot put his head out without a wetting. My —— is extremely timid, and torments everybody with silly questions. As for my sister, she fears nothing; is not sick (although the last has been so); always calm. Have not yet learned her family name. That she is a relative there can be no doubt. Here is the proof. She had a boy's hat. Mrs. H. asked for whom it was. She replied, "For Burr." I asked her if he was a brother. "No," said she, "my nephew." But the mystery of her family name is not yet solved. Certainly the name of Burr is a baptismal, not a family one. For example, Gampillo. We part to-morrow. If there is no other means, I am resolved frankly to ask it at the moment of her departure.

*June 5, 1812. On board Rose, off Mill River.* The wind fell last evening, and the night was calm and perfectly clear. Such a sky as I never saw in England or France. I passed some hours on deck admiring the brilliancy of the stars, following their majestic march through infinite space, and

tracing the hand of Omnipotence. Presumptuous aim ! Yet there is a charm in such contemplations of which you know all the luxury. It is you only whose society I could endure on such occasions. Yes, my dear little Gam'lo, to introduce to his opening mind the wonders of nature and the soul.

The captain came on board at sunrise, and in half an hour we got rid of our timber. The wind was now at W., a light breeze, and directly ahead ; but, as the tide was favourable, I supposed we should make sail. No such thing. The captain would go on shore, and invited me to go and take breakfast with him, which I did. Gave ma cousine, by way of souvenir, a little ivory nutmeg-grater ; a pretty little thing, in form of a vase. She received it with more coldness than you would have received an apple from a servant. This "giving" is a very unprofitable business, and I have twenty times determined to quit it, yet am perpetually "seduced into the perpetration of it." At leaving Boston I gave Tom my silver pencil, which I have wanted a dozen times since. Notre cousine has a neat, pretty house, with a nice garden and patch of grass. The house extremely well furnished. After breakfast the captain rode out on horseback, and I strolled three or four hours round some miles in the neighbourhood. Every object was as familiar to me as those about Richmond Hill, and the review brought up many pleasant and whimsical associations. At several doors I saw the very lips I had kissed and the very eyes which had ogled me in the persons of their grandmothers about six-and-thirty years ago. I did not venture into any of their houses, lest some of the grandmothers might recollect me. The instance of Mrs. P., at Boston, will make me cautious of old ladies whom I knew when they were younger.

The captain returned about eleven, and appeared exceedingly impatient to go on board ; but the mate, who went yesterday to see his family a few miles off, had not come. While I was sitting in the house with the family reading newspapers, a stranger came in, and some one immediately exclaim-

ed, "Ah! Burr, how goes it?" I looked up with doubtful glance, but the address was not to me. The person who came in was Wakeman Burr Dimon, a brother of the captain, and commonly called Burr.

The mate arrived before noon, and the captain became less impatient to go. He thought we had better dine, and we dined. Then he resolved and unresolved at least half a dozen times. Finally he would go immediately, and ordered the men into the boat; he began again to doubt; he went up to the house, and left me in the boat near half an hour. At length he came down, and actually got on board, with his brother, who is to go with us to New-York. When we got to the mouth of the creek, about a quarter of a mile, he got out, and determined that it was not worth while to make sail with a head wind, "*jamming about and about.*" He invited me to go back with him, which I declined. I came on board, he and his brother remained. About eight this evening he and his brother came on board; and now, at midnight, we are still at anchor in the same place. Our Irishmen are quite in a state of mutiny at the delay, as they find their own provisions and are losing their time. Their impatience and very odd manner of expressing it diverts me a good deal.

6. Our master and frère came on board at eight last evening. The tide being then ahead and no wind, were obliged to wait for the flood. At one this morning weighed anchor and floated about sixteen miles. Cast anchor under the Long Island shore and caught clams, of which made an excellent dish. At two weighed anchor and floated on, and now, at eleven P. M., we are about keeping our own, with the aid of now and then an air scarcely perceivable. This sort of progress has defeated all my plans, which were to have got past Frog's Point, where the tides meet, in season to have there taken the evening ebb, and thus get to town in the night; for to land at noonday at the Coenties Slip, I might as well announce my approach beforehand by a herald. The day has been very warm and perfectly calm.

7. We cast anchor at two this morning, having made about eight miles the last tide. At five got under weigh. Still perfectly calm, which suits me very well; for, if there should spring up a breeze, we should arrive about four or five in the P. M., but, by mere floating, we cannot get to town before evening. We are now off Frog's Point, and here take the first of the ebb. After passing Hell Gate, I think to get out under some pretence or other, and, if still daylight, lay down under some tree till dark. This requires some previous arrangement, to set about which I quit you. To-morrow you shall know how I get through this dilemma.

8. Patience, my dear children, and you shall hear all. But allow me to go on *pas à pas*. We were, I think, on the last sheet at Frog's Point about noon. The ebb carried us to Riker's Island, one mile from Hell Gate, and here, being met by the flood, we cast anchor to wait for the ebb, which would make at half past seven. In the mean time came up a breeze from S.E. Nothing could have more perfectly accorded with my wishes, as we must now necessarily arrive in New-York about ten in the evening. However, as the hour approached, the captain began to doubt whether it would not be too dark to go through Hell Gate, and thought it would be more prudent to wait till morning. I combated this childish apprehension, but without effect. Fortunately, just after the ebb made, there passed a sloop whose master was an acquaintance, and he, declaring that it was a good time, and actually standing on, encouraged our captain, and he weighed anchor and stood on also. When we got to the bluff point, where is a wharf and a tavern, just at the commencement of Hell Gate, one out of seven sloops then passing stopped at that wharf; the other six went through in our sight; yet, as one had stopped, and the daylight was nearly gone, though a clear, brilliant starlight, our captain thought there must be danger, and, in spite of all remonstrances, he came to at the same wharf. Had I suspected this, I could easily have got on board one of the other sloops; but they

were now all out of sight. To add to my chagrin, there came to the wharf from the house an old man, who asked if any of us would walk up. The voice was very familiar to me, and I desired the mate, who was near me, to ask who kept that tavern. "Billy Mariner," says the same voice; a fellow who had known me familiarly since I was eight years old. At this moment there hove in sight a very small sailboat, standing down. The sloop's barge being alongside, I engaged two of the men, for a dollar, to put me on board that sailboat, which was done, and thus I found myself again with the prospect of arriving at the hour I wished. The sailboat proved to be a pleasure-boat belonging to two young farmers of Long Island. They were not bound to New-York, but to the Narrows, but very kindly agreed to put me on shore in the city. When we got opposite the city the wind wholly failed us; and the tide, now very rapid, set us over to the Long Island shore; and we, having no oars, were wholly at its mercy. It seemed inevitable that I must make a voyage to the Narrows, for they could not now get to the Long Island land so as to set me on shore. When we were nearly opposite the Battery I heard the noise of oars, and hailed; was answered; and I begged them to come alongside. It proved to be two vagabonds in a skiff, probably on some thieving voyage. They were very happy to set me on shore in the city for a dollar, and at half past eleven I was landed; and S. S. having given me his address, 66 Water-street, thither I went cheerfully, and rejoicing in my good fortune. I knocked and knocked, but no answer. I knocked still harder, supposing they were asleep, till one of the neighbours opened a window and told me that nobody lived there. I asked where lived Mr. S. Of that she knew nothing. I was now to seek a lodging. But very few houses were open. Tried at two or three taverns, all full; cruised along the wharf, but could find no place. It was now midnight, and nobody to be seen in the street. To walk about the whole night would be too fatiguing. To have sat and

slept on any stoop would have been thought no hardship ; but, then, the danger that the first watchman who might pass would take me up as a vagrant and carry me to the watch-house, was a *dénouement* not at all to my mind. I walked on, thinking that in the skirts of the town I might meet at that hour some charitable *personne*, who, for one or two dollars and *l'amour de Dieu*, would give me at least half a bed ; but seeing in an alley a light in the cellar of a small house, I called and asked for a lodging ; was answered yes ; shown into a small garret, where were five men already asleep ; a cott and sort of coverlid was given me. I threw open the window to have air, lay down, and slept profoundly till six. Being already dressed, I rose, paid for my lodging twelve cents, and sallied out to 66 Water-street, and there had the good luck to find Sam. alone. He led me immediately to the house of his brother Robert, and here I am, in possession of Sam.'s room in Stone-street, in the city of New-York, on this 8th day of June, anno dom. 1812. Just four years since we parted at this very place.

FROM JEREMY BENTHAM.

London, Q. S. P., January 19, 1811.

Your short note, dated 30th December, 1810, through M. J., has strongly excited my sensibilities. In point of information from yourself it leaves a sad void, but a void which, in your situation, could not, consistently with prudence, be filled up. You speak of two or three little notes, as written to me at so many anterior periods "from this place" (Paris). Not one of them have I received.

The last communication received from you was dated Gottenburg, October 14. It was preceded by one of October 2, 1809, speaking of a "trunk or box with books," &c., as about to come with it, but which, unfortunately, never came. I forget by what means came certain fragments of *journals*, which, coming from the quarter they did, had their

value; but they were little in comparison of the views of the interior of the microcosm, which could not be hazarded.

I embrace this opportunity to send you such letters from *Theodosia*, two in number, as came hither since your departure; one dated Oaks, April 20, 1809; another of two sheets, dated May 31, 1809. Being addressed to myself, I opened them. I also send, 1. One directed "Mr. Lewis de Seilly, care of Mr. George H. Edwards," marked (Pernelles) in the corner. 2. Another directed "M. L. Seilly, care of Hon. George Henry Edwards, London." 3. One directed "Hon. George Henry Edwards." All these unopened.

In what you say about Germany, you seem not to be aware that, in his code for Bavaria, *Psixon* has said much about Dumont's book; though, if there be anything good in it, he has profited from it very little. In a line with Montesquieu and Blackstone, *J. B.* is also mentioned as one of the authoritative codes that have lately been published at Paris. "*Protest against Lawgivers*," and "*Fragments on Government*," have not either of them been republished. Since your departure, various works have been put upon the anvil, but none are out yet. 1. Necessity of Parliamentary Reform. 2. Influence Analyzed. 3. Plan of Parliamentary Reform, with reasons for each article. 4. Catechism of Parliamentary Reform (in questions and answers), an abridgment of No. 3, ready for the press. 5. Political Fallacies; distinguished into, Part I., Fallacies of the Ins. II., Do. of the Outs. III., Either side Fallacies. In Part I., all the commonplace arguments against doing good are gibbeted. This last is the only one that contains much chance of exciting general interest. In America—English and Spanish—the others might, perhaps, in some points be thought applicable. *Evidence* may perhaps find a Dumont in a zealous disciple. An Edinburgh Reviewer, enlisted since you were here, and divers others (collaborators), are civil and serviceable. He keeps plying Jeffrey with articles

containing elogia on J. B., which Jeffrey either leaves out or bedevils, yet still grows civilier and civilier. J. B. has another disciple in Blanco White, who edits the Spanish Monthly Political Miscellany—*El Espagnol*. He tells me of an individual (priest) who had formed a little school in Spain to preach to, upon Dument's book for text: and from him, as well as the Hollands, I find it has made great sensation in Spain.

I send you, as a curiosity, a book called "*Elements of Packing*," that has been put into my hands. Romilly, without reserve, approves of the plan therein proposed; but says that, if it were published, both author and printer would be presented as libellers, and convicted.

A set of people, chiefly Quakers, keep palavering me in a quarterly publication called the "*Philanthropist*," which I send. The principal of them, William Allen, is a fine fellow; shopkeeping chymist, lecturer in chymistry and natural philosophy at the Royal Institution and Guy's Hospital, ardently benevolent, and increasingly rich. Besides other donations, he gave four thousand pounds the other day towards Lancaster's school plans, which are growing every day in popularity and utility. An account of the spoiled *Panopticon*, at Edinburgh, is translated from a paper written by Dumont for that purpose. Perhaps there may not be room for this.

B. White preaches to the Cortes my ideas, and the proposed law which I have been drawing up by desire for another quarter, about the liberty of the press. But they are such fools that many people, for their own good, wish *Bony* had them quietly, and I for one.

Thanks for your intended *Code Napoleon*; it is here haveable, or at least accessible.

Should you happen to come across any of the Rochefoucault family, especially the head of it, assure them of my respectful and affectionate remembrances.

If you see any of the De Lessert family (now a *ci-devant*

great *banquier*), greet them in my name. Worship for me Madame Gautier, who is one of them. Tell them the Romillys are all well and flourishing. Doubts whether Romilly is or is not to be chancellor.

If you come across Dr. *Swediaur*, an eminent German physician, who now or once lived in the Rue Jacob, tell him that the books he wrote for were packed up at the time by *Callow* (a bookseller), at whose house they lie, it is supposed, still ready for him; but the persons of whom it was expected they would take them, declined it. Swediaur will not be sorry to hear tidings of me, i. e., if alive, for he was a man about my age.

For my part, I am as well in general health as when you saw me last, and my eyes somewhat better.

To know that you were in any situation that would turn talents such as yours to the benefit of any considerable part of mankind would afford me the most heartfelt pleasure. In any other I should have said, on the opposite expectation, I cannot even profess to give you any good wishes. For the trade of *throat-cutting* I cannot see any openings. *Cabbage-planting* would be better, if, haply, any ground were to be got for it.

I wonder whether Theodosia perseveres in her intended translation. No such thing is yet going forward here. Two attempts have been progressed in considerably, but ultimately given up, and, because by inept hands, happily.

Do not be immoderately surprised if you should hear from or of me one of these days from some distant quarter of the globe. There exist climates preferable to that of Mexico. Jovellanos, through Lord Holland, gave me a civil put-off. A temperate climate is rendered matter of less necessity to me since my brother filled up my workshop upon the principle of a floreal conservatory. It has been much more than a conservatory to my comfort and recreation. What a delight it would be to me to meet you anywhere, supposing you there upon any such errand as I should call a good

one! I do believe that, of the regard you have all along professed for me, no inconsiderable part is true. But a man must have his eyes well about him when he has to deal with leaders of factions and professed men-catchers.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

FROM THEODOSIA.

Seashore (S. C.), July 12, 1812.

A few miserable days past, my dear father, and your late letters would have gladdened my soul; and even now I rejoice at their contents as much as it is possible for me to rejoice at anything; but there is no more joy for me; the world is a blank. I have lost my boy. My child is gone for ever. He expired on the 30th of June.

My head is not now sufficiently collected to say anything further. May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost.

THEODOSIA.

FROM THEODOSIA.

Seashore (S. C.), August 12, 1812.

Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or any one else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? Yet, since it is my lot to live, I will endeavour to fulfil my part, and exert myself to my utmost, though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy; no, none—none.

I wish to see you, and will leave this as soon as possible, though not so soon as you propose. I could not go alone by land, for our coachman is a great drunkard, and requires the presence of a master; and my husband is obliged to

wait for a military court of inquiry, which he demanded, and is ordered on him. It will sit on the 10th of August. How long it will be in session I know not. After that we shall set off, though I do not perceive how it is possible to speak with certainty, because Mr. Alston has the command of a brigade here. When we do go, he thinks of going by water, but is not determined. It will probably be late in August before we go. God bless you, my beloved father. Write to me sometimes. What do you wish done with your papers if I should go by land?

I have been reading your letter over again. I am not in sensible to your affection, nor quite unworthy of it, though I can offer nothing in return but the love of a broken, deadened heart, still desirous of promoting your happiness, if possible. God bless you. THEODOSIA.

FROM MRS. L\*\*\*\*\*.

Philadelphia, July 29, 1812.

In the month of March, 1809, setting one gloomy day before the fire, turning over the leaves of an English periodical work, in which was an account of the fabric of certain ornamental articles then in vogue, the idea of making artificial flowers suggested itself; and I observed to a gentleman who was in the room, that, if I knew how to die, I could make artificial flowers, the sale of which might greatly contribute to my support; for my literary efforts had been so unproductive of emolument, that I received only one hundred dollars for "*Laura*," though even my self-love, inordinate as it may be, was amply satisfied by the praises bestowed on that little work.

The gentleman replied that, from his knowledge of chymistry and the theory of colours, he could probably assist me. Everything requisite was immediately procured, and I moved to a house in the neighbourhood of Gray's Ferry, where I had lived the preceding autumn. Here the first experiments

were made, and they proved so satisfactory that it was thought justifiable to try them on a larger scale.

For this purpose a house was necessary, and the country for several miles round was explored without offering one that suited. At length, after seeking afar in vain, one was found much nearer. In the village of Hamilton, which stands on the hills that rise about a mile west of the Schuylkill, was a neat and elegant house imbosomed in trees; larger, indeed, than was absolutely necessary, but, from having been long untenanted, was cheap. It was accordingly engaged. With some articles of furniture that had been saved from various wrecks, and a capital of *twenty dollars*, I began my establishment.

Mr. ——— lodged at a tavern on the other side of the road, and passed some time with me every day, which was employed in acquiring the knowledge wanting to perfect my little plan.

Chaptal, Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Accum, all the great chymists lent their aid. Every repository of arts and sciences was ransacked. Every treatise on dying consulted. The house was filled with retorts, alembics, chafing-dishes, drugs, and diestuffs.

Owing to the interruption of commerce at that period, artificial flowers were very scarce, and the sale of the first I made, though of very inferior quality, was so encouraging, that I engaged two young girls as assistants. The summer passed on in continued experiments and unremitted industry. The little manufactory had in autumn made rapid progress towards perfection, and acquired some celebrity. But the returns bore so little proportion to the expenditure, that the establishment must have fallen into ruin had not foreign aid contributed to its support.

A gentleman, the only friend of ———, the only man who has stood the test of his late misfortunes, after having vainly tried every possible means of procuring him a place in which his talents might have been exerted to advantage, having

learned the details of the pursuit in which he was engaged, and thinking it worth continuing, lent him a thousand dollars. This removed the pressure of some old debts, and gave vigour to the manufactory. During the winter its success was so great, that in the spring there were eight young girls and two boys employed. Comforts accumulated, and all in the house was life and activity.

The tables were covered with brilliant imitations of the most beautiful productions of nature; the cheerful voices of the girls mingled with the sound of the little hammer on the leaden anvils, and taste and elegance seemed to have taken up their abode in our dwelling.

Three years have now elapsed, and one great object of industry has crowned my efforts, the attainment of perfection. At least, the flowers I make yield not, except in their infinite variety, to those imported from France. But, however agreeable this pursuit, the profits arising from it have been anticipated by its increasing magnitude; and without further assistance obtained from the hand before alluded to, and sums produced by the literary labours of —, it could not have held out. The vice that saps it is want of capital, and it is surprising how it has so long resisted.

For myself, I owe it three years of a novel existence; and a new celebrity which has, in some measure, consigned to oblivion that which marked the earlier part of my career. What I have gained on the score of happiness must be reserved for your private ear.

When the charter of the Bank of the United States\* was about to expire, and the question agitated the public mind, your friend, Dr. Bollman, employed his leisure in writing a pamphlet on that subject. It was received with great eclat, went through two or three editions, but produced him, I believe, very little profit.

His attention, I learn, was next directed to the Report of the Bullion Committee in London; and he addressed, on

\* This has reference to the first Bank of the United States.

that subject, a letter to Alexander Baring, which letter he showed to Mr. Walsh, editor of the *American Review*, who was so much pleased with it that he fairly escamoted it into his next number. It was received with great applause, of which Mr. Walsh took to himself rather more than was his due. The doctor sent it in manuscript to Baring, from whom he received a very flattering answer. But the members of the committee and the literary characters have offered encomiums to Mr. Walsh, who, intoxicated with the incense, kept it all to himself.

Last winter Dr. Bollman met with the very great misfortune of breaking his right arm between the elbow and the wrist; and it was so unskillfully set that it is still very doubtful whether it will ever again be strong. This terrible accident threatened a long suspension of his literary labours; but, after the first anguish a little subsided, he tried to write with his left hand, and succeeded perfectly. At this time the persons interested in the bank entertained hopes of obtaining a charter from the state legislature; and the president and directors addressed themselves to Dr. Bollman, who, with his left hand, wrote a pamphlet on the subject, for which he received a satisfactory compensation. The bank, however, did not obtain a charter; and Stephen Girard has since, as I suppose you have learned, bought the banking-house and turned banker; but he is, in the midst of his wealth, a miserable animal.

The whole body of bankrupts, amounting to seven hundred, next addressed themselves to Bollman, requesting him to second their efforts to procure a favourable bankrupt law. He wrote detached pieces in a popular style, which were printed in newspapers; but this was in the service of bankrupts, and produced him nothing.

Dr. Bollman wrote for the *American Review* "Thoughts on Finance;" a system regulating the circulating medium of the United States; and, "Thoughts on the Embargo." He has recently prepared for the same periodical a review of,

and extracts from, a French book, published lately in London by Sir Francis d'Ivernois, called "Napoleon, Administrateur et Financier."

The editor of the American Review derives from it about four thousand dollars a year, and yet will scarcely part with as many hundreds for contributions which certainly form the very essence of the publication. Moreover, having married the daughter and only child of Jasper Moylan, he has, by the death of that gentleman, stepped into a large estate. He is young; he is well acquainted with the embarrassments and misfortunes of Dr. Bollman; he profits by his talents; he knows his worth; yet, though very liberal in promises, he has very slightly indeed rewarded his pains. What do you think of his heart? As for his head, its contents reach not beyond mediocrity. What a pity that he should draw the profound from a better head at so cheap a rate.

This flower manufactory gives weight. Its worth is known. Loans have been procured on it. Credits of fifteen hundred dollars at one bank, of six hundred at another, have been had. But, as I before observed, all this is swallowed up before it is obtained. The tools and fixtures cost from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars, and the hands employed required much training ere they were sufficiently formed to be very useful.

If ever I get into smooth water, I shall laugh at the recollection of my discomfitures. At present they disturb my peace, and almost destroy my faculties.

I am sure, my dear friend, when you see me in the midst of my flock of girls, all rather pretty, from eight to eighteen years of age, you will be proud of me; proud of having discovered the germe of those talents that have borne me through so many vicissitudes. And I should wish no greater happiness, since you have returned, and the hope of seeing you may be indulged, than the continuance of this pursuit, which is more like an amusement than the drudgery of business, and has given me the means of rendering happy

so many young creatures, who, in return, repay me with their love.

As for your friend Dr. Bollman, I understand the extent of his wishes to be an employment by which he might gain fifteen hundred, or even a thousand dollars a year. An application was made to him to translate the remainder of Humboldt's *'Travels in New Spain'*, but I believe the applicants were too poor to be treated with. He offered to translate and condense that work into one volume, which, stripped of its abstruse parts, would be adapted to popular capacity. But, in these times of war, the people will either fight or groan, and, consequently, have no time for reading.

Reflect on these details for a moment, my dear friend, and think of the happiness I may still enjoy, if near you, in some of those oldfashioned houses in the neighbourhood of New-York. Old Stuyvesant's, where Mrs. Langworthy lived, or some such place. I could supply the city, and Albany, and Poughkeepsie with flowers. Large quantities have been sent from here to those places. You know in France they are an important article of commerce; and even in England I have been told that those who manufacture them acquire large fortunes. Think, also, my dear friend, of the pleasure you would derive from the talents, the conversation, the energy of —, and rescue him from the mortification with which poverty and its attendant, neglect, have imbittered his life.

When I consider the miscreants that your goodness has raised, your bounty fed, I think it impossible that the power, which I am sure you would so joyfully exert, should be withheld of raising to distinction one so deserving. Those delightful hours of soul-felt intercourse might then again return, when, unbending from the severe duties of society, I was the soft green of the soul on which you loved to repose; and if, by enjoying, I can impart happiness so exquisite, my heart, my disposition, my feelings, my affections are

still the same; glowing with the same warmth, animated with the same ardour.

Had I been the wife of a prince or a king, I should have flown to you as soon as your arrival was announced, bon-gré malgré the royal permission. But you will readily conceive how much I am the soul of this establishment. So much so am I, that though the city lays before me as if it was painted on a map, I am often several months without going to it, and am very seldom absent an hour. In August I shall give a short vacation, and will fly anywhere to meet you, though even for a moment.

You must expect, my dear friend, to see me somewhat changed. Not the *morale*—that is unalterable; but the *physique* has acquired a great accession of *em bon point*, which, owing to my height, distributes itself pretty well, so that the proportions are not lost, but the scale considerably enlarged. But this at the first interview you will not perceive, nor anything but a devoted creature irradiated with joy. Oh, I knew this hour would come. During your absence it was strongly impressed on my mind. In my dreams I have beheld you looking benignantly at me; and something whispered to my heart that at length the hour, with feeling fraught, would be given me; that again in your presence I should feel that unmixed delight which from you only I have received—the happiness attending the most pure, most ardent, most exalted friendship.

You receive now the prominent features of my situation. Many are the shades. The trifles which enliven or embellish it will form a *corps de reserve* for your amusement when we meet. In the mean time I commend myself to your thoughts; but, above all, I wish to fix your attention on the sufferings of

L.

FROM JEREMY BENTHAM.

London, Q. S. P., February 23, 1816.

I am still alive; I hope you are. I am in good health and spirits; I hope, by this time, so are you. I promised to write to you from hence. Not two days together has my promise been ever out of my mind. But when or how to fulfil it? Once I was setting about it, then came a report that you were dead. True or not true, but t'other day I heard that the report was at any rate groundless, so now I take my chance.

Some time ago, three or four American books came to me from you, with a letter. I took it kindly of you, this remembrance; but grievous was my disappointment at not finding Blodget among them. Ever since your departure I have been trying in vain to get it. Don't you trouble your self, however, about it now; for I have doubtless the means, viz., by a nephew of Cobbett, who, with a friend, is going to set up a printing-office at Philadelphia. Is it not principally for reprinting his weekly periodical work (*Political Register*) as it comes out?

Grievous was my vexation at not being able to do, but in so imperfect a manner, what you seemed so desirous of in relation to the return of some of your letters. Just at that time there was, in the room of your friend Ann, a very stupid female. At the same time that I missed those letters of yours I missed some papers of mine, the loss of which was very distressing to me. I do believe the creature took them to light fires with. She was soon after packed off, and Ann reinstated in her place, where she still continues.

The time is extremely short. I know not what I shall be able to send you of things of mine printed. You saw everything, small or imperfect, stopped by some incident or other, some coincidence or another, for I have always, unless it be for my own amusement, too many irons in the fire. I have at least got one spare copy of that thing which you

were so eager to have another copy of, in addition to the one you said you had lost. I do not know whether I will send it to you. I would if I was sure of your giving it publicity there. But how can I when I am not sure of your being alive? and perhaps, by this time, if alive, you may be not only grieving or wincing for the one thing needful, but indifferent to everything else. I looked to see your name at the head of some of the heroes assisting the Spanish Americans, and, not finding it, I concluded that — had put empire out of your head.

When you left me I was, as I apprehended, at the eve of a comparative ruin; singing *nos dulcia linquimus ava, nos patriam fugimus*, meaning Q. S. P., though after disappointments many and grievous, here I am, in a state of comparative prosperity, in loved Q. S. P., as whilom.

In Devonshire, Ford Abbey, not as boarder, but as house-keeper, and have furnished a house uniting antique with modern magnificence; garden picturesque and luxurious; servants, viz., for the gardens, for so small a person, numerous; neighbours cordial, though unvisited; Barrow Green a doghole to it. Tormentors at the Abbey half the year, Mr. and Mrs. Mill, with their five children; at Q. S. P., H. Koe and his wife, a very amiable person (reading everything I write or read), with a child upon the stocks.

Gallatin, when here, expressed a desire to see me. They told him he could not, as I saw nobody. Hearing of this, I called on him. He told me he considered me as his master in the art of legislation. I told him of my wish to codify for the United States or any of them. He told me how the land lay in that respect in the different states, and of a scheme he had had for that purpose, and taken steps towards the execution of it. Pennsylvania (where his own property is) he mentioned as being one of the likeliest. I asked him whether he had any objection to say in black and white, to persons capable of forwarding the matter, every part of what he had been saying *viva voce*. None whatever; thereupon

he sent me a letter, highly recommendatory, for me to send to Snyder (or some such name, no time for turning to papers), then governor. Asking him about books giving an account of United States finances. He knew of none published, but he happened to have a spare copy of some official one, never published. He had taken it to Russia, and would have left it there could he have found any men there capable of profiting by it, and he has found one. It was with his papers at Ghent, and from thence he would send it to me. Along with his letter I sent to Snyder a copy of every work of mine I could procure from any of my friends, most being either out of print or unpublished, together with a letter stating conversations between myself and Gallatin. The books went from some port in this island. Not being able to find any conveyance for the epistles, viz., J. Bentham to Snyder and Gallatin to J. Bentham, H. Koe, when I was at the Abbey, addressed it to Gallatin, with a letter, saying he could find no other more promising mode of conveyance. Of this letter, when he was afterward in London (I in London likewise), he acknowledged the receipt to Romilly (whose letter I now have on the subject) and others, but *never did*.

As to the not sending the finance papers, he said that, after the burning of Washington, there might perhaps be a demand for the spare copy for the service of the state, under which circumstance it was not proper he should part with them. This seemed reasonable. But how he came to shy me, and leave me thus in the dark, I cannot imagine. The packet for Gov. Snyder; did he open it, take out his own letter, read mine, in which I had said nothing of his conversations with me that was not strictly true, nor had he enjoined me secrecy about any one thing? Had the state of affairs in Philadelphia undergone any change? Would he ask ministerial people about me, and accept vague vituperation as true character, and true for the purpose of extinguishing such a scheme? By-the-by, I think (yes, I certainly

did) I mentioned to him my scheme of codifying for Russia, and obtained permission from him to make some letters of his to me subservient to it.

Never did I meet with any man in appearance more respectable and trustworthy. I brought him to Mill, and Mill was quite charmed with him. From Romilly, Dumont, &c., he could not have heard of anything but what would have justified any confidence he could have had occasion to repose in me.

Some eight or ten months ago, Prince Adam Czartoriski applied to me to assist Poland in codification. It was then, and till very lately, universally understood that he was to be viceroy; and in his conversation, though he did not say so, it seemed to be implied. Before this I had written to the Emperor Alexander, offering my services in this line on condition of their being altogether gratuitous.

After I had seen the prince came a gracious answer, in the emperor's own hand, accepting my offer, saying he had sent orders to his people to consult me, and desiring my acceptance of a "souvenir." In a letter to a friend of mine, which I saw, Count Capo d'Istria, who was then in attendance about him, said the souvenir was a "baque de prix." In a long answer, I sent him back the ring in the packet as it came, with the imperial seal unbroken, telling him that, after what I had said, I could not accept of anything in any shape, and that, in comparison of such a letter from him, all such things as rings were without value in my eyes.

As to his people consulting with me, I was sure they would do no such thing; that the man he meant (Rosenkamp), I did not name him, was jealous, and would turn pale at my name. That he might be fit for collecting materials, but was but too well known to be useful for anything better. That what he ought to do was to invite competition, and I showed him line and line of a scheme which had cost about 200,000 roubles a year in salaries without producing any benefit. He might establish at Petersburg or War

saw, or in both places, a permanent school of legislation with scarce any expense. Of this letter I sent a copy to the prince, telling him I knew very well he was in earnest, and glad I should be to find other people so too. From Czartoriski I did not expect an answer till his viceroyalty was settled. About a month ago, being at my hobby-place, came newspapers, with a list of sub-potentates appointed at Warsaw, and, instead of Czartoriski, a man that nobody had ever heard of. A man with whom I am intimate, and whom I will not name for fear of accidents, knowing the person most perfectly, and knowing the whole matter, said he was not at all surprised. Every man who had ever placed any confidence in him was deceived by him. That his head and heart were upon a par; not but that the fault lay most in the head. That the man who happened at the time to be at his elbow (he might have added, or the woman, especially if an impostor, pretending to be a bigot), was at all times mover of his resolutions. And, to tell the truth, I had been seriously blamed beforehand for taking any sort of trouble on the supposition that any possible good could come out of him. But Czartoriski, I understood, was always at his elbow, and it was in him I put my trust.

If Christomorthen comes to you (it will be fragmentical, it being now still on its way through the press), know that the principal persons of name engaged are Brougham, Sir J. Mackintosh, and, I hope, Romilly, your friend A., &c. I will not be of the number of the managers, but Mill will, and others on whom he and I think we can depend for not spoiling it.

I furnish ground for it which they could not get elsewhere, viz., a part of Q. S. P. garden, gratis, and some money besides. I have some thoughts of sending to Cobbett's own house a copy of Park, with a request to ask you whether you will procure from New-York an engagement from any person to reprint it without profit or loss to me; and if you

do by a certain time, then to send it you; otherwise to be at liberty to print it himself.

Do what you will about Christomorthen, only do not mention any of the above names, the matter not being as yet settled. Great would be my satisfaction to find that you are still good for anything. I had little expectation of continuing so thus long, at my time of life: 68 the fifteenth of this month. My abbey has a court, in which I play every morning at fives (beating a boy of eighteen) instead of taking physic.

I have in print some copies of my letter to President Madison; not yet distributed any of them, so much as to intimates. I know not whether it is exactly as you saw it. I think I showed it (whether in print or manuscript, I forget) to Gallatin. I should have sent you a copy, but that I think of adding some account of my transactions with Gallatin, including his letter in my behalf to Governor Snyder, which he gave me open that I might see it, mentioning his name always with respect, but with expressions mingled with surprise and regret. Before I printed this letter to President Madison, I sent it in manuscript, all but a page or two, to Lord Sidmouth, secretary for home department, who had been so openly declared an admirer of Dumont's book. He acknowledged in black and white. Being a man of whom it is said that he does nothing of his own opinion, I think it not improbable that he may have hoped, with the rest of the humbugs, to whom I am in the highest degree obnoxious, for the injuries they and their predecessors have done me; and it is nothing but natural that they should have given it in charge to open everything of mine to the diplomatic men in all places.

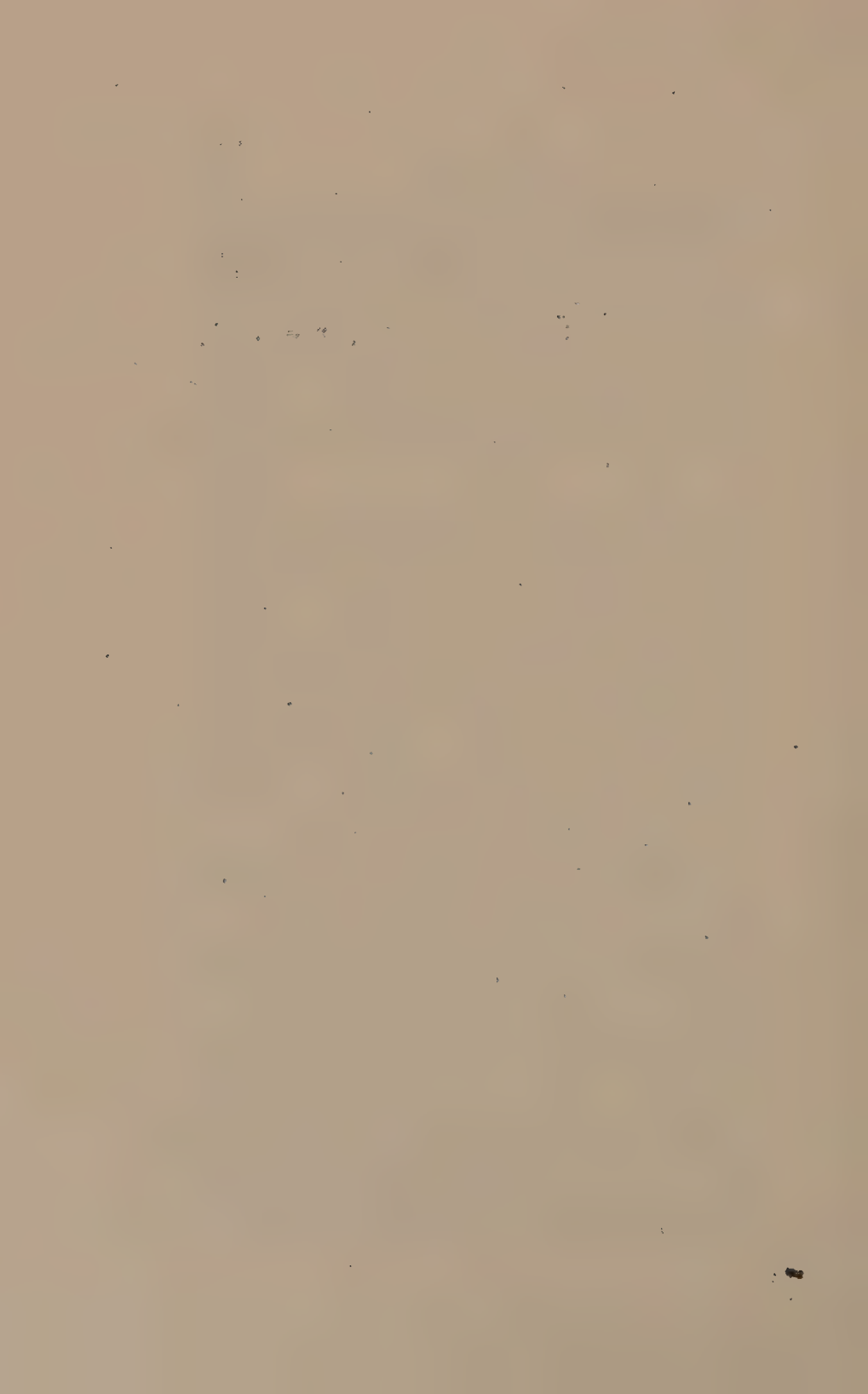
Gallatin could not but be aware of this. Is it possible that he should have been efficiently influenced by vague vituperation, and not apply to any one of my friends to learn whether, if any vituperation was uttered, there was any ground for it? To my account of my transactions with Gal-

saun I shall probably add ditto with emperor and Czartoriski. Kosciusko, I am informed, is without hopes.

If you are good for anything, try to set up Christomorthen at New-York. Depend, in that case, on every assistance in my power.

JEREMY BENTHAM

THE END.













Printed in the United States  
143036LV00009B/37/A









# Kessinger Publishing's® Rare Reprints

## Thousands of Scarce and Hard-to-Find Books

- Americana
- Ancient Mysteries
- Animals
- Anthropology
- Architecture
- Arts
- Astrology
- Bibliographies
- Biographies & Memoirs
- Body, Mind & Spirit
- Business & Investing
- Children & Young Adult
- Collectibles
- Comparative Religions
- Crafts & Hobbies
- Earth Sciences
- Education
- Ephemera
- Fiction
- Folklore
- Geography
- Health & Diet
- History
- Hobbies & Leisure
- Humor
- Illustrated Books
- Language & Culture
- Law
- Life Sciences
- Literature
- Medicine & Pharmacy
- Metaphysical
- Music
- Mystery & Crime
- Mythology
- Natural History
- Outdoor & Nature
- Philosophy
- Poetry
- Political Science
- Psychiatry & Psychology
- Rare Books
- Reference
- Religion & Spiritualism
- Rhetoric
- Sacred Books
- Science Fiction
- Science & Technology
- Self-Help
- Social Sciences
- Symbolism
- Theatre & Drama
- Theology
- Travel & Explorations
- War & Military
- Women
- Yoga

Download a free catalog and search our titles at: [www.kessinger.net](http://www.kessinger.net)



ISBN 0548557039



9 780548 557037

PQM762696

